Liberty
OCT. 24, 1942 10¢

Beginning **CARIBBEAN PATROL** An Exciting Short Novel by James Edward Grant

---

THE MASTER SPY OF THEM ALL

Wine — friendly as a gift of blossoms

When you set out wine you help people to relax a moderate way, and enjoy themselves

ONE OF THE BEST of ways to spend an evening now is just to have some friends over. Just to share with them a bit of good food and a glass of wine. To trade some talk, and relax.

Wine is made for such evenings. You find its fragrance and satisfying taste invite you to ease up. And as you sip wine, you take more comfort in being with friends. You enjoy yourself.

When you serve wine at your house, set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. We've a new booklet which tells a good deal about wines and wine serving, as well as about cooking with wine. Why don't you write for this free booklet, addressing the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Your dealer will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.

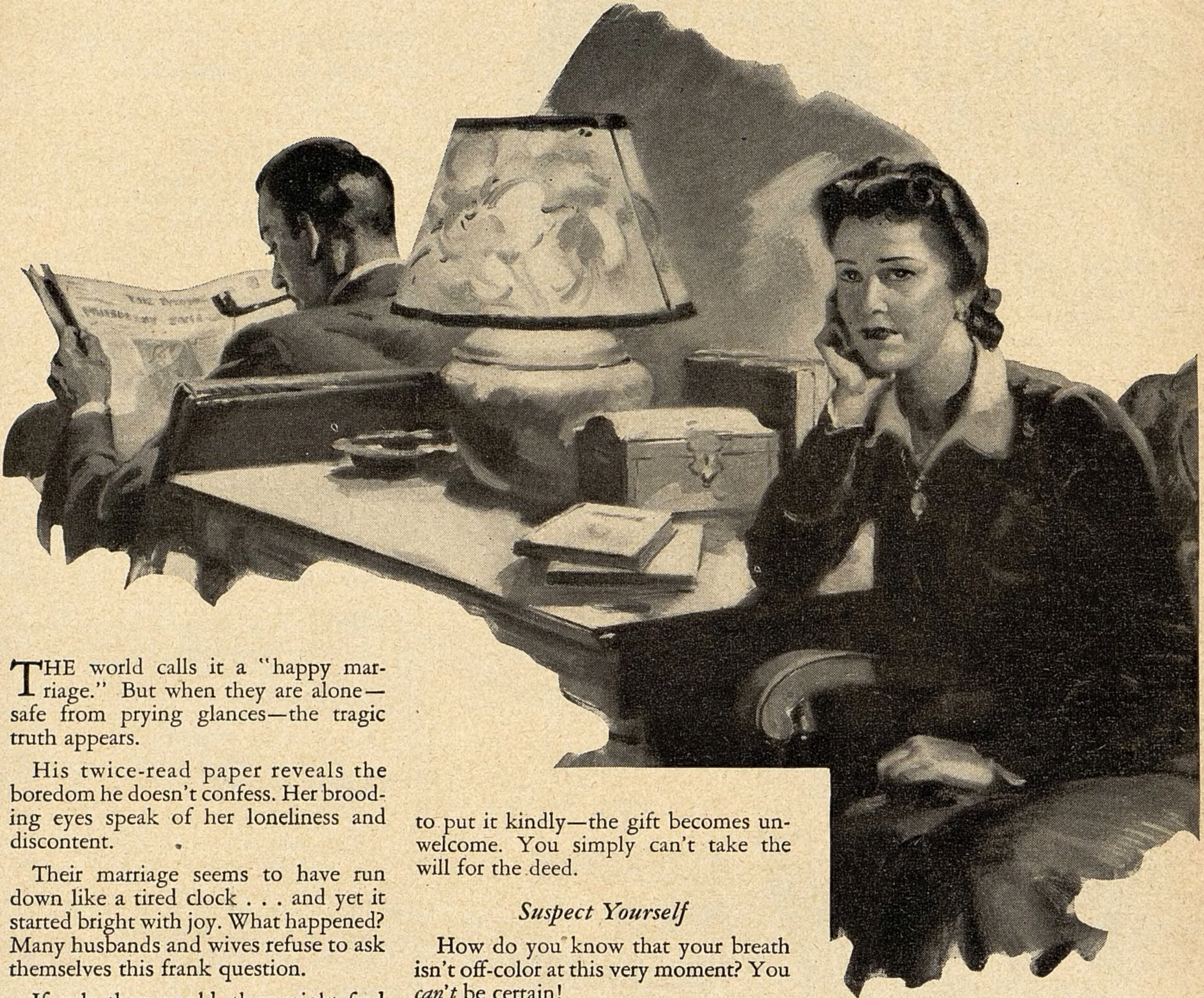
National Wine Week, October 11-18

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

The wine pictured above is amber nut-like Sherry. A natural flavor companion to Cheddar and other sharp cheeses, Sherry's grand for casual entertaining. For serving with meals you will prefer a lighter table wine like tangy red Burgundy or delicate golden Sauterne

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

The world calls it a Happy Marriage . . .



THE world calls it a "happy marriage." But when they are alone—safe from prying glances—the tragic truth appears.

His twice-read paper reveals the boredom he doesn't confess. Her brooding eyes speak of her loneliness and discontent.

Their marriage seems to have run down like a tired clock . . . and yet it started bright with joy. What happened? Many husbands and wives refuse to ask themselves this frank question.

If only they would, they might find the road back to happiness . . . might again approach honeymoon days when each had such loving thoughts for the other . . . might live over those first rich years when each was so eager to please the other . . . so fastidious—

"*Fastidious!*" But now—had carelessness crept in? Could that be a clue to the first rift . . . an explanation of growing indifference? Though marriages may be "made in heaven" they are lived on earth; and it's only human to be repelled by a lack of personal daintiness, particularly by a breath that isn't fresh and sweet.

Of all the "small things" that wear away a marriage, this fault is one of the most insidious . . . one of "the little foxes that eat away the vines."

A kiss bears love, but if it's offered with a breath that is "neglected"—and to put it kindly—the gift becomes unwelcome. You simply can't take the will for the deed.

Suspect Yourself

How do you know that your breath isn't off-color at this very moment? You *can't* be certain!

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not be aware of its presence and, therefore, may offend the very ones whose affection or friendship you prize.

Remember, also, that simple bad breath is so common that anyone may have it at some time or other.

Isn't it foolish to risk losing the regard of those near and dear to you when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a delightful precaution . . . gives you such a wonderful feeling of assurance? You simply rinse the mouth with it night and morning and between times before meeting others. Immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, fresher.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, in the opinion of some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes.

For your own sake and that of others let Listerine look after your breath every day. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene

P.S. *A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it.* *LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE*

PHOTOPLAY
combined with
MOVIE MIRROR
NOVEMBER
15¢
FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR
THE TEN MOST ATTRACTIVE MEN IN HOLLYWOOD—See page 34

Hedy's LURONG!

Captivating Hedy goes native! You will be thrilled with the gorgeous natural color portrait of this utterly different Lamarr.

It is only one of six brilliant pages featuring in full color Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Mickey Rooney, Brenda Marshall, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Young and Betty Jane Rhodes.

Get this stunning full page photograph of Hedy in November PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

THE TEN MOST ATTRACTIVE MEN IN HOLLYWOOD!

Do you know who they are? Dorothy Kilgallen, famous columnist, names them in order and gives surprising reasons why.

OUT NOW

THE ROMANCE HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T LIKE!

Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature are in love, but not with the blessings of Hollywood. The story behind the most intriguing romance of the month. These and many, many more exciting features in the November PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY OF NOVEMBER

Photoplay-Movie Mirror

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 24, 1942

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Paul Hunter, Publisher.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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COVER BY RUZZIE GREEN

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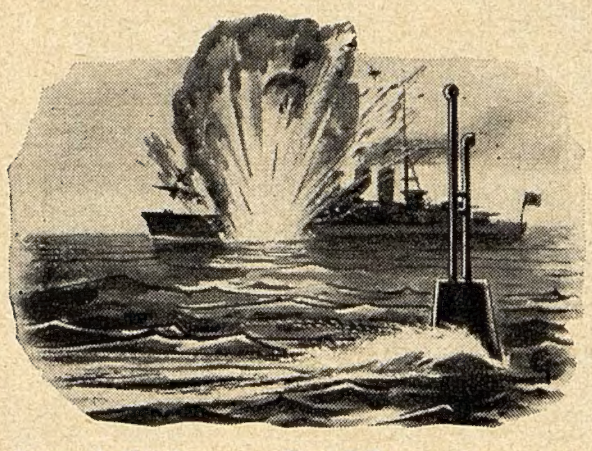
NEXT WEEK

OCTOBER 31, 1942

PIG-BOATS DON'T HAVE PRESS AGENTS

We have submarines too! It's the U-boats we mostly hear about: for various reasons, including modesty and military secrecy, the exploits of our own undersea fighters since Pearl Harbor have not been fully known. But Liberty has some information that can now be released. Walter Karig's stirring report contains a thrill for every American.



SABOTAGE IN THE U. S. A.

Behind the newspaper accounts of what has been happening to enemy agents within our borders lies another, untold story—fascinating details of how the agents worked before they were arrested; how the F.B.I. used them and fooled them and caught them. Alan Hynd begins it next week. It's the story *behind* the news.

FOOTBALL WILL NEVER SEE THEIR LIKE AGAIN

The war split the Chicago Bears, two-time world champions, before they had reached the full realization of their power. They're doing pretty well this year—but in 1941 they were headed for glory. Edward Prell gives you their unique history and football philosophy in an unusual, human kind of sports article.

AND: Somebody new crashes Liberty—Jojo, a sixteen-year-old ball of fire, in a captivating story by Howard Breslin, A Kiss for Miss Bliss. . . . Frederick Van Ryn launches another of his inimitable Hollywood biographies—a word-picture of a man not much known, but worth knowing. . . . More fine fiction; a vivid news-map; continued serial features; pictures, departments, comics. We think it's a good issue!

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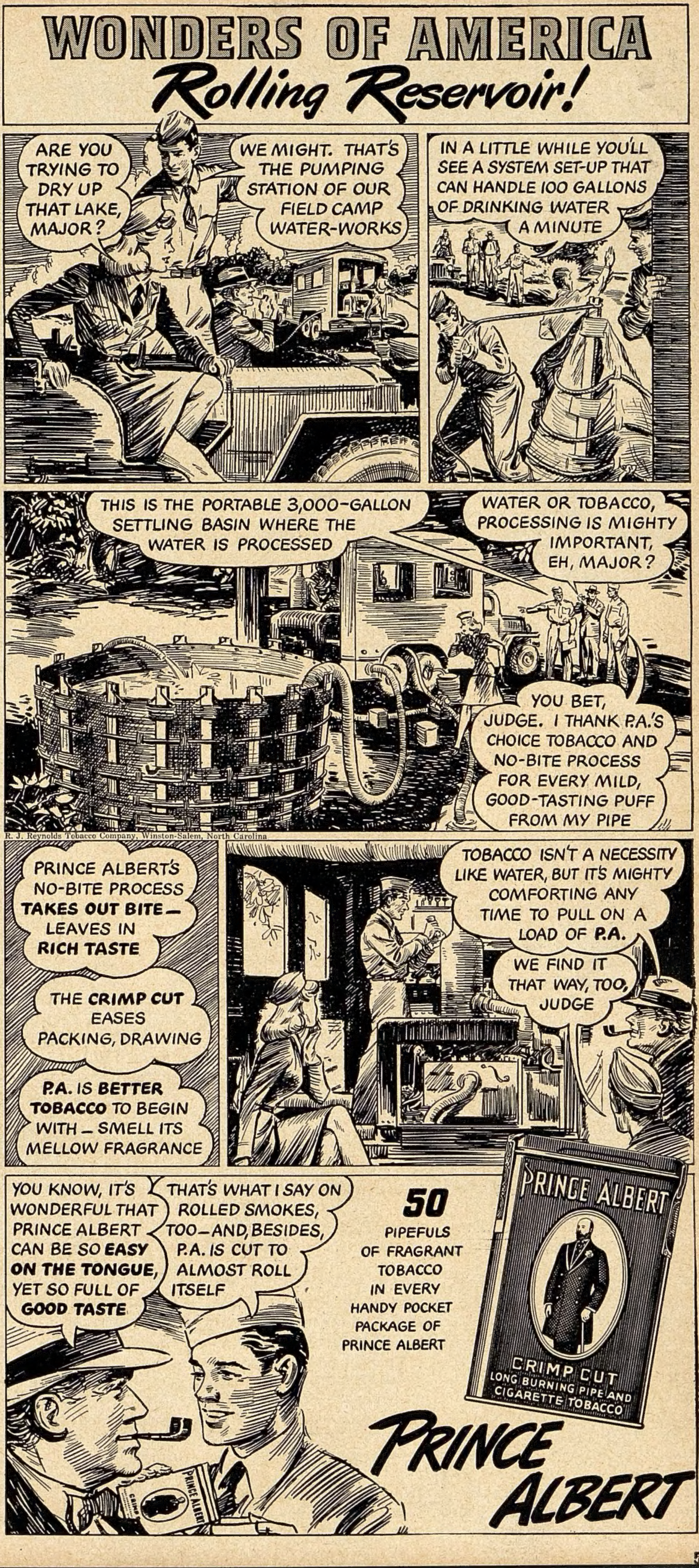

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Rolling Reservoir!
ARE YOU TRYING TO DRY UP THAT LAKE, MAJOR?
WE MIGHT. THAT'S THE PUMPING STATION OF OUR FIELD CAMP WATER-WORKS
IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL SEE A SYSTEM SET-UP THAT CAN HANDLE 100 GALLONS OF DRINKING WATER A MINUTE
THIS IS THE PORTABLE 3,000-GALLON SETTLING BASIN WHERE THE WATER IS PROCESSED
WATER OR TOBACCO, PROCESSING IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, EH, MAJOR?
YOU BET, JUDGE. I THANK P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO AND NO-BITE PROCESS FOR EVERY MILD, GOOD-TASTING PUFF FROM MY PIPE
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT BITE—LEAVES IN RICH TASTE
THE CRIMP CUT EASES PACKING, DRAWING
P.A. IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH—SMELL ITS MELLOW FRAGRANCE
TOBACCO ISN'T A NECESSITY LIKE WATER, BUT IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTING ANY TIME TO PULL ON A LOAD OF P.A.
WE FIND IT THAT WAY, TOO, JUDGE
YOU KNOW, IT'S WONDERFUL THAT PRINCE ALBERT CAN BE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE, YET SO FULL OF GOOD TASTE
THAT'S WHAT I SAY ON ROLLED SMOKES, TOO—AND, BESIDES, P.A. IS CUT TO ALMOST ROLL ITSELF
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT

LIBERTY
Oct. 24, 1942

MAYBE WE'RE OVERPRODUCED ON FAULTFINDING

On performance to date it is an even bet this war will go down in the history books as the best-run war America has ever fought.

It's been the fashion lately among informers of the public to belittle the results we're getting, magnify the bunglings and inefficiencies, and infer we have none but fatheads for officials.

Bunglings and inefficiencies we have certainly, and in good measure—but the fact is we are creating the largest, best-trained, best-equipped, best-fed, and best-housed fighting force in our history and doing it faster than it ever has been done before by any nation anywhere.

At the same time we are supplying our allies with quantities of food and equipment and, with Britain's help, getting it to them.

True, we have no grounds for complacency. Though we are producing prodigious results in comparison to any previous effort, the need this time is immeasurably greater. Our foes are vastly stronger than any we have faced before and they had a bigger jump on us in preparation for war. Also, this time it's a fight to a finish—theirs or ours.

But, without complacency, it is fitting and good for us to understand the very real progress we are making toward victory.

With unprecedented speed we have converted the greatest facilities in the world for the production of peacetime goods into the mightiest arsenal and armory in the world. We have added immense new facilities of production to those we already possessed. We have organized our human resources with speed and efficiency. We have assured an adequate supply of food both for ourselves and our allies. We have met, we hope in time, the danger to our financial and economic affairs imposed by the strain of war. We have put our nation on the path to victory.

Naturally, the conversion of America for war is not accomplished without mistakes. It is an unbelievable administrative task under the direction of the President. So enormous are the complexities of this task, so many and varied the activities which must go on concurrently with one another, the President can do little more than set policy, determine objectives, and appoint subordinates to develop and carry out plans for reaching them.

The President's daily job is to make one decision after another of enormous importance—decisions involving the lives of men and the safety and stability of the nation.

The man who can do this day after day without error does not exist and never will. The man who, needing thousands of subordinates in posts of grave responsibility, can avoid getting a share of falterers, false-fronts, and plain lightweights has not been born.

And yet, no war America ever has fought has produced less bungling, inefficiency, and mismanagement than this one, despite the multiplied opportunities it presents for so doing.

We can take heart. The weapons of destruction pour from our factories in a swelling torrent and into the hands of men trained to use them—tough, hardened men who believe completely in their country and its cause.

Soon, very soon, an avalanche of military power will hit our enemies. It will bear the label "Made in the U. S. A." We have the word of our President and Commander in Chief for this. Let those who worry about how fast we are losing the war keep their ears and eyes open. They will see and hear plenty to convince them America and her allies are out to administer the most crushing military defeat ever inflicted on would-be rulers of the world.

It will take far greater efforts, sacrifices, and hardships than any we have ever experienced. But the American people are ready, willing and waiting. It is only the self-appointed guardians of the public conscience who are doubtful.

Paul Hunter

UNITED
FOR
VICTORY

TEAMWORK FOR VICTORY

You know how sometimes a team of five men, or nine men, or eleven men, gets inspired—how everything clicks and it can beat any team in the world?

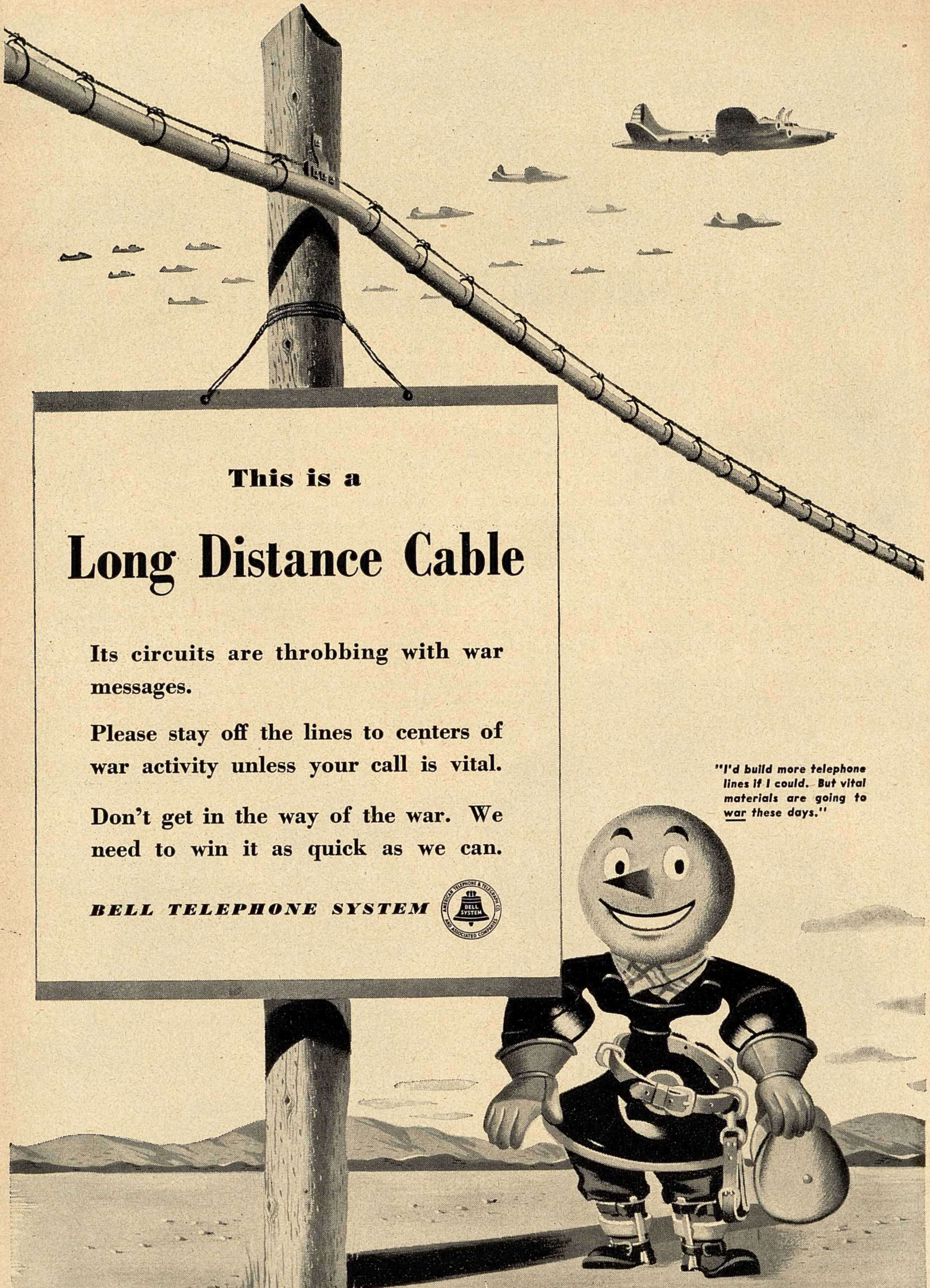
Well, the same thing has happened to a team of more than 700 separate railroads, large and small.

For twenty years these railroads have been training for any transportation job that might come along—laying heavier rail, speeding up trains, getting more work out of every freight car. They've been rehearsing "new plays" which make the most of teamwork—not only teamwork among railroads, but also teamwork among railroads and the shippers and travelers who use them. And now, when the test has come, this railroad team is playing the kind of ball that coaches dream about.

Since long before Pearl Harbor, the railroads have taken on one "impossible" assignment after another as shortages of ships and rubber have placed abnormal loads upon them. And they are keeping all this added traffic moving with the smooth efficiency of an experienced and thoroughly trained team.

Railroads and shippers alike have a right to be proud of the job they have done. It's a great example of unity—of what American industry can accomplish by teamwork for victory.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



This is a

Long Distance Cable

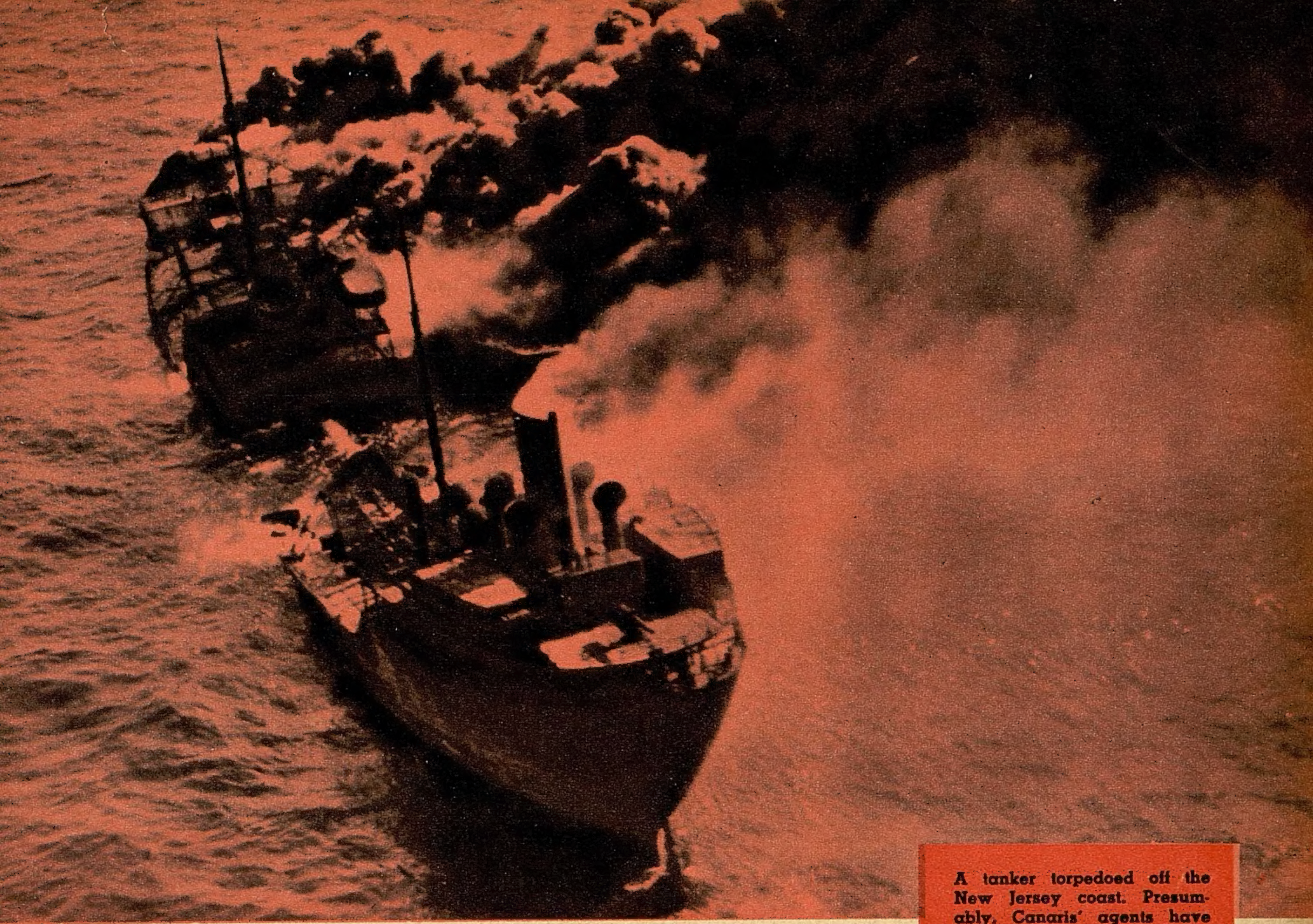
Its circuits are throbbing with war messages.

Please stay off the lines to centers of war activity unless your call is vital.

Don't get in the way of the war. We need to win it as quick as we can.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"I'd build more telephone lines if I could. But vital materials are going to war these days."



A tanker torpedoed off the New Jersey coast. Presumably, Canaris' agents have tipped off Hitler's U-boats to American ship movements.

THE *Master Spy* OF THEM ALL

In 1917 he was Mata Hari's boss: it is believed he betrayed her to her death. In 1942 he sent the U-boat saboteurs to the U. S. A. Yet he is all but unknown . . . One of America's foremost authorities on the lore of spies tells you his story

BY THOMAS M. JOHNSON

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TO her spies as much as to her arms does Germany owe her victories. German agents set the scene for the tragedy of France. German spies picked and rehearsed the Quislings for their rôles in Norway, Belgium, and Holland. German armies, air fleets, and U-boats have struck with a timing that showed they had full information from behind enemy lines. German espionage has done the best job any spy organization ever did for a nation bent on conquest. The man who spun most of this world-wide web and now sits at its center certainly is the world's master spy. He is perhaps the ablest that has ever afflicted the world. Yet he is all but unknown.

This is by his own choice and his own careful contrivance. Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, titular chief of military intelligence for the German Supreme General Staff, the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht, and actually much more than that, is a quiet little man who wears a uniform only when he has to, lives in a middle-class Berlin suburb, keeps his name out of newspapers, official communiqués, Who's Whos, city directories, and telephone books, smokes a pipe and cultivates his roses. His one friend is his code and cipher expert. A grotesque touch—he avidly studies detective stories.

Canaris arrived at his eminence by climbing a dirty, devious, and bloody trail. He has served Germany well, and Canaris better.

He grew up in the officer caste; his father, too, was a naval officer. In World War I, young Canaris was serving on a German naval vessel which was interned in Chile after the Falkland Islands battle. Disguised as a stoker, he escaped to Spain on a merchantman. He served the rest of the war in Spain, nominally as a naval attaché to the German Embassy.

Actually he spied on Allied ship movements and set up the system of surreptitiously refueling German submarines in Spanish waters. As his talents won recognition in Berlin, he was given more and more responsibility, and eventually, from Madrid, he directed the German spy service in France, including, of course, spies in the rear of the A. E. F.

MATA HARI was one of his agents. She was not quite the siren the movies have since made her out, but for a time she was useful. Eventually she became something of a nuisance to him. The French intercepted an incredibly careless wireless message from Madrid which led them straight to her. They trapped her, proved her guilty, and shot her. But the French had watched Canaris too long to believe he was ever careless or stupid, or that he tolerated blundering subordinates. From the message that betrayed Mata Hari they drew their own inference: the handsome attaché was not only clever—he was ruthless.

To Canaris as to Hitler, the defeat of 1918 was an unforgivable insult. He began at once to devote his talents to circumventing the terms of the Versailles Treaty and rebuilding the power of the Reich. But at no sacrifice to Canaris; he has always made it pay.

He began cashing in before Hitler did. He went where the money was—to German big business—to the Krupps, Thyssen, and the rest who hated the new Weimar Republic and feared it would surrender to the Reds.

The most fiery Red leaders, Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, were assassinated. The assassins were arrested. Canaris went to visit one of them in prison, and immediately thereafter the prisoner escaped by using a forged pass. The Socialists called Canaris a murderer. They charged that he had at least had foreknowledge of the assassinations, if he had not helped big business plot them, and also that he made money out of them, going short of the stock market in anticipation of the panic they caused. The charges made a stink, but nothing happened to Canaris; his connections were too powerful.

With other Pan-German fanatics and tough adventurers he continued guerrilla warfare against the Socialists and Communists, and was prime mover in plots to establish a secret army and navy. Three naval officers, to raise funds for the work, sold government supplies and diverted most of the proceeds. Two were jailed, but not the third, not Canaris.

A very private yacht club was organized at the Baltic port of Lübeck. The yachtsmen were singularly hard-faced and weather-beaten. You would not have said they looked well-to-do, yet they seemed to have infinite leisure for sailing. The republic grew suspicious and arrested twelve "stewards." All turned out to have been officers in the German Navy. The yacht club members were former petty officers, cast ashore by the loss of the German fleet, glad to be paid secretly to man a new one. The yacht club itself was the "shadow fleet," the "Black Marine," counterpart of the "Black Reichswehr." The club was broken up and the twelve stewards were sentenced. They were, of course, Canaris stooges.

Next, Canaris was made head of the Department of Naval Transport, careful camouflage for the revival of the naval espionage service which Germany had foresworn under the treaty. It gathered information about ships, men, and bases of other Powers and it protected the secrecy of Germany's naval rearmament. The office was small, not only to be inconspicuous but also because the Weimar Republic was stingy with funds.

Shortage of money cramped Canaris' style. So he persuaded Captain Lohmann, who controlled secret government funds, to use them to "save the Phoebus Film Company from the American octopus" and then produce an anti-democratic propaganda picture, stabbing in the back everything for which the Weimar Republic stood. By the time the government discovered this, Canaris had got Lohmann to put $6,500,000 of government money into the film company and seventeen other enterprises which were assorted disguises for war preparations, such as building auxiliary ships, testing a new motor fuel, studying northern oceans. But this time Canaris was removed from his post.

Coming Next Week—

SABOTAGE IN THE U.S.A.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

The amazing and sometimes amusing inside story (which the newspapers *didn't* tell) of how Canaris has thus far been licked by America's F. B. I. . . . . Don't miss it!

For a little while he cultivated his suburban garden and his big-business friends. They agreed with him that their best chance of overthrowing this *verdammt* republic that was taxing them to death was by backing this man Hitler. So in 1929 Canaris opened a private detective agency with Kapitänleutnant Steffens as partner.

The private detective agency was supposed to protect German industrial secrets from foreign agents, but its real business was political intrigue. One enthusiastic client was Canaris' old comrade in anti-Weimar plots, General von Schleicher, "the Fox." He got from Canaris information that helped him oust Bruening and become chancellor. For this he paid Canaris. Canaris kept the money; he also kept back his best information—for his own uses and for Hitler's. As became apparent later, von Schleicher was used to run interference and take out blockers, whereupon Hitler knifed through the opening and seized the chancellorship for himself.

Once in power, Hitler quite understandably wanted no such adroit double-crosser as von Schleicher around. Nazi gunmen killed the general and his wife in their apartment. The accusation was "plotting with foreign agents." The natural supposition was that Canaris supplied the evidence.

Now Canaris was really getting ahead. Hitler recognized him as a man after his own heart, made him rear admiral, chief of Naval Intelligence, and instructed him to expand it into a world-wide service.

The new admiral fell to with zest and ingenuity. New consulates began springing up in Africa and the two Americas "to serve Germany's rapidly expanding export trade." "Export or die," the Führer had said. It seemed curious that so many of the new consuls had the look of seafaring men. German archaeologists suddenly got tremendously interested in ancient Mediterranean cultures and sent expeditions to the Near East. British Intelligence officers pounced upon a "band of Afghans" in the Khyber Pass who had excellent radio transmitters and spoke perfect German.

A NEW type of British plane flew from the deck of a carrier—and disappeared. The British Intelligence service got the astounding report that it had been shot down by a German submarine and the wreckage had been picked up to be studied by Hermann Göring's designers. Commander of the submarine, the story went, was Rear Admiral Canaris. Fantastic as the tale may sound, it came independently through two British espionage channels, both trusted.

Canaris went to Spain to arrange for supplies of strategic metals, and after Hitler's rise to power he set up factories in Spain for German armament, working closely with the notorious Spanish multimillionaire, Juan March, backer of Franco. When civil war broke out, Canaris went to Spain to arrange the hidden bases from which "pirate" submarines attacked British merchantmen.

In Hitler's birthday honors of 1938 Canaris' name led all the rest. He was made a Vice-Admiral, attached to the General Staff. At last he definitely outranked his rival, Colonel Nicolai, head of Army Intelligence but with ambitions to head all German spy branches for this war as he had for the first World War. It was clear that Hitler intended this job for Canaris, instead. Nicolai for the army, Ribbentrop of the diplomatic service, Haushofer who worked with Germans abroad, Himmler of the Gestapo would continue their activities, but Canaris would get their reports, would be chief among them. When he chose to interfere, he would interfere. For example, he undertook chief responsibility for collecting Quislings in each of the countries Germany had marked for conquest. Ribbentrop and Haushofer helped, but it was Canaris who actually chose, bribed, and coached the Judases in Poland, Norway, Holland, and Belgium.

Master spy Canaris in the former Kaiser's funeral procession at Doorn. Intentionally inconspicuous, as always, he is the little admiral at left, whom the arrow points out. The two in front are Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart and the aged General von Mackensen.

IN the second year of the war Hitler rewarded Canaris royally, making him full admiral and co-ordinator of all intelligence for the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht. That placed him openly at the head of the most powerful combination of secret services in history: not only army, navy, and air but on occasion the Gestapo, the Auslands Institut, and the Foreign Offices, *Ribbentropbüro*.

Der Schnüffler—the Snooper—had attained dizzier heights than any other spy who had ever snooped. Napoleon denied Schulmeister the Legion of Honor, Bismarck extended to Stieber only his left hand, but Hitler publicly proclaimed Canaris an *Unabhaengige Reichsbehorde*—meaning, one of the little inner circle who knew his real plans. Canaris shuddered at the publicity and, to avoid being seen, moved a cot bed into his office for a time.

He even blamed the publicity for a turn in his luck. His first real setback was in Greece. He is of Greek ancestry; one of his ancestors is *the* Greek naval hero; a destroyer recently launched by King George and the Greek government in exile is named Kanaris. However, when Hitler's Admiral Canaris sent agents to buy up Quislings, various Greeks took the money and bought cartridges for the Greek Army. "This Greek has become too German," they remarked grimly.

He failed in Russia. True, he advised Hitler not to attack and told him no effective fifth-column preparation was possible there. But the generals said that with his powers and resources he should have been able to gather a better appraisal of Russian war strength. His defense was that Gestapo meddling had botched the job. He wrote a long and bitter report to Hitler, demanding that Himmler be told to stick to domestic affairs and leave foreign intelligence work to some one who was experienced and competent.

This brought into the open a rivalry that had smoldered ever since Hitler had made Canaris supreme over all spying and counterspying that concerned the armed forces. By Canaris' interpretation, there was little that did not. He assumed control of the Hamburg spy school and the Berlin sabotage school. He sent secret agents into factories to check up on output, sabotage, and secrecy. He set up a spy system to watch officers and even privates, and a parallel system to watch the Italian forces.

Canaris even tapped the wires of Gestapo officials. Himmler was enraged. Unperturbed, Canaris countered by working one of his own men into the Gestapo, just to be sure he knew what Himmler was up to. This man was Heydrich, who was killed perhaps by infuriated Czechs, as announced, perhaps by the Gestapo.

AS American defense preparations and aid to Britain increasingly demanded Canaris' attention, he jeered at the Gestapo's fumbling agents here and went to work by his own methods. He consulted naval officers experienced in the United States, like Captains von Bonin and Menzel. In Berlin his men, in particular his ingratiating assistant Rear Admiral Buergner, assiduously cultivated and tried to pump Americans. Old naval friends were placed in key ports—for instance, von Spiegel at New Orleans. Many a "coffee planter" was planted in Caribbean lands. Canaris helped develop the Spanish Falange, and has been using it cleverly for work in Latin America. He built connections with a subversive ring in Brazil. By the time we entered the war he had become the most dangerous foeman the American secret services have ever had.

Naturally we hear more of his failures here than of his successes. It was Canaris who sent the eight saboteurs here by U-boat; they were caught and six of them executed. Lest Americans suppose the spying is all one-sided, it can now be revealed that our Intelligence services knew they were on their way here. Where or on just what day they would land, of course, had to be pure conjecture. We have rounded up others of Canaris' agents, the Rumrich ring and the thiry-two satellites of the professional spy, Fritz Duquesne—one of whose trusted agents was working for the F. B. I.

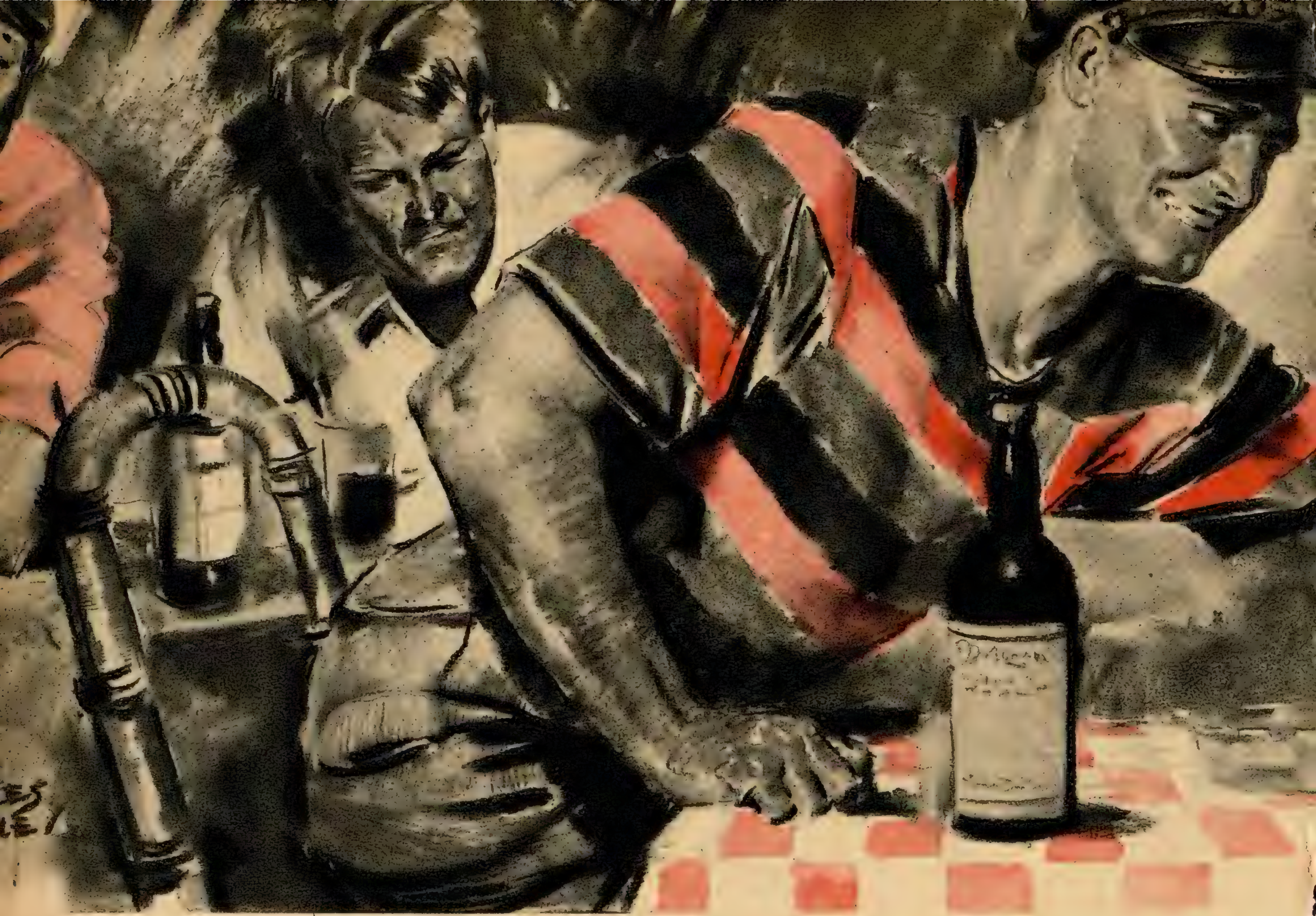
It is taken for granted that the admiral's agents have hurt us badly by tipping off U-boats to ship movements; but in one department they have failed. There has been no important case of sabotage in war industry—not as yet. Of course he probably will try again and again.

Of late there have been queer stories floating around: that the Führer in one of his rages screamed that Canaris was a *niete*—a flop—and demoted him; that Canaris was behind the mysterious anti-Nazi, pro-army Siegfried radio station which showers foul billingsgate on the Nazi leaders. There was even a story that Canaris represented powerful forces within Germany that would like to get in touch with responsible British and American elements to explore the possibilities of ending the war—behind Hitler's back and thus overthrow him.

Qualified American observers doubt all these stories. After all, most of them come from Lisbon, the bailiwick of Canaris' veteran stooge, von Stohrer. Canaris rivals Goebbels as a spreader of false reports. One of his oldest dodges is to spread stories of internal weakness in the Reich. He misled some of the best French and Polish agents by such tales.

It is probable that again he is playing some deep double-dealing game. Which is not to say he would not slit Hitler's throat in a minute if he could see advantage in it for Canaris. Canaris always will be loyal—to Canaris.

THE END



CARIBBEAN PATROL

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MR. JOHN A. M. STANDISH awoke with a hangover. It was December, and unless the sun streaming through the hotel-room window was telling a lie it should be sometime in the early afternoon. Johnny Standish had a sailor's eye for the angles of the sun. He judged it to be about four bells in the second watch or, to be non-nautical about it, 2 P. M. He looked about the room. His dinner jacket was hung on the back of a chair; a twisted wad of currency was atop the dresser. There were also a few gold hairpins scattered there.

Eying these, he said aloud, "I must have been among friends. I wasn't rolled." He shook his head delicately. "Oh, brother! The wages of sin!"

He sat on the edge of the bed and took up the phone. Young Mr. Standish weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds and stood just six feet in his socks. His eyes were blue, and his hair auburn, curly, and generally uncombed. Mr. Standish was a direct descendant of both John Alden and Miles Standish of the Puritan proposal contretemps and named for the gentlemen involved. Mr. Standish was not a Puritan. Nay!

Mr. John Alden Miles Standish requested a connection with the bell captain, of whom he inquired the name of the hotel. The bell captain told him in a somewhat stunned voice, and Johnny then ordered toothbrush, tooth paste, and razor, and that a bellboy be sent over to his club for linen, suit, and shoes. Then he turned on the radio for no reason at all and turned on the shower bath because such was his habit.

When he stepped out of the shower room an overly meticulous newscaster was giving the first news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

He stood naked, with the water dripping from his rangy muscular body, and listened to the somber voice until the announcer was finished. Then he turned off the radio.

"You can't do that, Togo," said Johnny Standish.

He telephoned his father at nine the following morning to announce that he was on his way to enlist. His father was somewhat taken aback.

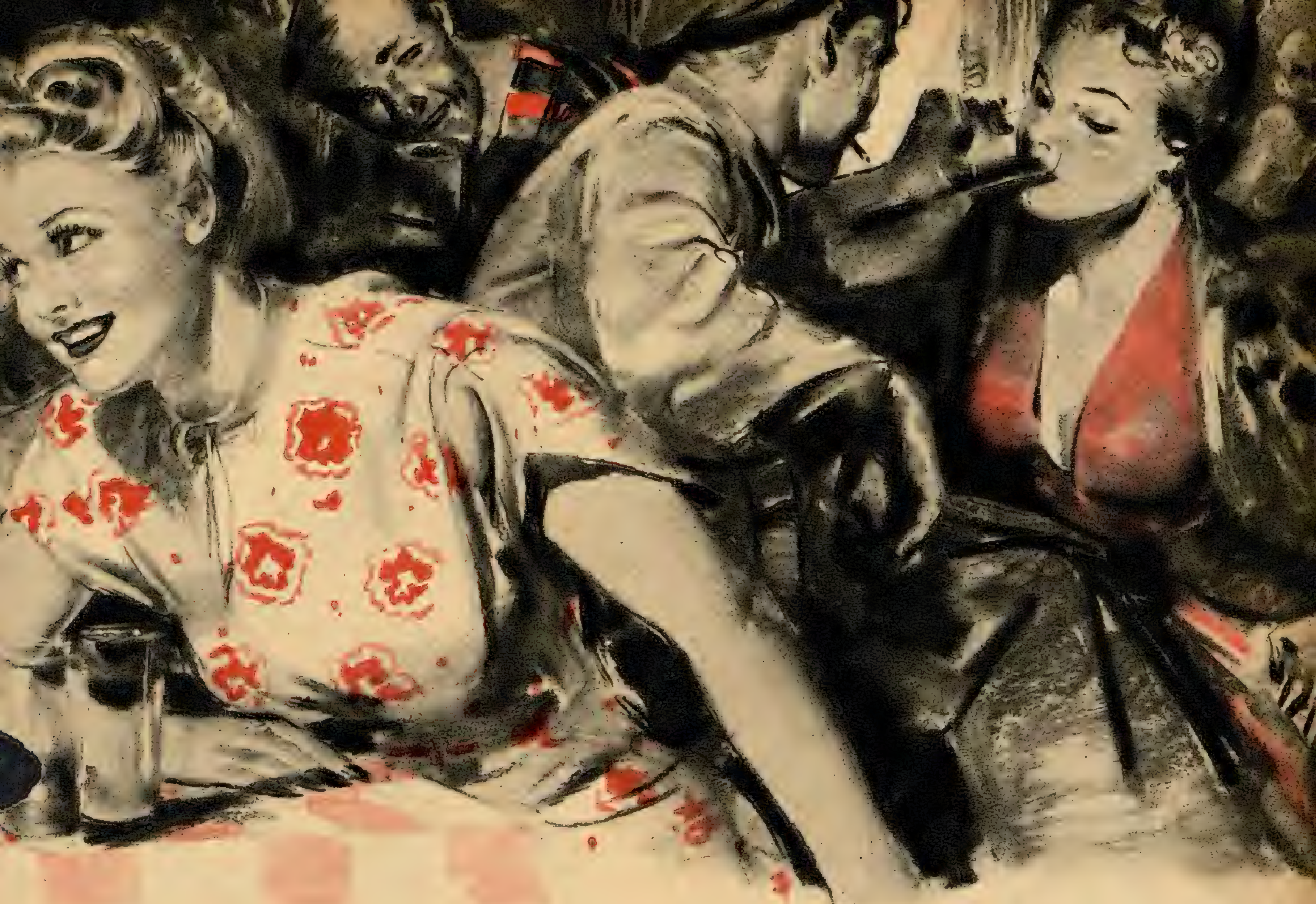
"Just now?" queried the Senior Standish. "Where the hell were you yesterday? You're late, aren't you?"

"Yesterday," said Johnny, "was Sunday. I went down to Church Street, but they wouldn't let civilians into the depot."

"I see." The old gentleman was somewhat mollified. "Maybe I'll have a blue suit of my own. I've wired Naval Headquarters presenting them with the Tecumseh and asking that I might serve aboard her. She swept mines in the last ruckus and she can do it again."

"That tub," said Johnny, whose taste ran to sleek, lee-rail-under Cup racing craft and who could not abide the dowagerlike lines of his father's yacht. "If they take her, make them promise not to give her back when the war's over."

He hung up on his father's curses and went down to Church Street. Rear Admiral Griggs was glad to see him and personally took him down the hall to an office the door of which was let-



"A wit," he said in obvious delight, real or no. "A wit. Honey, I love you for your mind. Let's talk about something highbrow."

Tanker bites U-boat! . . . Beginning a lively three-part novelette of wartime adventure—plus a beautiful blonde

tered: COMMANDER WALTER BARTON.

Rear Admiral Griggs took Johnny inside and said to the trim young man in the commander's uniform, "Walt, I want you to meet a young fellow we can use—Johnny Standish. A real blue-water sailorman. Won the America's Cup twice. Designed his last boat himself. But I guess no sailor needs to be told about Johnny Standish."

Walt Barton looked at Johnny out of hard, noncommittal eyes. "No, sir," he said. "I guess Mr. Standish is about the most famous sailboat racer since Lipton."

Johnny said, "Why the 'mister,' Walt? Why all the formality?"

Admiral Griggs said, "You know each other?"

"Went to the Academy together," Johnny said. "As far as I went, which wasn't far."

He held out his hand. Walt Barton shook hands and said, "Before that I was the butcher boy. Used to deliver groceries to all the best families at Newport. Mister—uh—the Standishes, of course, were the *best* family."

Johnny squinted at Walt Barton. There was something in Barton's tone, a curious note of antagonism. When Admiral Griggs left them, Johnny said, "Your voice is all dressed up in war paint, Walt. Spit it out in Johnny's hand. Don't you like me?"

"No," Walt Barton said. "No—I don't like you."

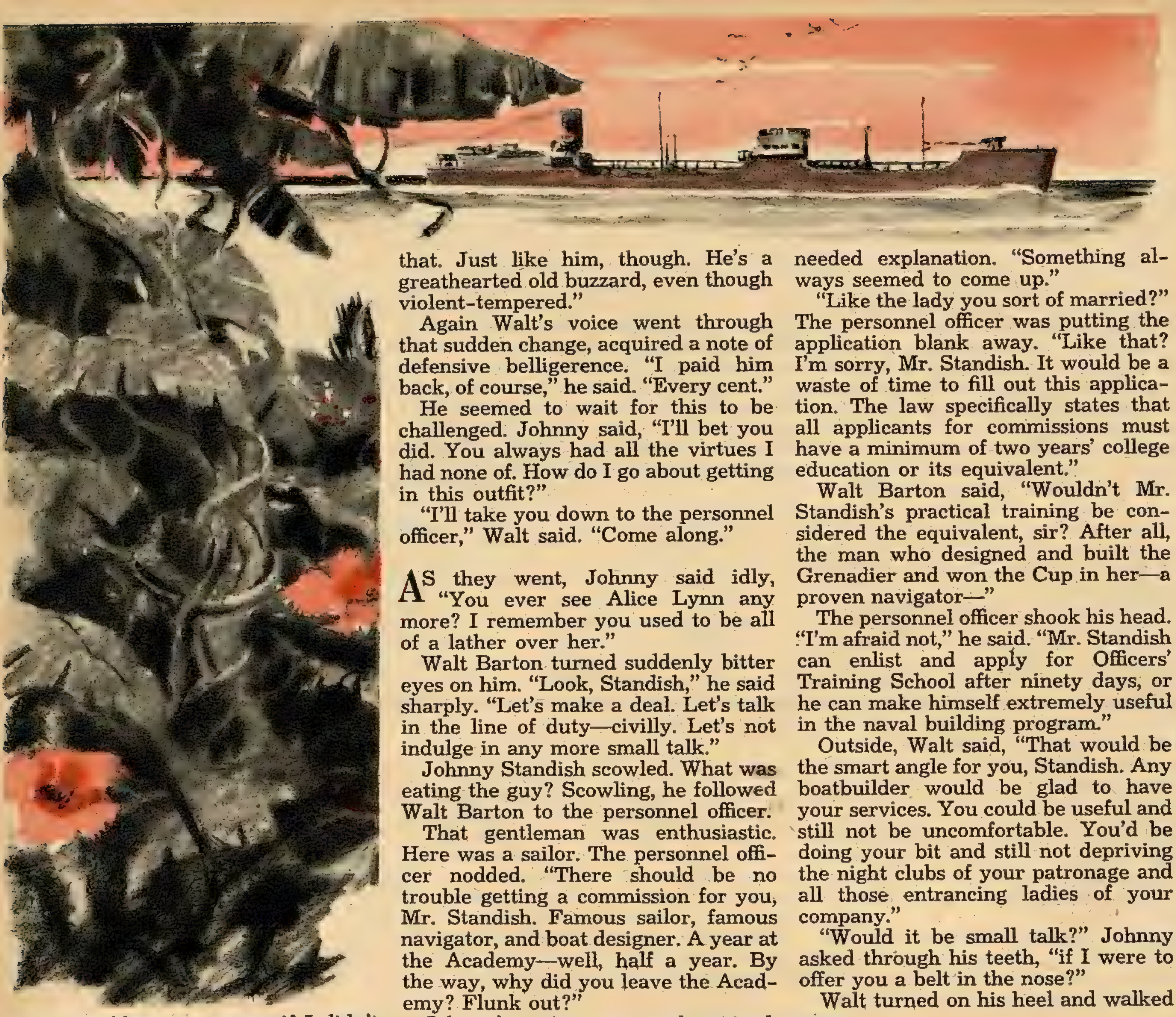
Johnny said, "Not that I give a damn whether you do or not. But, just out of idle curiosity, why not? I never stepped on your toes that I know of."

Walt Barton shook his head. "Your mouth was all full of silver spoons," he said. "Maybe it's inferiority complex. You had ponies and tutors and, later, valets. I had a newspaper route and went to a red schoolhouse, and later I worked in the high-school cafeteria." His smile was brittle. "I'll explain. A high school is a place where poor kids go; you would call it a preparatory school, I guess. I don't know how to describe a cafeteria to you. No butlers, no footmen."

Johnny Standish laughed. "That's great. You envied me! Me! . . . Every time I flunked in school, pa and ma and the aunts and uncles rubbed you in my hair. You were the bright boy —Poor Richard in person, by heck. I won the Bermuda race when I was sixteen. Rigged and fitted my own boat. Skippered and navigated her and hit the point right on the nose on a windward beat at night. I was proud of myself, and the old man reminded me that you'd won a Rhodes scholarship. Took all the proud wind out of my sails. I envied you. I guess I'm conditioned, too. I don't like you, either."

"Our feelings are mutual, then," Walt said with satisfaction. "Frankly, I'm surprised to see you here applying for service in an active line of duty. I thought sure your father and his friends would get you a uniform and a post where you wouldn't be uncomfortable. I was sure you would find some way to serve that would satisfy the draft board without putting you to a great deal of discomfort."

Johnny came up on the balls of his feet and weaved a little. Then he let his breath out in a sudden hiss. "I'm not going to slug you," he said. "When I get into one of those blue suits you'll be my superior officer. That wouldn't be good. But when this shindy is over I'll take you apart. That may be a long way off, but I'm looking forward to it with pleasure. You look forward to it with dread. I see now that I was right



about not liking you, even if I didn't know just exactly why."

Walt Barton said, "No need of being angry. When you first walked in, I thought you were trying to find a soft berth. You're obviously a 1-A in the draft, and it would be natural for you to look for something soft in the naval service. When you asked for line duty you surprised me."

Johnny said, "You thought I would duck line duty?"

Walt said, "I did. Evidently I was wrong. I've already apologized for what I thought."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said plaintively. "But you've got a way of apologizing that makes my knuckles itch."

"Let's forget it," Walt said. "Frankly, while I dislike you personally, I think you'll make a hell of an addition to this man's navy. There aren't enough blue-water sailors to go around. I'll do what I can to get you a stripe. . . . By the way, how is your father?"

"Fine," Johnny said. "He's trying to wangle himself a suit."

Walt Barton's face held a sudden and sincere smile. He said, "Your father's a wonderful man. I suppose you know he lent me the money to take care of my mother during my four years at the Academy."

Johnny said, "No, I didn't know that. Just like him, though. He's a greathearted old buzzard, even though violent-tempered."

Again Walt's voice went through that sudden change, acquired a note of defensive belligerence. "I paid him back, of course," he said. "Every cent."

He seemed to wait for this to be challenged. Johnny said, "I'll bet you did. You always had all the virtues I had none of. How do I go about getting in this outfit?"

"I'll take you down to the personnel officer," Walt said. "Come along."

As they went, Johnny said idly, "You ever see Alice Lynn any more? I remember you used to be all of a lather over her."

Walt Barton turned suddenly bitter eyes on him. "Look, Standish," he said sharply. "Let's make a deal. Let's talk in the line of duty—civilly. Let's not indulge in any more small talk."

Johnny Standish scowled. What was eating the guy? Scowling, he followed Walt Barton to the personnel officer.

That gentleman was enthusiastic. Here was a sailor. The personnel officer nodded. "There should be no trouble getting a commission for you, Mr. Standish. Famous sailor, famous navigator, and boat designer. A year at the Academy—well, half a year. By the way, why did you leave the Academy? Flunk out?"

Johnny's voice was embarrassed. "No, sir. Christmas leave, you see, sir. A plebe's first leave, you know. And I came down to New York all full of steam. Safety valves popping. And there was a girl in a show. I sort of married her. It was annulled right away, but of course—"

"Of course," said the personnel officer. "Of course they had to ship you. Well, let's get this filled out. There should be no trouble getting you a stripe. Your college, Mr. Standish?"

"After the Academy," Johnny said, "Harvard. Then Princeton, Yale, and Northwestern out in Illinois. And Columbia, Dartmouth, and for a while Fordham."

"Um-m!" said the personnel officer, clearing his throat. "A peripatetic student, it seems. There is hardly room on this blank to list all those schools. From which one of these institutions did you graduate?"

Johnny Standish shook his head. "None," he said. "Something always seemed to come up. I was a freshman at all of them. Northwestern was best, I'd say. I almost finished my freshman year there."

The personnel officer looked at him with puzzled eyes. "You haven't two years of completed university work?"

"No," Johnny said, and felt that needed explanation. "Something always seemed to come up."

"Like the lady you sort of married?" The personnel officer was putting the application blank away. "Like that? I'm sorry, Mr. Standish. It would be a waste of time to fill out this application. The law specifically states that all applicants for commissions must have a minimum of two years' college education or its equivalent."

Walt Barton said, "Wouldn't Mr. Standish's practical training be considered the equivalent, sir? After all, the man who designed and built the Grenadier and won the Cup in her—a proven navigator—"

The personnel officer shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said. "Mr. Standish can enlist and apply for Officers' Training School after ninety days, or he can make himself extremely useful in the naval building program."

Outside, Walt said, "That would be the smart angle for you, Standish. Any boatbuilder would be glad to have your services. You could be useful and still not be uncomfortable. You'd be doing your bit and still not depriving the night clubs of your patronage and all those entrancing ladies of your company."

"Would it be small talk?" Johnny asked through his teeth, "if I were to offer you a belt in the nose?"

Walt turned on his heel and walked away.

Johnny scowled after him. "I can't make that guy out," he muttered. "He goes in and out of focus too quickly to suit me. I wish I knew what his grudge was."

He gave up wondering about the reason for Walt Barton's hard to conceal dislike of Johnny Standish, and went down to the nearest enlisting office, stood in line for three hours, and enlisted in the navy.

He spent three months at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and then passed an examination for Special Officers' Training School. He spent his next three months in a sea school at San Diego, working sixteen hours a day. Then at the final examinations he outsmarted himself.

He passed with flying colors in all fields and came up to the final examination with a hundred and fifty other men who were left out of the six hundred that had started the special school. The others had fallen by the wayside.

The officer conducting the examination announced that a ten-days leave was offered as a prize to the man passing the test with the highest average. The test was chalked out on the blackboard. Here were given the overall dimensions of a small craft, length, beam, etc. The students were to calculate from these figures the tonnage and displacement of the vessel.

As the officer began to write down the problem, the figures had a vague familiarity to Johnny. Suddenly it dawned on him that these were the overall figures on the racing craft Grenadier which Johnny himself had designed and raced to win in the Cup races of 1936. He knew every inch of spar, every ounce of ballast, every inch of oak planking, every span of teak timber. Asking him to calculate her specifications was like asking an architect the amount of floor space in a house he has just built with his own hands.

The other students bent over their desks and earnestly worked their slide rules back and forth. Their foreheads were knit in concentration.

JOHNNY grinned. It might not be exactly ethical, but he could use that ten-days leave. He allowed a few minutes to pass, merely for appearance sake, then wrote a set of figures on the paper and took them up to the commander's desk.

Of course he won the ten-days leave. His figures were the most accurate and he had turned them in in half the time the next man required for his computations.

He flew to New York and spent his leave making up for the time he had lost in six months of monklike living.

When his leave was over he reported back, to find he had outsmarted himself. He was given a commission as lieutenant, junior grade, but instead of the line duty he had coveted he was assigned to check blueprints in a small naval yard near Mobile. His protestations were to no avail. The navy was in dire need of naval engineers to check up on the building program, and he had just demonstrated that he was a practical genius with a slide rule.

He spent a miserable sixty days in Mobile, torturously working out engineering problems that would have been a matter of simple minutes for any college graduate. Then he fell for the oldest of service gags. The "who can drive a car, the general needs a chauffeur" gag. The way of it was this.

A special questionnaire was circulated among the lower commissioned officers interrogating them concerning their knowledge of South American countries. Did they speak Spanish or Portuguese, had they lived in Montevideo, Buenos Aires, or Sao Paulo, etc. Now these questionnaires were the usual thing: a way of seeking out men for special posts. South America sounded far superior to Mobile. Johnny filled out the questionnaire. He spoke excellent Spanish and sufficient Portuguese to get about, and he had a wide acquaintance in the ports of South America; the bartenders of all the yacht clubs knew him by sight.

A gossipy ensign in Procurement and Personnel was Johnny's guest at dinner, and admitted as his, the ensign's, opinion that the questionnaire was designed to dredge up men for a South Atlantic submarine patrol. Because the patrols would operate out of South American bases it was desirable to have this force officered by men who could speak the language. This would kill more than one bird with the same stone. Facilitate operation and at the same time help butter up our South American relationships.

Johnny beamed. This was his dish. Combat service and a base in Rio or Buenos. Third in command of a destroyer. It sounded good. Get some action at sea and get some action ashore. He dug out the notebook where he kept the names and addresses of his South American acquaintances, mostly female.

Then he worried. It is a legend—in the armed services the cook is made a blacksmith and the man who is adept at the welding of metals is assigned to make bread, while the baker becomes a pharmacist's mate, second class. Johnny decided to add some personal salesmanship to the facts in the questionnaire.

He found opportunities to seek out the society of Commander Lane, who was in charge of Procurement and Personnel for his district. In the commander's presence Johnny dropped adroit casual remarks. He idly mentioned that he had come into the Plate in his sailboat once, to discover that the charts were wrong and there was shoal water east of the entrance. He spoke casually and intimately of Sao Paulo and Montevideo and a hundred smaller ports along the east coast of South America. He mentioned his extensive cruising in the Caribbean. He tossed off Spanish and Portuguese phrases.

He impressed Commander Lane. In fact, he was quite unaware how completely he impressed Commander Lane. The commander picked up a telephone and called an admiral in Washington—an admiral whose office was a keystone of the naval service, although he was never mentioned in the press and although it was the opinion of almost every one in Washington, including the so-called insiders, that this admiral's duties were confined to writing dull articles for the Naval Review.

In short order Johnny found himself in a hotel room in Laredo, Texas, to where he had driven in his own car on receipt of orders instructing him to do just that. He sat in the hotel room in civilian clothes. That had been ordered also. He waited as he had been ordered. And shortly a man with the cold gaze of one sighting down a rifle barrel came into the room. He showed Johnny an identification card and waved him down when he would have jumped to attention.

This man gave Johnny a full set of identification. Letters, club cards, even a monogrammed belt buckle. The name on the identification was not Johnny's own name.

Shortly Johnny drove across the border and south to Monterey, to Ciudad Victoria, to Valles, and on the third day into Tampico.

In Tampico he left his car at a certain garage where he seemed to be expected, and went to a certain hotel where he was also expected, and waited some more in a room. After a while there was a knock at the door, and Johnny opened it to admit Walt Barton.

Walt was wearing his commander's uniform. He looked at Johnny, after the door was closed, and said, "I don't like this any better than you do. In the whole service you are the one man I personally would not like for my second in command. But my personal feelings do not matter, of course. We have a job to do. Let's forget our personal differences until it is done."

"Stop talking like George K. Babbitt," Johnny requested plaintively. "Kicking your teeth in can always wait. But this job. I'm all in the dark. Let some light shine on me. What do we do? All I know is, I'm here under a phony name with orders to do as I'm told. Evidently you're to do the telling. Get under way. What's the deep dark secret?"

"TANKERS," Walt Barton said. "The submarine campaign against tankers is sinking them faster than they can be built. We are going to do something about stopping that. Something quite new and extremely secret." He handed Johnny a slip of paper with an address written on it. "Go to this shipyard and go aboard a small tanker. The John B. Lassiter. I will meet you there in about an hour. I have to stop at the consul's office, where I'm supposed to be the naval aide, and get into civvies and sneak out the back way." He stopped with his hand on the doorknob. "And don't talk to any strangers."

Johnny scowled at the door as it closed behind Barton. "Talk to strangers! That guy has me clocked for the village idiot."

Johnny rode through Tampico in a rattletrap taxicab. The town hadn't changed since he had last seen it. It was still an admixture of Mexican village and Oklahoma oil boom town. It still smelled of petroleum and fish. The address Walt had given him was in the midst of the oil refineries that lined the water front. Mexican sol-

(*Continued on page 45*)

Stanford's Pete Kmetovic—now on the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team—gains against Oregon.

WARTIME

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Brown University's stellar Henry Margarita.

Something new has been added this year—service football, and the problem of getting to games. It's a scrambled season . . but, says our expert, watch Great Lakes, Minnesota, and Notre Dame!

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HOLD on to your hats and the side rails, brethren. This first wartime football season, now picking up momentum, is going to be one to remember. It will prove to be the most interesting, the most scrambled, the hardest to follow, but in terms of service to humanity the most valuable since that little Rugby boy, William Webb Ellis, first snatched the football up and ran with it one November afternoon 119 years ago.

Competitive sport, American style, and especially the most highly organized of all team sport, American football, is already paying off handsomely out there where the playing is for keeps.

To those of us who've known them and seen them in stadium action it's no surprise to find the names of Tommy Trapnell, Bob MacLeod, John Bulkeley, and their gallant likes cited in the communiqués for their flaming courage in battle, their unswerving loyalty to the great American team.

The game that made them makes more like them. It carries on, despite the greatest problems and difficulties it ever has known. War has scrapped completely the standard pattern. Personnel, principles, and procedures have undergone a lot of change, yet here is more football, and possibly better football, than the nation has ever seen or may ever see again.

This season, top-bracket football is divided like all Gaul into three parts —service, professional, and college. If you want to include the high-school and prep-school variety, the total comes to four. But the top three will suffice for this present discussion. A confirmed devotee will need more eyes than a potato just to keep all their various departments in sight.

Service football is the season's extra added attraction, although what its ultimate role will be remains to be seen. Part of it, the major army part, has already been played. Back in August, Lieutenant Colonel Bob Neyland, the former Tennessee coach, and Major Wallace Wade, his longtime rival at Duke, were both detached from their commands and ordered to build the two finest football teams possible from army material.

They met in Washington. Neyland the engineer and Wade the artilleryman carded the roster and divided the men. Wade assembled his squad in the vicinity of Los Angeles; Neyland herded his together upon the classic premises of Yale. They were called the Western Army All-Stars and the Eastern Army All-Stars. They were built to play exclusively against the teams of the National Professional Football League, and they did.

The Western team was essentially a Southwestern outfit, its predominant coloration being Texas A. & M., its star Lieutenant John Kimbrough, the famous All-America "Jarrin' Jawn" of two college campaigns ago. The Eastern unit had a lot of Neyland's old Tennessee in it, with such men as Hickman and Shires and George "Bad News" Cafego.

Starting in Los Angeles, the Western team came cross-country as far as Syracuse, New York, playing a five-game schedule—the Washington Redskins in Los Angeles, the Chicago Cardinals in Denver, the Detroit Lions in Detroit, the Green Bay Packers in Milwaukee, and the New York Giants in Syracuse. They defeated the Cardinals and the Lions, but lost to the others in rousing battles.

The Eastern team played but three games, winning the first two. They defeated the New York Giants in New York, the Brooklyn Dodgers in Baltimore, but lost, one touchdown to two, to the world champion Chicago Bears on a rainy Sunday in Boston.

These games were all played for Army Emergency Relief, and when they were concluded on September 20 the teams disbanded, despite much sports-page pressure to keep them together and at least have them play

FOOTBALL: WHO'LL WIN?

each other before some big-city crowd. They were two of the finest football teams ever assembled. Combined into one squad and kept together, they undoubtedly could have won the "national championship."

And yet—there's a navy team that would have given them an argument. Keep one of those eyes I mentioned on the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team. If you remember, Great Lakes was famous in the last war. Its great team played in the Rose Bowl in 1919. On looks, to date, it has an even more powerful unit now. Completely staffed with college stars, it's playing practically a Big Ten schedule.

Its backfield is studded with the likes of Bruce Smith of Minnesota, Pete Kmetovic of Stanford, Rudy Mucha of Washington, Bob Sweiger of Minnesota, Lacy McClanahan of Texas Christian, and a dozen more. The tackle squad shows eight giants, including Urban Odson of Minnesota, all of whom range from six feet to six feet four, and the lightest of whom, Fred Brekke of Tulane, hits 215 pounds; the heaviest, Odson, topping a delicate 250!

Cornell's fullback Joe Martin on the run.

Lieutenant Paul D. (Tony) Hinkle, once Old Man Stagg's assistant at Chicago but since 1934 head coach at Butler, where he won 44 games, lost 16, and tied 6, is the head coach of this magnificent outfit. His assistants are the famed Lieutenant Benjamin (Benny) Friedman of Michigan and Lieutenant Gordon (Mickey) Cochrane, who, you may never have heard, was a greater halfback than catcher in his college days at Boston University. Mickey would have been All-America if he'd been on a big team. They still call him one of the greatest backs ever to play against the Army at West Point. Ensigns Bob Voights and Wally Cruice, and Chief Specialist Bernard (Tony) Holm also assist with this mighty maritime unit.

With the Army All-Stars at this writing out of the picture, here is probably the outstanding service team of the nation. Just possibly, their game with Notre Dame in Chicago on December 5 will be for the "national championship."

The Naval Aviation (Tommy Hamilton) preflight training schools at North Carolina, Georgia, Iowa, and St. Mary's on the Coast, all have football teams in action playing heavy college schedules. The games are considered a part of the rugged physical-conditioning program.

Although these teams are coached by brilliant staffs, it's extremely doubtful that any of them will go through undefeated. These lads are potential flyers, and flyers don't run to size. The teams are fast and tricky, but none has the grinding power of the Great Lakes juggernaut. Their schedules are heavy-duty. The best bet among them seems to be the unit at Iowa, coached by Minnesota's Bernie Bierman and known as the Sea Hawks.

The navy flying fields at Pensacola, Jacksonville, and Corpus Christi have football teams operating against the regional opposition, and there are local teams of all sorts in army camps and naval stations. Generally speaking, however, the army can't do much with football because its men are moving too rapidly. The navy, especially naval aviation, has the better opportunity to get a team together, because it takes something like seven months to train a naval flyer.

Service football is the new face in the picture. Maybe it will be the new name next New Year's when the Bowl broadcasts ring. Great Lakes is the team to watch. Its schedule is Michigan, Iowa, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Michigan State, Missouri, Purdue, Camp Grant, Marquette, Illinois, Northwestern, and Notre Dame. I herewith nominate it as the nation's No. 1 Bowl contender.

So far as the mercenaries are concerned, we can pass them with a sentence. All of them have sent men to the services, but their general balance is about what it was, leaving the Chicago Bears still the cream of their can. If you want a couple of newcomers to keep an eye on, watch Charlie O'Rourke and Frank Maznicki, Bear freshmen up by way of Boston College. They're little, as those professional titans are measured, but trying to get a shot at either if he gets under way is like trying to hit a hummingbird with a baseball bat.

When we come to the national college picture, it's like walking up to a monumental jigsaw puzzle. There's nothing familiar about it. On the coaching and administrative end, faces long familiar in certain offices and locker rooms are gone. Nationally famous head coaches such as Bernie Bierman, Wallace Wade, Jim Crowley, Tex Oliver, Matty Bell, Harvey Harmon, and a dozen others are now with the colors. The former assistant coaches have gone almost en masse. There are new men in the old jobs.

Left: Great Lakes Naval Training Station's Bob Sweiger. Below: Columbia's Governali.

There've been changes of plans and time-honored arrangements. Old standards and agreements have had to be dropped. In order to keep the game alive, some of even the biggest schools have decided to play freshmen, but there's no unanimity upon this decision. Smaller conferences are playing them. So are some of the big Eastern schools, but the Big Ten, the Big Six, and the Pacific Coast Conference are holding to the old way of doing business.

Due to gasoline and rubber rationing, games are being switched from historic but hard-to-reach college towns to cities. Teams that formerly refused to play in baseball parks, lest some critic charge that their athletic programs were too strongly tinctured with commercialism, are playing there now and are glad of the chance.

Some games have been canceled and, for that matter, some schedules have been, but these were mostly small schools that weren't going anywhere and that used the war as an excuse—not a reason.

Practically all teams have lost players, both on hand and prospective. Some, such as Harvard and Dartmouth in the East, have lost almost all their players. Generally speaking, the endowed colleges lost the more heavily. The war caught them operating with nothing in their curricula that would help a young man fit himself for advancement in the army or navy.

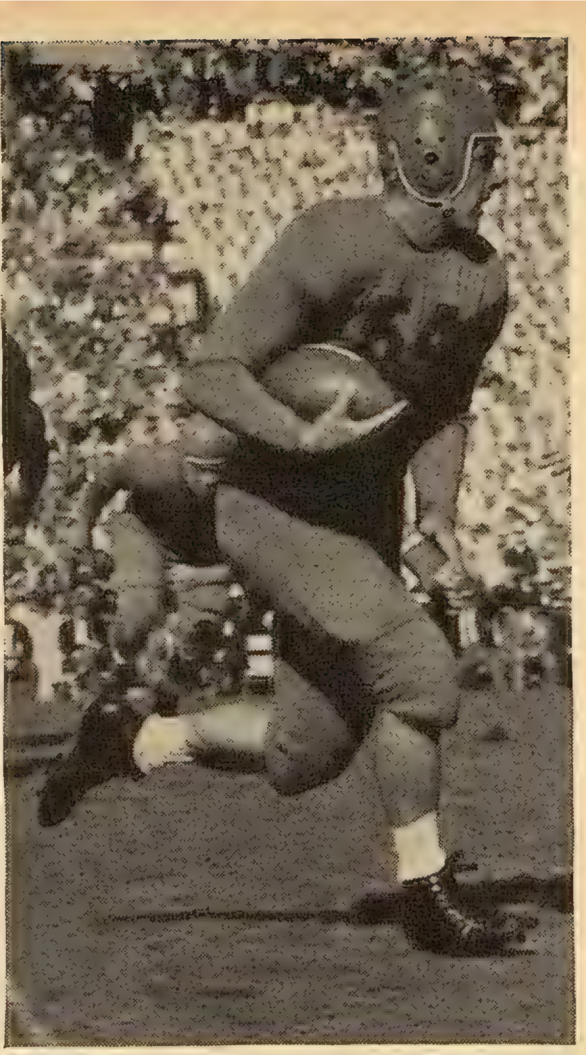
The state universities and land-grant colleges in general, with their R. O. T. C. courses, their engineering, etc., were better equipped in this respect, and their students in many cases have made deferred enlistments and have remained on the campuses in what amounts to specialized service training.

That has played its part in 1942 college football strength. Certain forms of deferred enlistment offered, especially by the Navy, have, too.

The entire picture has changed, and is still subject to change, especially if the proposal to draft eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds becomes a law; but as matters stand now here's a quick and inclusive glance at 1942 college football:

The East

THE top strength in the East resides in the Catholic colleges—Fordham, Boston College, Holy Cross, and Duquesne. Of the ivy group, Pennsylvania is the standout, and confidently expects her third straight "championship." Cornell, shot by graduation, may surprise. So may Columbia. Penn State and Temple must be kept in mind. Army, with a fine back in Hank Mazur, should improve last year's showing, but the death of Harry Ellinger, Army line coach and Earl Blaik's alter ego, may make itself felt. Blaik has never tried to coach without Ellinger.



Bruce Smith in action against Washington.

Navy, having graduated two classes on her stepped-up schedule since last autumn, is the worst college football war casualty in the country. Close behind her are Dartmouth and Harvard. Harvard has only one letter man, Don Forte, an end and, naturally, captain, and she hasn't even him at this writing, as he's on the side lines for a month with a broken foot. Yale is starting all over and starting from scratch with a new coach, Howie Odell.

But the top sectional strength is with the Catholic schools. Fordham, with three experienced backs, Filapowicz, Andrejco, and Cheverko, has the hardest driving power and is definitely a Bowl candidate. Fordham has a new coach, Earl Walsh, but that shouldn't make any difference. He knows the Crowley system and will adhere to it.

Boston College has had time to shake down solidly under Denny Myers. The Eagles will have a great line spearheaded by the giant tackle Gil Bouley, and the center, Fred Naumetz. Mickey Connolly and Mike Holovak are two brilliant and veteran backs.

Coach Buff Donelli's Duquesne Dukes had a perfect record last year and look just as good again. John Matisi, their senior tackle, is an All-America candidate. Holy Cross, with Johnny Grigas and Andy Natowich, has great possibilities but a testing schedule and a new coaching staff. Penn has veteran strength, a plenitude of power, a great pair of ends in Kuczynski and Nelson, and a mighty plunger and passer in Bert Stiff.

It's futile to try to rate them, but I'd say Fordham, Pennsylvania, Boston College, Duquesne, Holy Cross, Temple, Cornell, Army, Columbia, and West Virginia as the first ten, and, after the first three, you can shuffle them your own way.

As for glittering stars, along with those named watch for Governali of Columbia, Woodside of Temple, Hall of Duquesne, Alston of Penn State, Margarita of Brown, Pezelski of Villanova, Fedon of Navy, Martin of Cornell, and Hill of Army.

The South

GEORGIA, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi State are the strength of Dixie. Duke belongs, while William and Mary has in a bid. Georgia, led by Frank Sinkwich, aided this semester by Charlie Trippi, is the leading nominee in that region. It just could go on to be the "team of the year" except for its schedule, and Sinkwich, too flat-footed for the army and a bridegroom since last season, just could go on to write his name up there beside those of Thorpe, Grange, Mahan, and the other immortals. That's pretty tall talk, but that's what they think down Georgia way.

Alabama is stronger but has a tough schedule. Tennessee has backfield strength but the line is unproved. Mississippi State is the sleeper and may be the best team of all. Louisiana State has some backs. Tulane is starting all over under Little Monk Simons, son of Big Monk, the team's long-time trainer. Georgia Tech will be improved. Vanderbilt has a green line from tackle to tackle. Duke, under Eddie Cameron, as Major Wallace Wade's replacement, will have to build from the ground up, but may do it. The William and Mary Indians are tops in the Old Dominion, and since they have games with Navy, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Oklahoma, they may drive a stake on a national claim.

It looks as if, down in that country, they might finish: Georgia, William and Mary, Mississippi State, Alabama, Tennessee, Duke, L. S. U., Vanderbilt, Tulane, and Clemson.

As for stars, Georgia's Sinkwich should be the greatest star of the national year. Trippi will pace him. But watch Stasica, Johnson of William and Mary, Gantt of Duke, Preston of Wake Forest, Muha of V. M. I., Cifers and Fuson of Tennessee, Black of Mississippi State, and Whacker-Back Jenkins of Vanderbilt.

The Midwest

IS it Notre Dame here? Frank Leahy undoubtedly has the strongest team since Rockne's heyday, and likewise possibly the toughest schedule ever handed a college coach. This is Notre Dame's centennial year. She celebrates it athletically with a football schedule that reads: Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, Stanford, Iowa Cadets (Bernie Bierman's naval aviators), Illinois, Navy, Army, Michigan, Northwestern, Southern California, and Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

To ride this, Leahy has two great lines, featuring the gigantic Walt Ziemba at center and Bob Dove, practically an All-America end last season, reconditioned this year into a guard. He has Bombsight Bert Bertelli, possibly the greatest passer in current college football, Dippy Evans, a great back, and some new strength in Jerry Cowhig and Corwin Clatt, highly publicized sophomores, Bill Earley and Creighton Miller.

Notre Dame might do it. Leahy's the nearest thing to Rockne the game has yet produced.

An even surer shot, however, seems to be Minnesota. Bernie Bierman now wears the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant-colonelcy in the marines and is coaching those Navy Aviation Sea Hawks currently nesting at Iowa, but his line coach, Dr. George Hauser, is carrying on in his stead, and Red Dawson, an old Bierman boy, resigned the head coachship at Tulane to come up and help him. Minnesota is mighty at all points, as usual. They've lost Bruce Smith, but they didn't have him a lot of the time last season, anyhow. Bill Daley, Bill Garnaas, Herm Frickey—they're all back. So is the mighty Wildung in the line. The Gophers have everything and will probably wind up with everything.

Other possibilities are Michigan, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Ohio State, and Marquette.

Rate 'em that way: Notre Dame, Minnesota (bracketed possibly), Michigan, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Ohio State, Marquette, Indiana, Illinois, and Purdue.

Watch, besides the men mentioned above, Hillenbrand of Indiana, Graham of Northwestern, Kulbitski, a new Minnesota fullback; Kuzma and Pregulman of Michigan, Harder of Wisconsin, French of Purdue, Wistert of Michigan, Schreiner of Wisconsin, Maceau of Marquette, Madarik of Detroit, Lynn of Ohio State, and Griffin of Illinois.

The Midlands

IT'S Missouri again here, with Nebraska the challenger, unless it's Tulsa, with Oklahoma and Iowa State coming along. Don Faurot's championship Tigers are veteran and deep. Glenn Presnell is carrying on for Biff Jones at Nebraska, and he seems to have plenty to carry on with, but Tulsa is the name they're speaking with respect down in that country. The Tulsa coach, Henry Frnka (pronounced Franka) has lost a raft of material, but he says he isn't worried.

Tops in that section figure to be Missouri, Tulsa, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Oklahoma A. & M., Kansas, Creighton, Kansas State, and Iowa State.

Watch Steuber, Reece, and Eckern of Missouri; Bradley, Schleich, and Zikmund of Nebraska; the Dobbs boys, Glenn and Bob, of Tulsa; Dub Lamb of Oklahoma; Ray Evans of Kansas, and Mike Zeleznak of Kansas State.

The Southwest

HERE it's last year's story all over again with Texas A. & M. and Texas still out in front, Southern Methodist, Rice, and Texas Christian hot after them. My guess is Texas, with Texas Christian close to them at the finish. The Texas Aggies will lose no men to the services, because they're already in the service. If the boys start to go on any new orders from Washington, the Aggies may triumph through superior man power.

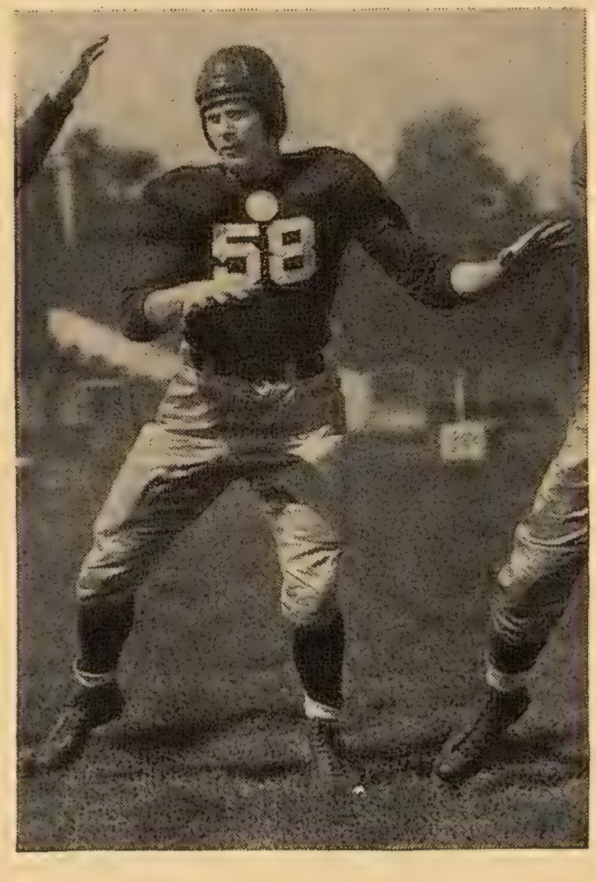
But they're due to go down. I'm not so sure Texas is. Dana Bible lost sixteen letter men at Austin, but his subs did a lot of the playing last year, anyhow. They're back, and they're experienced. A. & M. has a stout squad and a great back in Jitterbug Bill Henderson, but Dutch Meyer has been building for three years at T. C. U. He figures to be closer to Texas at the finish than any of the rest.

I'd say it'll be Texas, Texas Christian, Texas A. & M.; Arkansas, Rice, Texas Tech, Southern Methodist, Baylor, and, since we're out in that general direction, Arizona, New Mexico, Hardin-Simmons, and Texas Mines.

Stars will be the aforementioned Henderson and Sibley of Texas A. & M., Alford of T. C. U., Johnson of S. M. U., Dwelle of Rice, Mauldin of Texas, Jones of Arkansas, Murl McCain of the Arizona Wildcats, Palmer of T. C. U., and Will Allbright of Texas Tech.

Rocky Mountains

THE war has really rolled over this district, and gas rationing will all but wipe it out. Coaches have gone to war. Players have left by the wholesale. Sophomores are old men on the teams in this region. Freshmen are filling out the squads. Any effort to rack up the finish is the sheerest of guesswork. The state universities and Denver will probably come out on top. There's no way even to guess at the outstanding players, most of whom will be in action for the first time.



Joe Pezelski, star halfback of Villanova.

The Far West

THE picture is something of a scramble in this great football belt, too. There's been coaching changes all up and down the Coast, night games are out, presumably for the duration, and the various restrictions are cutting into crowd sizes. Player losses are heavy, and with six new coaches trying to carry on at such places as Washington, Stanford, Southern California, and St. Mary's, it's far from being the same old Coast in this first season of war.

Oregon State is the '41 champion of record out in that bourne. The Beavers have lost too many men. Southern California, under the new leadership of Jeff Cravath, seems to be the team. At least, it has the players, twenty-eight of them with experience, and enough others to provide a squad four deep in every position. That's the Far Western tops in man power. California is heavily sophomore. Stanford has a good-looking team, better-looking than last year's bust, anyhow. Washington is shorthanded. So is Washington State. Oregon lost eighteen men and didn't get that many back. U. C. L. A. might surprise the boys. Santa Clara has possibilities. St. Mary's and Jimmy Phelan will probably need a season, at least, to get thoroughly acquainted.

It looks like Southern California, Stanford, U. C. L. A., Santa Clara, Washington State, Oregon State, California, Washington, and Oregon.

For a quick national summary and prediction, I'd say Minnesota and Notre Dame will be the two outstanding college teams of the year, with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station possibly towering over both. Great Lakes has to be included because it's playing a college schedule. And demanding recognition from their various regions will be Fordham, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Texas, Missouri, and Southern California.

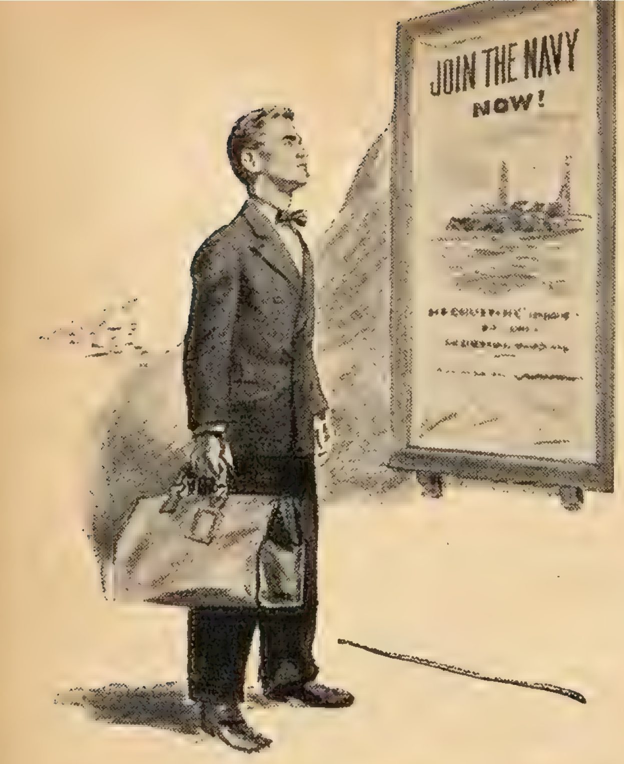
IF Notre Dame goes through that schedule undefeated, she'll be the "national champion." I don't believe she can do it. Minnesota may, probably will go the distance, sharing honors with Great Lakes. They don't meet. Georgia won't be able to establish a claim, no matter how hot Sinkwich gets. Georgia simply hasn't the schedule to claim full national honors. It's hard but not intersectional.

Fireball Frankie Sinkwich will be the "back of the year," but watch Indiana's Bill Hillenbrand and Northwestern's Otto Graham. Keep an eye on Notre Dame's Dippy Evans too, and, up there forward, watch the play of the Minnesota captain, Dick Wildung, and another giant tackle, Gil Bouley of Boston College.

Of course all this is subject to the war. The service teams might be broken up by shifts of men or sudden assignment to battle stations. Changes in the service laws might call more college players or speed their intended enlistments.

But this is the scene as it really looks now. Here's how American youth is still learning the stuff from which heroes are made. The Kellys, the Bulkeleys, the Trapnells of tomorrow are some of those youngsters down there in moleskins today.

THE END



FATE WAS BIGGER

That's what Dave Prescott thought. Then he learned a thing or two . . A story for men who think they have women all figured out

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DAVE PRESCOTT tipped back in his chair and glared down at the newspaper that lay in a slippery heap partly on his lap and partly on the floor beside him. He pulled a mashed cigarette out of his pocket and lit it.

"Damn the Japs!" he muttered.

Why in heaven's name had he been born exactly when he was, anyway? Too young for the last war, and now too old for this one! But, damn it—it wasn't his age! Forty-one wasn't too old for an engineer. It was the women in his life. Dave blew more smoke at the cloud that already hung over his desk. That was it—women! Funny, he'd never thought of it that way before. The women in his life were constantly keeping him from doing what he wanted to do. And beginning with his mother, who was always making him eat spinach when he wanted to eat cake, his thoughts traveled in kaleidoscopic fashion down through the years past all the other disagreeable things his mother had made him do, past Miss Armitage in the fourth grade who was forever keeping him after school when he wanted to play baseball, and past Miss Robertson at dancing class, who had a way of making him be kind to girls without partners, right down to the time when he was sixteen and the United States went into the first World War. And there again it was his mother.

He remembered how envious he was when his cousin Joe, who was only two years older than he, had enlisted. He used to sit in school and stare out of the window, praying that the fighting would last long enough for him to be eighteen so that he could go too. The following spring, on his seventeenth birthday, a bright idea occurred to him. He was tall for his age and husky; husky enough, perhaps, to look eighteen. He planned it all very carefully, and mowed the grass for old Mrs. Black for enough afternoons to earn the price of the railroad fare and a little extra. Then, making sure he had covered his tracks, he went to the city to enlist in the navy. It seemed to go smoothly. He passed for eighteen all the way down the line, and everything was all set, when into the recruiting office walked his mother!

His face grew hot as he thought of the humiliation of that moment. He towered over her, yet, little as she was, she had the power to keep him from enlisting. The recruiting officer was kind—very kind, but Dave still suffered when he thought of the amused smiles on the faces of the men in that room.

And then Katrina came into his life. The war was over and he had just graduated from engineering school when he met her. Two jobs had been offered to him. He was on the point of choosing the one that would have taken him to South America for several years. The other job was good enough—in fact it had a more promising future, but it was not what he wanted. He thrilled at the thought of new horizons; he ached with a hunger for adventure. And Katrina had spoiled it—had kept him from doing what he wanted. Not that she meant to. Actually, she never even knew about it. She came into his life one evening, and the next day he took the other job. Because of her existence, she had blocked him. From that first breathless moment, he knew that he had to have her, and she wasn't the kind of girl you could leave while you went off engineering in the wilderness to test out those new horizons and satisfy your appetite for excitement. Not Katrina! You had to stay home and tell her you loved her, and persuade her that she loved you instead of one of the other young men who wanted her too.

He was so happy through the years that followed that he quite forgot he had ever wanted to do anything out of line with his normal and contented existence. He forgot it completely, until the war burst upon him; and from the beginning it hadn't seemed as if he could bear it, he longed so intensely to have a hand in it.

But he hadn't done anything about it. The women in his life kept him from it—four of them this time—Katrina and his three daughters. Katrina liked her life as it was. She didn't want it changed in the slightest. She was little, like his mother. He towered over her, too. Yet she could put her arms around him and rest her soft cheek against his and keep him, restless as he was, right there beside her.

"I like having you around, Dave," she would say, half lightly, half seriously. "There are plenty of younger men to fight the war."

He ground out his cigarette in an ash tray and turned his attention to the pile of papers on his desk. Thinking was not helping any; it was getting him down.

AS the winter wore on, Dave's job, which happened to be in a defense industry, grew more and more demanding. He threw himself into it and tried to be content with the thought that, since it was a defense job, he was having a little something to do with the war anyway. He managed to keep fairly well anesthetized by that idea until the date of registration for the second draft—the one for men between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five—was announced. In a flash it occurred to him that here was his chance. Here at last was something that Katrina couldn't do anything about! If he drew a low number he'd be called up—reasonably soon, too, by the looks of things. Boy, if he would *only* draw a low number!

He refrained from mentioning it to Katrina. A vague little fear kept gnawing at him, warning him not to; and it was the morning of the registration day before the subject came up between them. He was sitting at the breakfast table, over his coffee, when she came clumping into the dining room in a ridiculous pair of feathery mules. Her negligee was new, he noticed, and lovely. It accentuated her round breasts and fell in graceful lines over her slim hips. Her hair was soft and smooth above it. She slipped into the chair opposite Dave and unfolded her napkin.

"What's the rush?" she asked. "You're so early. Oh, I know," she went on before he could reply. "This is the day you have to register, isn't it? Are you going to do it on the way in to town?"

"Yes," he nodded briefly.

Katrina stifled a yawn. "Not that it amounts to much," she observed. "You can be deferred. You've got dependents."

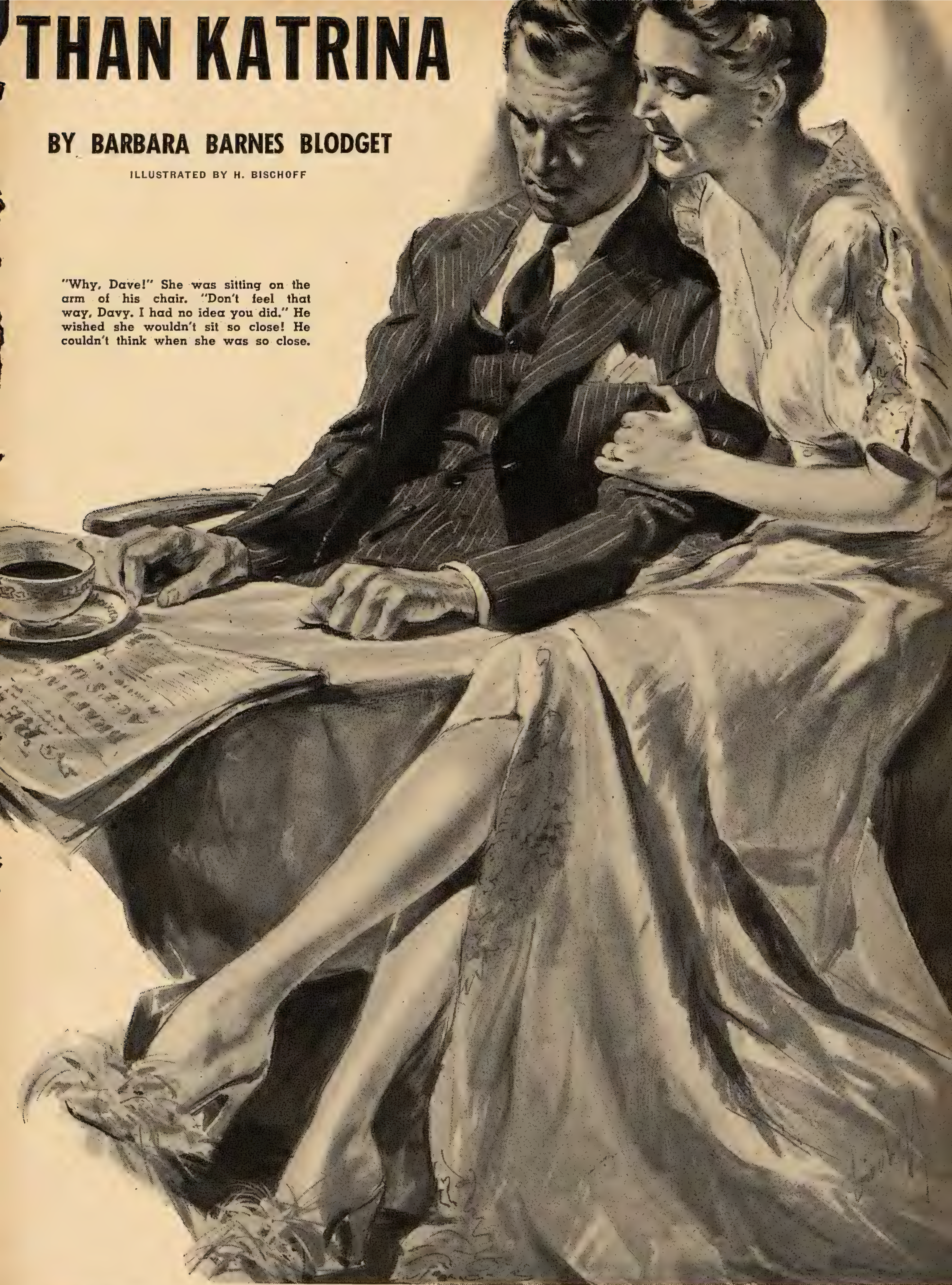
"Dependents!" He tried to soften the sharp note in his voice. "Gosh, how I—" He broke off abruptly and began stirring his coffee vigorously. He might have known that she would think of a way to block him!

"But, Dave," Katrina was explaining it to him patiently, as if he did not understand, "you have this house,

THAN KATRINA

BY BARBARA BARNES BLODGET

ILLUSTRATED BY H. BISCHOFF



"Why, Dave!" She was sitting on the arm of his chair. "Don't feel that way, Davy. I had no idea you did." He wished she wouldn't sit so close! He couldn't think when she was so close.

and it takes at least two servants to run it decently. You have the girls; they are right in the middle of the education we have planned for them —" She hesitated as if she were trying to think of a clearer way to put it.

But it did not need to be any clearer. Dave took a big gulp of his coffee, struggling to calm the feeling of hot rage that was rising within him. Of course a soldier's pay wouldn't keep her in the style to which she was accustomed, that was true; but there would be enough money to keep her! Couldn't the girl understand there was a war on?

"Anyway, Dave," she was going on, "your job is in defense work. They'd let you out on account of that."

"But what if I don't want to be let out?" Before he knew it he had exploded. "What if I—" He stopped short at the frozen expression on her face. "What—are you doing today?" he finished lamely. His vehemence was petering out. Perhaps he did not have a right to do this to Katrina. It was not her fault, really, that he had fallen in love with her and married her. He had better take time to think it out more carefully. "Are you working at the Red Cross?" he asked.

Katrina, who was in charge of the local Red Cross that year, nodded vaguely. The work was taking most of her time, Dave reflected. She was good at it, too. Every one said so. But of course she was good at it! It was a kind of work that she liked. That's why he knew he'd be good at being a soldier: He would like it so much.

"Kids up yet?" He attempted another subject, having had no response to that one.

"DAVE," said Katrina suddenly, as if he hadn't spoken—"Dave, you'd really like to go, wouldn't you? To war, I mean."

He shrugged his shoulders. He was casting around for the right words. Before he found them she said earnestly, "It isn't as if you weren't contributing something, Dave. They say that it takes seventeen or eighteen men at home to equip one fighting man, and you are an essential one in any group of eighteen."

"Heck, I don't want to spend my time getting people ready to go out and shoot!" The words came rushing out of Dave's mouth before he could stop them. "I want to do some of the shooting!" And all the bitterness at his lot in life, all the frustration of the last few months threatened to get the best of him. He did not think he could bear it if Katrina couldn't understand how he felt.

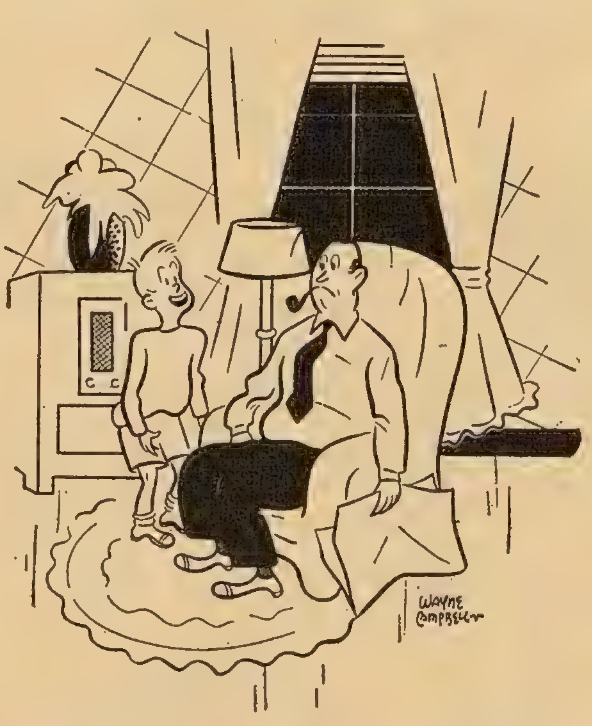
"Why, Dave!" She had come around the table and was sitting on the arm of his chair. "Don't feel that way, Davy. I had no idea that you did. You're being useful, really you are." She laid her cool cheek gently against his hot one. It was pleasant; it was comforting; yet he wished she wouldn't sit so close! He couldn't think when she was so close. Impatiently he shook her off and stood up.

"Good-by," he said abruptly, "Be home at the usual time." He thrust his arms into his coat and pulled open the front door. As he shut it he was aware that Katrina was still sitting on the arm of his chair. She was looking after him thoughtfully, almost as if she did not see him. Yet she did see him. She was looking at him—hard.

IN another ten minutes he was climbing the steps of the village public school which was the draft headquarters of that district. As he stood in line, waiting his turn, he looked down the row of faces ahead of him. Some of the men were older than he; some of them younger. Most of them probably had women in their lives, too. As he stood there he stifled a mad desire to step up to each one of them and find out how many were hog-tied as he was. Hog-tied, that was it! But, damn it, he loved her! And inwardly Dave cursed the knowledge that, hog-tied though he was, his world would be a dreary place without Katrina.

The draft numbers, he found out later from a friend as he stood on the station platform waiting for his train into the city, would be published in the next issue of the Review, the little village paper that came out once a week. During the next few days he made a valiant effort to concentrate on his work; but registering for the draft had done something to him. Until then it was just a war—anybody's war. He had managed to endure that. But putting your name down made it a different thing, he decided. It made it *your* war. It made you feel that you had to do something about it—that you couldn't go on any longer leaving it to the other fellow.

But how could he cope with Katrina? Many times that week, when he should have been working, he planned speeches that he was going to make to her—eloquent, persuasive speeches. He phrased and rephrased a dozen imaginary orations. He saw himself for once in his life gently but firmly telling a woman that, in spite of her, he was going to do what he wanted. The idea was like a cocktail; it made him feel heady. But, like a cocktail, it began to wear off, and a feeling of defeat crept into its place. And so, hating himself for knowing that he would not succeed in standing up against Katrina, he was grateful for the draft. If he drew a low number—that would be fate taking it out of his hands. Fate was bigger than Katrina.



"Gee, uncle, if that was the way the last war was fought, why did they need all those *other* men?"

At last it was the day the Review came out, and at long last that day was over and he was walking up the steps of his house, pulling open his front door. He sent his hat sailing casually across the hall, and whistled inquiringly up the stairs. The house was quiet. Katrina must be out. That was unusual. She was always waiting for him. Curious how much he counted on it. The silence was dreary. A folded paper lay on the chair beside the door. It was the Review.

HE slipped it under his arm and went into the living room. A tray of ice and several tall bottles stood on the low table beside the fireplace. Evidently Katrina had thought of him. There were two glasses. She must be coming back soon. He poured out a drink and, throwing himself down in his favorite chair, unfolded the paper and began reading the long list of names with numbers printed after them that began on the first page. They were arranged alphabetically, he saw, and so he fingered through the pages till he came to the P's. Parker, Peters, Porter—his eyes slipped on down through the column—Prentice, Prescott, David L., and after it the number 6425.

"Six thousand, four hundred and twenty-five." He whispered it slowly to himself. High! It was probably the highest number in the district. The war would be over before they'd ever get to him. He was licked—definitely licked. All the disappointments he had ever felt seemed to be beating a dull tattoo somewhere in his head. There was an unfamiliar sting in his eyes. Tears. To hide his shame at this display of his emotions, he began looking at the list again. Robinson, William T., 232. Bill was low—not that Bill would be pleased. He'd hate it. Wasn't that always the way? Thompson, Arthur, 267. He had a low one, too. Art was too much of an old woman to be a good soldier. Prescott, David L. His eyes were back among the P's again. Six thousand four hundred and twenty-five! There was a penciled line under his name. Evidently Katrina had already looked it up. Well, he hoped she was satisfied. This left her free to pursue her comfortable safe little life, running her house, managing the Red Cross—yes, he hoped she was satisfied!

The front door slammed, and his three daughters—pocket editions of Katrina—trailed one after the other into the room. It was suddenly crowded—women, women, women!

Kathy, the oldest one, smiled sweetly at him with all the dignity of her fourteen years; and Anne, the next one, jumped boisterously into his lap. "Daddy!" she shouted in his ear. "We didn't know that you had come! Mummy said that we must amuse you till she got back. We fixed your ice for you."

"We fixed your ice," echoed Betsy, the smallest of the three.

"Where's your mother?" Dave asked, twining the end of one of Anne's dark braids around his finger and trying to adjust Betsy on his other knee so that her small bones weren't jabbing into him unmercifully. Kathy sat down on the couch and smoothed her skirt carefully in ladylike fashion.

"Here's your drink," said Betsy, reaching for the tall glass beside him. Dave grabbed for it, as great waves of whisky-soda slithered perilously near the edge. Betsy's eyes brimmed over. "I wasn't being bad," she whimpered. "I was being nice. Mummy said that we must be extra nice, because you are going to war."

"Going to war?" Dave repeated mechanically. "Going to war!" he suddenly shouted. "Who said I was going to war!"

"Mummy did." Kathy's grave blue eyes took him in earnestly. "To fight the Germans, you know, and the Japs, too," she explained. "Mummy says you'll be wonderful. I think it's splendid of you, daddy," she added shyly. "Really, I do!"

Dave took a deep gulp of his drink. Unkind of Katrina to fill the kids up with drivel like this—he had thought better of her. "Where *is* your mother?" he asked again.

"Out somewhere," said Kathy, going over to the window and peering out into the twilight. "But here she is now. The car's turning in."

AND almost at once Katrina was standing in the doorway. She was coming toward him, smiling. The room took on a comfortable, familiar look again. The lights glowed and were warm. Everything seemed all right once more. It was Katrina. She was like that—lovely, lovely, lovely; and as her arms crept up around his neck and the sweet warmth of her lips pressed against his, Dave forgot about the war and draft numbers.

Presently he poured out a drink for her, and she knelt down to light the fire. Then she settled herself in the chair opposite him.

"Run along now, girls," Katrina said. "Homework!"

Dave looked after the three of them as they started reluctantly up the stairs, and grinned.

"They're marvelous kids," he said, "but I'd rather have you. Where have you been?"

"Oh, gadding," she replied vaguely. Then she looked down at the Review, which lay in a heap on the floor. "You saw the draft numbers?"

He nodded. It was as if he heard the sound of chains clanking in the distance. He wished she had not brought the subject up.

"Yours was high," she said.

Joe E. Buresch

"Don't tell anybody. I'm out of step."

"Pretty lucky, wasn't I?" he remarked, trying to speak convincingly. She did not reply. Finally he ventured a look. She was sitting there on the other side of the fire, smiling at him—smiling. And as he looked he did not think of chains any more. All he thought of was his great desire to keep her that way—happy and smiling at him—always.

All of a sudden the telephone rang. Dave crossed the room to answer it.

"Hello?" he said.

"Hello—oh, Dave!" It was the genial voice of his good friend Henry Smith. Henry was the leading realtor of the town.

"Hi," said Dave. "What's new?"

"Nothing much," answered Henry, "except this lease of yours. It's all ready to sign."

"Lease? What lease?"

"Why, for the house, simpleton!" Henry's deep chuckle rumbled through the telephone. "The one for the house in the village, I mean. The other one for your own house isn't quite ready."

"House? Village? What the—" and as Dave spoke his eyes fell upon Katrina. Something had happened to her. She was sitting there puffing enormous clouds out of her cigarette. Her face was red—redder.

"Golly, but I think it's swell of you, Dave!" Henry was going on. "They say the army is gobbling up all the good engineers it can lay its hands on. I envy you, but with my bum eyes I haven't a chance. If more guys like you would pull themselves together and do something, we'd get somewhere quicker."

"Yes—of course." Dave was fascinated watching Katrina. Her face was a study.

"Your wife's a brick," Henry was saying. "I don't believe there is another woman in town who would do as much for a man! But then, I always said there was plenty of stuff in Katrina!"

"Yes, yes—great girl!"

"Of course it *is* the engineers that you are going to apply for, isn't it?"

"The engineers," Dave repeated, like one hypnotized.

"Great! Well, I'll be around right after dinner with the lease. I'd like to get it settled tonight."

Dave hung up the phone and walked over to the fireplace. He stood there silhouetted against the flames. Katrina seemed to be staring past him.

"Well?" he said. "Let's have it!"

She looked up at him and her eyes were dancing.

"You see," she explained, her nose crinkling up into a pixylike grin, "it suddenly came over me that the army was missing something, not having the services of a dandy engineer like you. Feeling sorry for the army, I began wondering what I could do about it. At first it seemed a little complicated—how we could get along without your salary and all that—but it turned out to be simple enough. I knew that the housing problem was terrific because of all the people who have come here with the defense work, and so I went down to see Henry. Right away he produced a family who will take this house for the duration—for the most fantastic sum, I might add."

DAVE was like a man in a trance. "And what will you and the girls do?" he heard himself say. "Pitch a tent?"

Katrina laughed. "Henry has found me a shoebox of a house in the village that I can get for a song because the owner has just been drafted and his wife is going to live with her mother."

By this time Dave was running the gamut of a thousand emotions—all the way from the incredulity he felt as she began to talk, down through the wild hope that had seized him in the middle of what she said, to a heavy sensation of defeat that was smothering him as she finished. He could not let her do it.

"The house is so little," Katrina was going on, "that I can keep it in order with one hand and cook with the other."

Dave was shaking his head firmly, violently.

"Why, Davy," Katrina's voice was grieved, "you wouldn't let me down, would you?"

Let her down! A man had to take care of his wife, didn't he? It was absurd. It was all wrong—and in a flash it came over Dave what was wrong. Women had held him back all his life. Here was one who was pushing him out! It was an odd sensation.

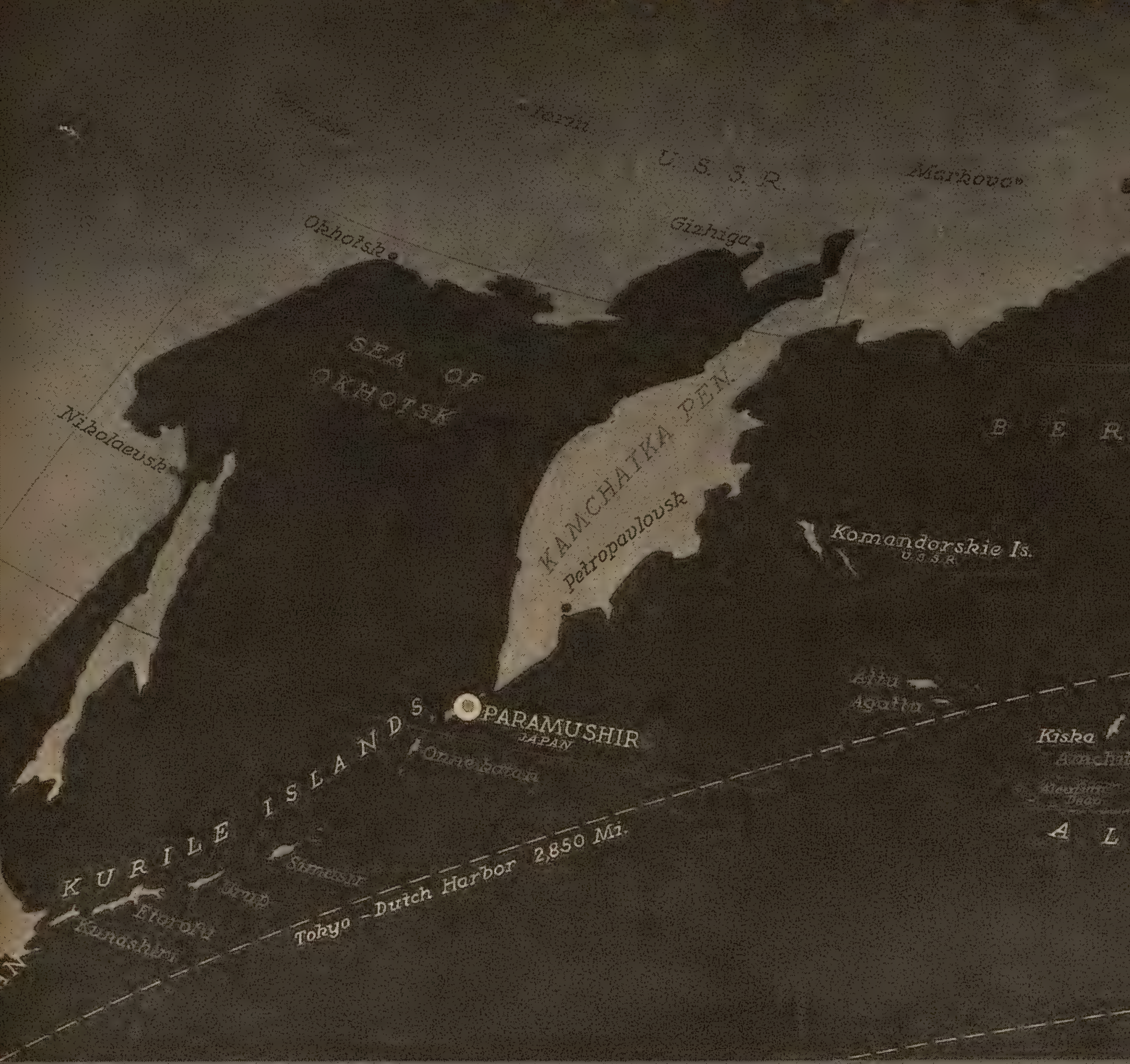
"You see, you couldn't possibly live in it with us," this woman was explaining. "You're too big and the house is too little. We can squeeze you in when you get a leave; but as a permanent proposition—"

"Katrina!" Dave made quick work of the distance between them and pulled her to her feet. He hesitated, looking down at her, thinking. So he was doing what a woman wanted him to do again and—he grinned a little sheepishly—and liking it!

"Katrina, Katrina!" His deep delighted laugh broke the quiet of the room. He drew her to him, and as his lips met hers, Dave felt all the underlying protest against the women in his life slowly oozing out of him.

THE END

WHAT ABOUT


U. S. S. R.
Markovo
Okhotsk
Gizhiga
SEA OF OKHOTSK
Nikolaevsk
KAMCHATKA PEN.
Petropavlovsk
Komandorskie Is.
U.S.S.R.
B E R
Attu
Agattu
PARAMUSHIR
JAPAN
KURILE ISLANDS
Onnekotan
Simushir
Urup
Etorofu
Kunashiri
Tokyo - Dutch Harbor 2,850 Mi.
Kiska
Amchitka
Aleutian Deep
A L

They are our best avenue of attack, a world-headache if we don't hold them . . . We'd better know about them—and the danger there

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

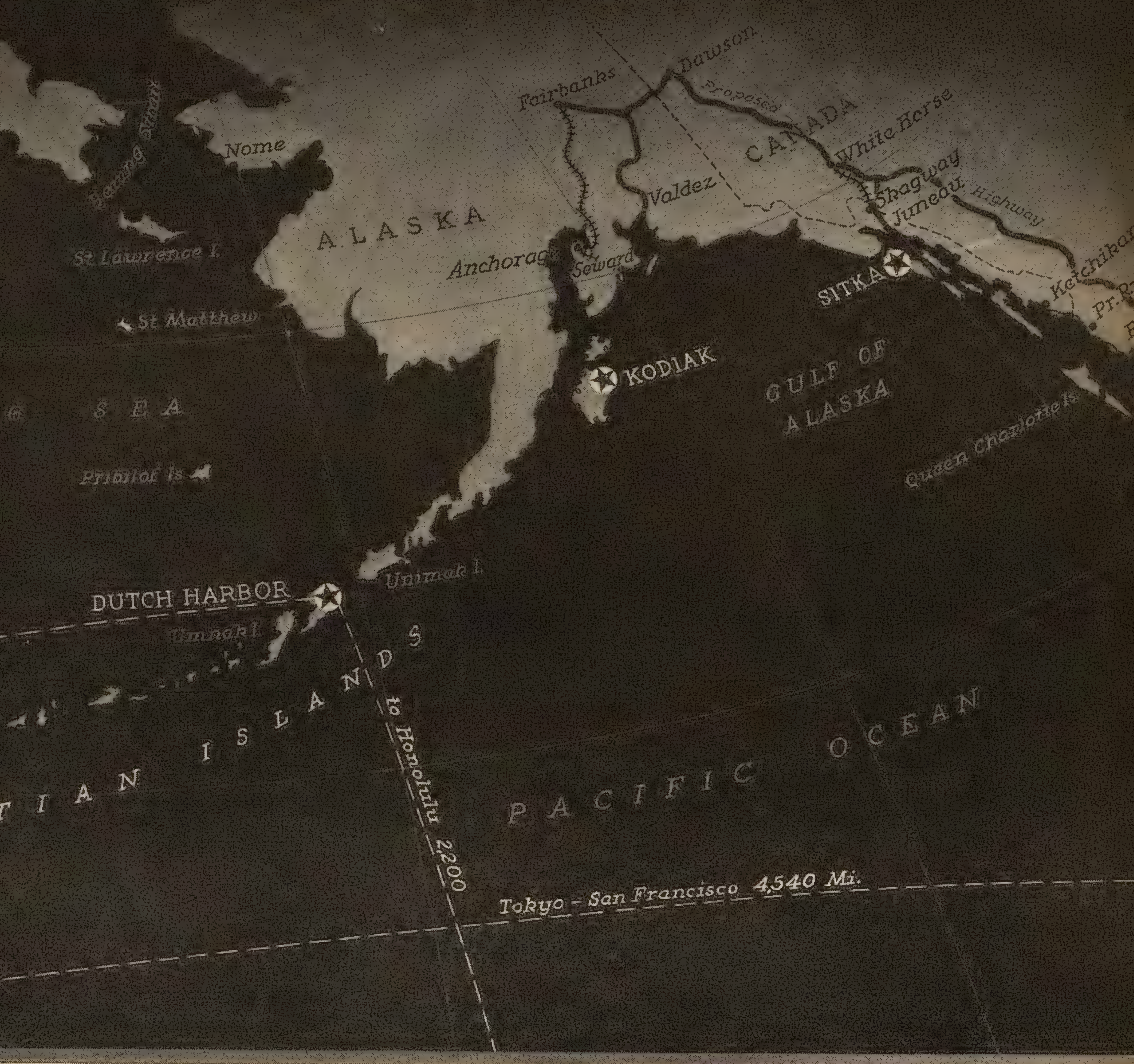
READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IF we've any idea of beating Japan in the near future, we had better hang onto the Aleutian Islands and get back those of them that we lost in June. The Japs thought enough of their strategic importance in the Pacific war to lose ships, planes, and men to get a toe hold on the chain, and at this writing they are still there.

A globe will give you the best perspective of the entire Pacific theater of war. Attacking Japan via Australia will require three or four times the shipping—because of distance—as attacking by way of the Aleutians. And we haven't any too much shipping. It will also mean that the greater part of the voyage must be undertaken without the protection of land-based planes. Then, when we reach Australia and start north, we'll have to clean out Jap bases, nest by nest, island by island, or our convoys will be subjected to constant bombing.

It is much shorter via Pearl Harbor and Midway, 6,200 miles; but again we'll have long stretches of open sea. At the end of the voyage all of Japan's

THE ALEUTIANS?


Dawson
Fairbanks
Proposed
CANADA
White Horse
Bering Strait
Nome
Valdez
Skagway
Juneau
Highway
ALASKA
Anchorag
Seward
St Lawrence I.
St Matthew
SITKA
Ketchika
Pr. R
KODIAK
GULF OF ALASKA
Queen Charlotte Is.
SEA
Pribilof Is
Unimak I.
DUTCH HARBOR
Umnak I.
TIAN ISLANDS
to Honolulu 2200
PACIFIC OCEAN
Tokyo - San Francisco 4,540 Mi.

land-based bombers will be waiting for us.

Now suppose our armada—and nothing less than a big one will turn the trick—follows the Aleutian or great-circle route. Because the globe is inclined toward flatness at the poles, we sail a northwesterly, then a southwesterly course to Tokyo. There are some fine steppingstones, roughly 700 miles apart—Seattle, Sitka, Kodiak, Dutch Harbor, Kiska, and then the powerful Japanese base at Paramushiro, the most northerly of the Kurile Islands and about 1,400 miles from Tokyo.

Like the Aleutians, the Kuriles are steppingstones or, better still, unsinkable carriers. Our armada will probably take a steppingstone at a time, but with every advance it can be protected by land-based planes and numerous surface patrol boats of short cruising radius—something impossible on any other route.

Studying the globe becomes a fascinating, serious, and sometimes disturbing business when we're in an all-out war and are paying for it in lives and treasure that come from every part of the nation. Pointing toward Japan, not unlike a spearhead, is Kamchatka Peninsula, extending southerly from Siberia. The port of Petropavlovsk is on the peninsula, and the Russian naval base of Komandorsky is on an island to the eastward.

If Japan attacks Siberia, Vladivostok will be cut off. Aid to that port would have to come by steamer to Petropavlovsk and by plane the remaining distance. Kiska, therefore, is on the flank of our supply line to Siberia, unless we retake it.

Nor is this all. If we lose the Middle East we'll have to supply Russia through Siberia regardless of cost, and this can't be done without control of all of the Aleutians.

It is obvious that Japan beat us to the punch again, and put herself where she could stop or at least delay attack on her Kurile Islands, or could use Kiska as a submarine and plane base against our convoys supplying Russia. If all goes well with the Axis, she can begin her eastward march to Dutch Harbor and Alaska proper.

Contrary to the general belief, the Aleutians are not way up north among the Eskimos. If there's an Eskimo anywhere on the entire chain, he's visiting far from home. Kiska's latitude is 52° north. Seattle's is around 48°.

Some of the volcanic peaks leap from the sea a sheer 8,000 feet, and the Aleutian Deep, seventy miles south of Kiska, is more than 24,000 feet deep. Geologically the islands are the newest land on the earth. Even now some are settling and others rising. Some of the peaks smoke and a few turn loose flame now and then.

The Japan Current warms the entire chain, carrying drift, including glass balls from fishermen's nets, all the way to Washington and Oregon beaches. The slopes are covered with tundra, drenched far beyond the saturation point by rain, snow, fog, and mists. Countless cascades, waterfalls, and creeks line the slopes and canyons. The Pacific thunders endlessly on outer reefs or against sheer island bases. There are endless bays and inlets, and if it is storming on one side a ship can usually run around to the other and find quiet water.

The tides surge back and forth between passes, creating rips and whirlpools, and veteran navigators have taken bearings after long periods of fog and have found themselves in the Bering Sea when they should have been in the Pacific. The fog can hang on for days at a time.

There are no trees, and the native population is often numbered in mere dozens. A strong Russian strain runs through it, because the early Russian explorers followed the steppingstones.

Our Coast Guard doctors and dentists have cared for the natives, and of course we've established schools. The Japs have fished all along the islands, and probably have better charts than we have.

KISKA HARBOR, better than anything we have in the Hawaiian Islands, has long been a naval reserve. The United States Coast Pilot, the bible of navigators in the region, dismisses the harbor with a terse "Kiska Harbor is closed to foreign shipping." Don't laugh! It isn't funny.

As you study the globe you're bound to ask, "If the Japs take Siberia, why can't they cross thirty-five miles of Bering Strait and land on continental America?"

They can! But they won't. It isn't worth while. Advance means a line of supply. The Bering Sea is frozen, almost as far south as the Pribilof Islands, from November until early in May. Supply couldn't be maintained, and from the moment they began an advance anywhere north of the Aleutians, they would be up against rivers and swamps, not to mention the Bristol Bay tides, which go out beyond the horizon at times. Nothing would please the bomber boys at Fairbanks and Anchorage more than Japs advancing overland.

There are neither highways, railroads, nor fifth columnists along the shores of the Bering. There'll be no by-passing the Aleutians.

As the Japs advance eastward, or as we fight our way westward over the Aleutians, it is going to get progressively tougher.

Dutch Harbor was good enough to repel the recent attack, which was relatively light and doubtless a test of strength. As elsewhere, this is the critical year for us in Alaska. We've been pouring material into Alaska for several years and we are getting results, but the job isn't done.

Kodiak, closer at home, is farther advanced to either take it or dish it out. Should Dutch Harbor and Kodiak fall, the bombers at Fairbanks and Anchorage will have a Roman holiday. But the Japs won't do so badly either, because our line of supply to all of Alaska at present is subject to all of the perils of war at sea, plus some of the roughest water in the world—the Gulf of Alaska.

SUPPLY can develop into a splitting headache if we lose Dutch Harbor. In the long stretch from Puget Sound to Seward, around 1,500 miles, there are but three points where transport facilities penetrate the high coastal range to the interior country.

One of these three is Prince Rupert, the terminal of the Canadian National Railways, the most northerly transcontinental line, and a military objective for obvious reasons. It would be of no assistance to Alaska.

Another is the White Pass & Yukon Railroad, running from Skagway to White Horse on the Yukon River. The road could be put out of commission with a few bombs, and rail-river transport of supplies would be slow and costly.

The third is the Valdez Trail—a motor highway—to Fairbanks, also vulnerable to bombs.

The Seward-Fairbanks government railroad, 467 miles long, was never built with war in mind. A very complicated trestle is necessary to attain certain grades. One bomb, well placed, would put the road out of commission.

They are trying to eliminate this problem by tunneling under a glacier at a new town called Whittier, where the raw wind can blow a ship from her moorings. Nothing is ever easy in Alaska.

If the trestle is knocked out, there's the alternate steamer route to Anchorage. But the Cook Inlet tides are among the world's highest, and you can tie up to a deep-water wharf and a few hours later use your ship's keel as a backstop for a ball game. Then, during the colder winters, the water freezes. So you see the problems of supply are many and precarious.

To offset some of this potential grief, we have arranged to put a protective umbrella of planes over our convoys. Annette Island near Ketchikan, the Chilkoot Barracks north of Juneau, and the navy base at Sitka form a defensive triangle in that region.

An early-day Russian conceived the idea of solving a labor shortage by raiding Japanese villages and bringing the captives to Sitka. Japonski Island was prepared to receive them. The Russian ended up in the clink at Okhotsk, which is one name you won't have to remember for the duration. But don't forget Kiska, Petropavlovsk, and Paramushiro. Before the war is over you will be able to spell them.

Japonski is now the site of the navy's powerful base.

Northward on the gulf, the army is constructing a field at Yakutat, to carry the umbrella on to Kodiak and Anchorage.

SO far we've touched only on the importance of the Aleutians in the Pacific theater of the World War. If things go badly for us, we may have to send convoys through the Bering Sea and Strait and into the Arctic, then along the top of the world to Murmansk, the point of delivery of American and British supplies via the Atlantic route. Because of the long daylight hours, convoys on the Atlantic route are subject to constant attack by bombers and submarines. The Bering-Arctic route is free of such attacks as long as we hold the Aleutians. But it does have ice.

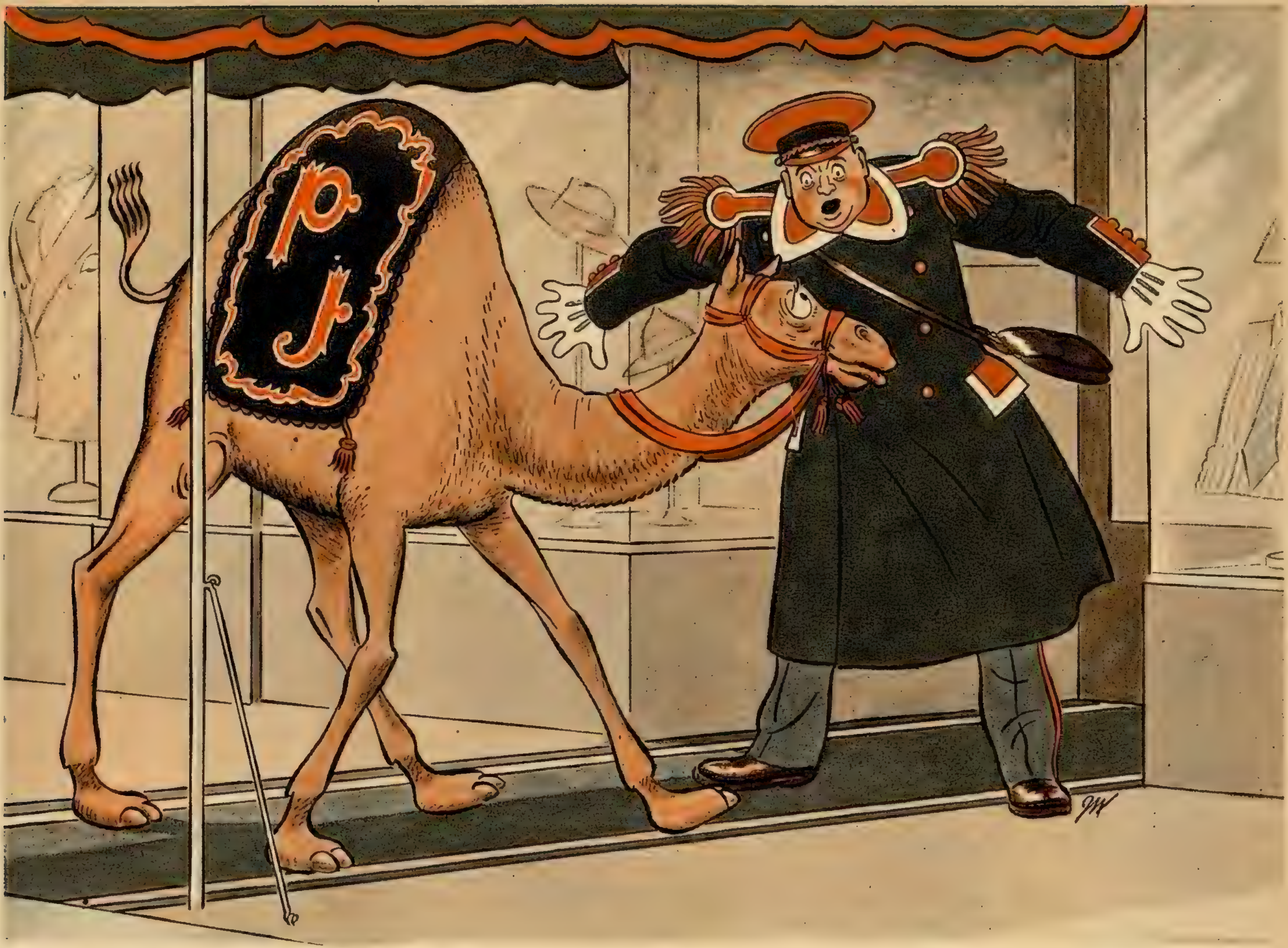
That brings us to the proposed highway or Burma Road of Alaska, which may eventually include a railroad to some point on the Bering Strait where supplies would be ferried by water in summer and by air in winter to the Siberian side, to be forwarded over a to-be-constructed rail or truck road to Irkutsk.

That won't happen this year. In fact, we'll be lucky if the highway from Edmonton to Fairbanks is completed this year. This is to be our life line if the Japs grab the Aleutians and the Alaska panhandle. It lies east of the mountains and work is under way. One school of thought, containing some pretty big names, speaks of this as Route C and points out that it looked like a natural last winter when the country was frozen, but that in summer there are large areas of muskeg—soupy swampland. These thinkers prefer Route A, which is really an extension of the Pacific Highway at Prince George. This is close to the mountains, with much less swampy area, which means more mountain grades and bridges. At three points supplies may be fed in from the coast during the construction period.

At present the region east of the mountains is an airway over which we ferry bombers to Alaskan bases. In time this airway may extend all the way to Siberia and points in China. Great things are under way in Alaska, in Siberia, and along the top of the world. In the meantime the Aleutians are a key spot, and the Japs crouch on three of the steppingstones, A.A. guns pointing at holes in the clouds, waiting for our bombers to show up.

We'll be along.

THE END



"Do I got to call the cops?"

DOORMAN: Now look, Camel. Please. It is a rule of the store. No animals allowed in without they got muzzles on. That's—

CAMEL: Ah, but I have work to do here, Master. I—

DOORMAN: Aw, now lissen, Camel. Please do not make me call the cops.

CAMEL: But, Pride of the Avenue, I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey. And I'm here to tell those who seek my advice how dryness—

DOORMAN: That does it! Dawggonit now, Camel, that settles it! You know they's no such thing as dryness in whiskey! Now I am going to call the cops! Now I am—

CAMEL: Master, wait! Have you never heard of *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! Do you not know that it is dryness, or lack of sweetness in Paul Jones which makes it so *full-flavored*? That it is this *dryness* which permits *all* of Paul Jones' rich, peerless flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted?

DOORMAN: Yeah? Well now, mebbe so, Camel, mebbe so. But dawggonit I got my orders. An' they don't say nothin' about lettin' no camels in here to talk about no expensive whiskies! So—

CAMEL: But, Master, this Paul Jones is *not* expensive! It—

DOORMAN: It ain't?

CAMEL: Oh, Delight of Dowagers, this Paul Jones offers so superb a flavor for so modest a sum that wise men everywhere know it as a truly *great* buy!

DOORMAN: Well now . . . look, Camel: Orders is orders, but—well, was you to walk in while I got this here sudden stroke o' sun blindness, now . . . ?

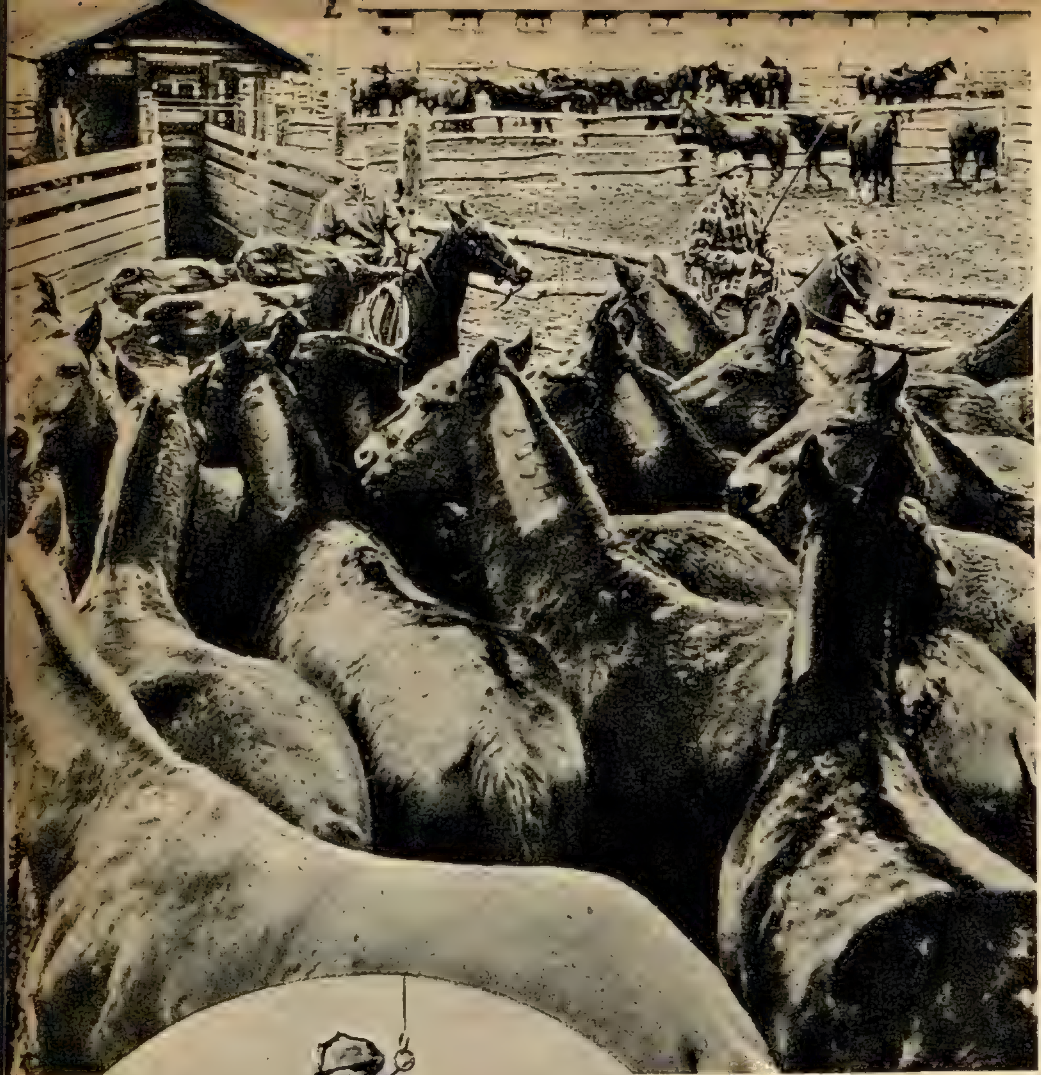
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

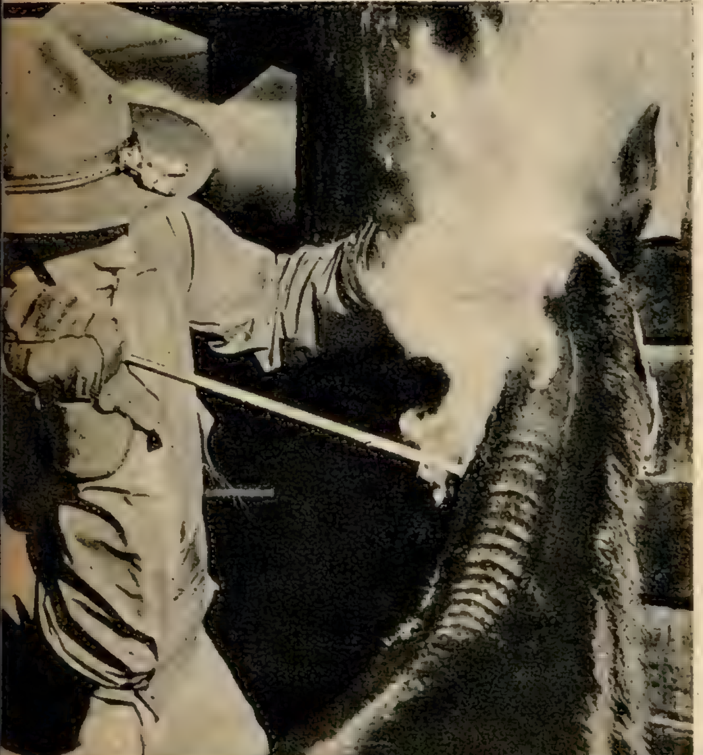
STILL IN THER



Don't think that mechanized war has left the horse and the mule behind. They're still in there — fighting — as these 1942 pictures prove. At the left is shown a round-up of army mules.

Horse troops of the horse-mechanized cavalry make a charge. Mechanized troops of the unit are from five to a hundred miles ahead. They must stick pretty close to the roads. Horses needn't, hence their value in action.

fully trained rider and horse try a game of tour-
ments. The idea is to pick off a two-inch ring
ith a six-foot lance while galloping at full speed.



At left: All army animals are branded. The left side of the neck is shaved with an electric razor, then a hot iron is applied for three seconds. Apparently it isn't painful, for the animals neither snort nor flinch.

Every scouting unit has a pack horse which carrie
machine gun, ammunition cases, spare parts. One min
from the time they dismount the gunners can h
their piece in working order. During action horses
picketed as far as possible behind the machine-gun p

IGHTING!

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

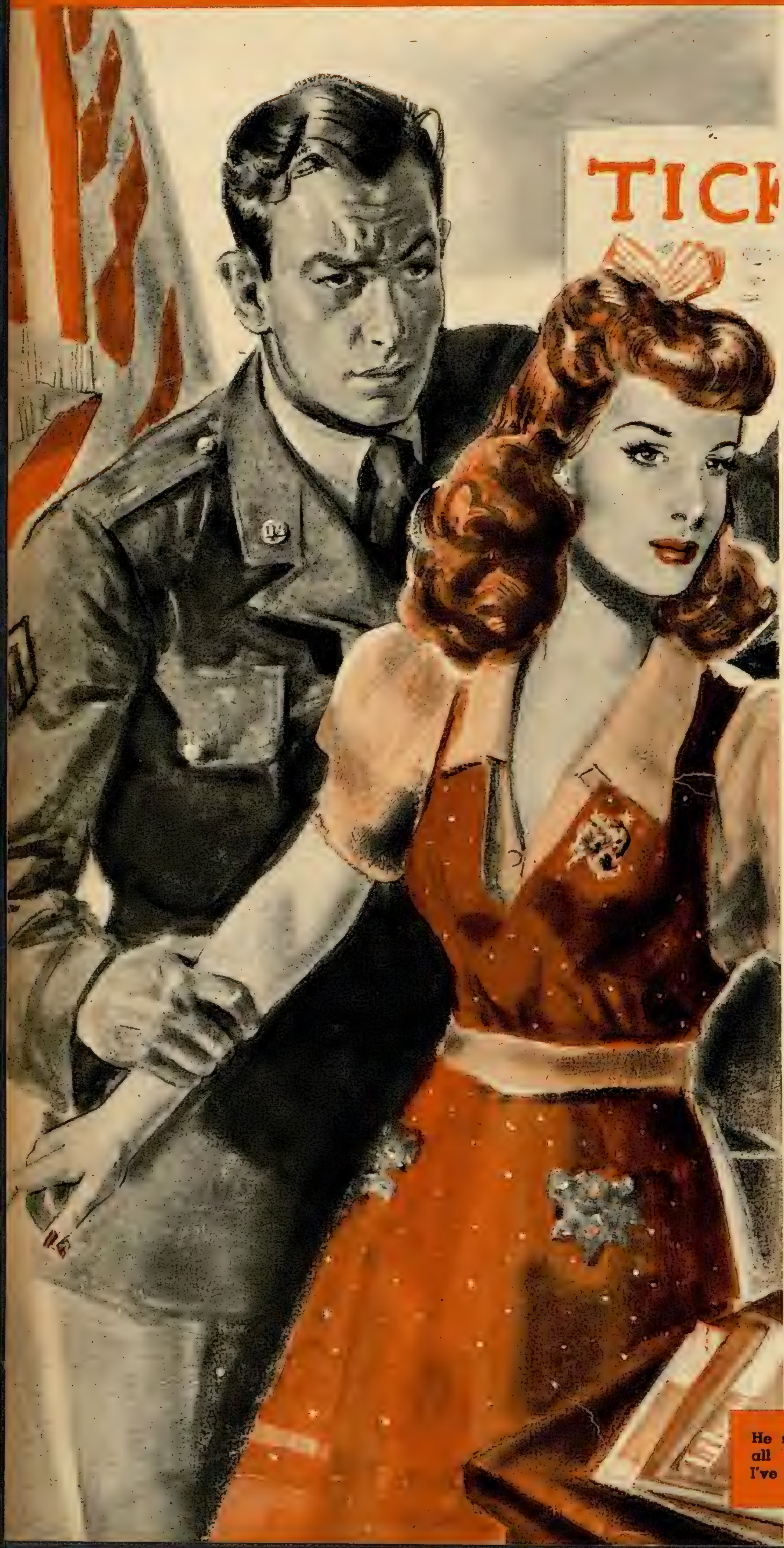
As a rule, the army buys horses of dark colors. The light-colored ones they do occasionally take are trained for combat duty in snow or, like this pinto, for the personal use of officers.

Most army horses do not buck, as this one is doi after a ride in a freight car. The seller of a hor for army service must guarantee that it is gentl

mbers of the 101st Horse-Mechanized Cavalry go out practice maneuvers in the hills of Massachusetts r Fort Devens. This regiment even has a mobile erinary attachment so that if a horse is wounded the field it can be taken care of immediately.

At right: Lieutenant Colonel Saussure inspects a stallion's teeth to find out his age. Rookie horses must be between four and eight years old. This one, aged seven, was found fit for service with the cavalry.

LAMSON TO T



He said: "Look! You've got it all wrong. It isn't just that I've got to marry somebody."

BY EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

OBEDIENTLY, Corporal Lamson stood, but did not feel, at ease. Captain Carrick poked at the papers on his desk. His eyebrows wiggled. He raised his head and skewered the man before him with the pale, unwinking blue eyes that had been known, unassisted, to extract confessions from hardened offenders. The company called him Old Granitepuss.

"So you're going to get married, Lamson."

"Yes, sir."

"Congratulations." A muscle at the left-hand corner of the captain's mouth twitched but there was no other change of expression.

"Thank you, sir."

"Your love life, corporal, is none of my business. Matrimony is a holy institution and the War Department smiles upon it. That's why you've got a seven-day pass. And that's where I come in."

Captain Carrick's look was long and unwinking. Corporal Lamson murmured, "Yes, sir."

"When Sergeant Morris spoke to me about your impending nuptial rites, Lamson, I was reminded of the illness of your sainted grandmother last November. Just at Thanksgiving time, oddly enough. I recalled her miraculous recovery, widely attributed to your presence at her bedside. On a five-day pass."

"The doctors—"

"I know. They despaired of her life. You'll admit that I swallowed the yarn like a gentleman. But a gentleman retains his own opinions." Old Granitepuss sat back in his chair and continued not to wink. "I suppose you really *are* going to get married, Lamson?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's Miss Christine Swithin, sir. She was down here with that Junior League show in April. The pretty one who played the piano and sang. I was assigned to the detail that acted as stage hands, the captain will remember, and—"

"M-m-m—yes. She has agreed to marry you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. If the captain would like to see part of a letter—"

"No, thanks, Lamson. I only wanted to be sure. I also wanted you to know that I haven't forgotten your grandmother's astonishing recovery. And it's only fair to point out that if any-

E SLAUGHTER

When a man marries, they say, his troubles begin. But here's a soldier who collected his beforehand!

thing should go wrong with your marriage plans—if, for example, Miss Swithin should change her mind at the last moment and you should return to duty still a bachelor—I'm afraid I'd consider that a—remarkable coincidence. You see what I mean, corporal?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But there's no—"

"I haven't had time to look up Army Regulations on the point, but I am sure there is something definite about obtaining passes under false pretenses. And although the evidence might be purely circumstantial— That's all, corporal."

"Thank you, sir," Corporal Lamson said thickly, and saluted.

CORPORAL LARRY LAMSON pulled his blouse straight, sucked his guts up, and stepped from the burnished copper elevator onto the thick carpet of the Diana Soap Corporation's reception room, which was done in pale greens and indirectly lighted. It gave you the feeling that you were in a tank at the aquarium. A man with a briefcase and a look of determination occupied an armchair to the left. Two blondes with knees lounged in a settee to the right.

The girl at the desk had red hair that went perfectly with the color scheme. She looked up from her book and smiled. Her teeth were very white. She looked O. K.

"Hello, corporal," she said.

She was definitely O. K. Larry let his breath out and went over to her. Her greenish eyes seemed amused about something.

"I want to see Mr. Swithin," he told her.

"Really?"

"Well, no, not really; but I've got to."

"You wouldn't settle for his secretary? Mr. Swithin's in a terrific conference, and Miss Moss—"

The telephone buzzed and the girl answered it and listened. She spoke to the blondes: "Mr. Copley will see you now, Miss Torrell."

The blondes rose and undulated across the room and through the pale green arch beside the reception desk.

The redheaded girl looked up at Larry from under eloquently raised eyebrows.

"Wonderful thing, the human body," he said. "Full of fascinating curves."

"And all of them so movable! Do you insist on seeing Mr. Swithin? Because he's awfully hard to get a look at, and Miss Moss—"

"I'd love to meet Miss Moss, only I've got to see Mr. Swithin. I think he expects me, sort of."

"All right. I'll see, sort of. Corporal who?"

"Lamson."

The girl spoke to a couple of people on the telephone. "Miss Moss says he is expecting you, sort of, but he really is in conference. Will you wait?"

He liked her eyelashes, which were not pink, as most redheaded people's are, but dark and curved. "I'd be an awful fool not to," he said, and took the small chair beside her desk. A man on the dizzy brink of matrimony is under no obligation not to feast his eyes, if he maintains the detached attitude.

The reception girl looked at Larry's insignia. "Infantry, eh?" she asked. "Stationed around here?"

"Fort Rogers, No'th C'lina. Where'd you learn to read uniforms?"

"U. S. O. I'm a hostess three nights a week. Van Ryck House on Lexington Avenue. Why don't you drop in tomorrow night?"

"Guess I'll be a little busy tomorrow night. Anyhow, I wouldn't want to be trampled in the rush for you."

"Timid, eh?"

"Timid?" he said. "If you felt my pulse right now you'd think you had a machine gun by the wrist. I'm not looking forward to your Mr. Swithin. What's he like?"

Her brief, tilted nose developed a small wrinkle above each nostril. "Oh —he's all right, I suppose. A little stuffy, but maybe you're entitled to be stuffy if your family's been making soap for four generations and getting richer each time."

"He's going to be crazy about me," Larry said.

"How do you mean?"

"If there's one thing a soap millionaire likes to find climbing his family tree, it's a prominent corporal."

The redheaded girl's eyebrows were puzzled. "Maybe I'm not very bright. I still don't dig it."

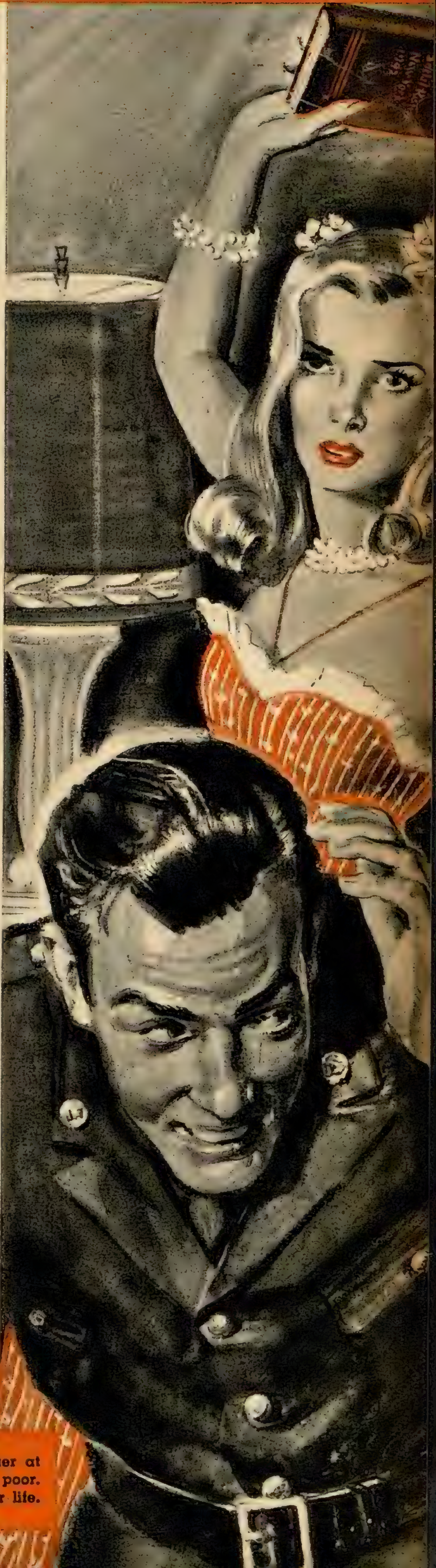
"Ever meet Miss Christine Swithin?"

"But yes! She's terrific. She's about the beautifulest thing I ever saw. What about her?"

"She and I are sort of thinking of getting married."

The redheaded girl gaped. You could see her temperature falling as if somebody had turned on the cooling system.

"Oh," she said. "I—I'm sorry. If I'd had any idea, I'd have been—"



She threw a Social Register at him, but her aim was poor. And so he went out of her life.

Larry laughed. "You'd have been what? Careful what you said about the old man? I asked you what he was like and you told me. What could be fairer than that?"

"I don't think it was fair of *you*—"

The telephone buzzed once more. The girl said: "Reception desk. . . . Yes, he is. . . . Just a moment." She held the receiver out to Larry. "Mr. Swithin would like to speak to you, sir."

" 'Sir'!" Larry repeated. "Snob!" He spoke into the phone: "Corporal Lamson."

The voice was the voice of Groton and Harvard and Oxford (postgraduate) and Economic Royalty. "Ah—hello, my boy. Look here. I did want to talk to you alone. Heard a lot about you from Christie, of course, and— But I'm tied up here and I don't know when I'll have a minute. You're coming to dinner tonight, aren't you?"

"Christie said—"

"Yes. That's right. Seven thirty for cocktails. And you'll get a chance to meet the family. You and I can have our chat another time, eh? Sorry to bring you here for nothing, but— See you at seven thirty, then."

"Yes, sir. Thank—" The telephone clicked off.

The redheaded girl's eyebrows were at work again. " 'Sir'!" she echoed. "Snob!"

"Get out," he said. "That's the army. Get so used to calling people sir, you do it automatically." He got up. "I'm not going to see him now, after all. Thanks for entertaining me."

"Not at all. I did nothing but my duty. Any girl in my place would have done as much."

He had to answer her impudent eyebrows. "I didn't even know who she was, the first time I dated her. She came down to Fort Rogers with a Junior League show, and I—"

"I hope you'll be very happy," the girl said, and he jabbed the elevator button with a vicious forefinger.

THE family party did break up at last. Larry should have known that it would, but there had been moments when he despaired of any such happy ending.

He took his modest place beside Christie in the hall and said good night.

Good night to Mr. and Mrs. Smith W. Wrison (Mrs. Swithin's elder and icier sister, who was Christie's Auntie Grace).

Good night to Patterson Swithin (Mr. Swithin's younger brother, Christie's Uncle Pat, a savage caricature of the men of the upper classes).

Good night to Alan and Sue Lockerby (Christie's sister, who had—as Mr. Swithin had confided to Larry—married well).

Good night to Kenneth Swithin (an unidentified young man who had taken little part in the proceedings, being preoccupied with the decanter of whisky, and who was now, in a gentlemanly way, sozzled).

Good night, finally, to Mr. and Mrs. Swithin, who announced their intention of going to bed. They were bearing up bravely (nobility has its obligations) but you knew they were going to toss all night in troubled slumber. Your heart bled for them.

Larry looked around cautiously to make sure he was alone with his fiancée before he held out his arms for her.

She walked into them.

Christine Swithin was the most beautiful thing he had ever laid eyes on. Her eyes, her lips, her complexion, her ankles, and all the other items that are grouped for convenience under Figure, were unquestionable masterpieces of design and execution. She was poised. She was graceful. From the topmost light brown curl on her aristocratic head to the bottom lift of her exorbitantly fragile slippers, she was perfect. Neither more nor less.

He gathered her into his arms. Once again her perfume dizzied him. He kissed her cheek and permitted himself the luxury of guessing that everything was going to be all right.

Her relatives, after all, had only their own standards to go by. If you make allowances for slum-born young men who turn into gangsters, you've got to make equal allowances for the very rich. He recognized extenuating circumstances and held no grudge.

HE supposed Christie had been as miserable as he during the horrible family party. He supposed she too had been squirming inwardly at the things her father and the others said. But she had been properly brought up and she could conceal her feelings. Poor child, she probably expected him to blame her—

He kissed the tip of her perfect nose and laughed softly, reassuringly. Christie pulled away a little.

He said, "Golly! Are they always like that?"

"Like what, darling?"

"Oh—sort of before-the-war-before-last. Back in the good old days, when you read a few verses from the financial page at family prayers. Embarrassed at having a peasant in their midst, but keeping a stiff upper lip."

His laughter got the better of him. When it subsided, he kissed the lobe of her left ear, and was thus unable to see her face. He went on:

"Your father's a riot. He thinks he's right up to date. And he is, compared to the rest of them. He's caught up with the Coolidge administration. He's ready to admit that the lower classes are here to stay. He doesn't exactly like it, but he's willing to make concessions. He's even trying to be reasonable about letting you marry below your station. He's a yell."

Larry bent down to kiss her more thoroughly. But the expression on her lovely face turned his laughter into something not unlike a hiccup. His fingers went limp on her shoulders. He said, "Look here. I only mean—"

She spoke slowly, and there were little hunks of ice clinging to her words: "You think it's funny, do you?"

"Well, yes. Don't you? I mean, the whole attitude. 'We'll have to keep him dark till we get him ready to meet the best people. We'll get him a commission and have his uniforms made by a good tailor. We'll teach him to wear shoes and use a fork, and we'll beat that Middle Western accent out of him.' If that's not funny, I—"

She broke free and stared at him. Her nostrils quivered with rage. She said, "You don't seem to realize—"

"Now look here," he interrupted. "Either it's all terribly funny or I'm going to have to sock somebody. If I take it seriously I'll be pretty blasted mad. Let's get this straight."

"I'm getting it perfectly straight," she said, and generations of perfect upbringing went down the drain. "You think all the Swithins are ridiculous snobs—"

"That's right," he agreed. "All except you."

"Why except me?"

"I don't know. I thought a girl who'd let herself go for a common soldier—"

"I *didn't go* for you!"

"Sorry. I thought you did. That night I went over the hill to meet you, and we parked the car and—"

"You in-*suf*-ferable cad!"

"That's what I mean," he said reasonably. " 'Insufferable cad.' And your father says 'By gad, sir!' And your Auntie Grace speaks of 'the best people.' First thing you know, you'll be telling me never to darken your door again."

"Oh? Well, I will. I do tell you!"

"Oh, blast! Just when I was getting the hang of door-darkening!"

"Please go!"

"Out—into the night?"

"Before I ring—"

"I know: for Billings, the old family retainer," he said, wondering.

She threw a copy of the Social Register at him, but her aim was poor.

And so he went out of her life, laughing. His laughter carried him all the way back to the Hotel Thomas Jefferson. He was still grinning when he crossed the gilded lobby, and a smile lingered on his face when he switched on the lights in his room and saw himself in the mirror.

The smile came off. All at once he saw that some aspects of the situation were less hilarious. His mind's eye tactlessly conjured up the face of Old Granitepuss and his mind's ear heard the captain's voice: "If anything should go wrong with your marriage plans. . . . I'm afraid I'd consider that a—remarkable coincidence."

Finally—after he had paced up and down in front of the room's two windows until the rug started to show the wear—he decided to wire Sinkers Purdy. Sinkers had a way of finding out anything he wanted to know. The night was cool for June, but Larry's hand stuck to the telegraph blank.

MARRIAGE PFFFT STOP SOUND OUT GRANITE ON CONSEQUENCES STAYING SINGLE

THE redheaded girl was at the Van Ryck House U. S. O. club next evening, as she had said she would be. She was behind the ice-cream counter, and men of the country's armed forces were crowded four or five deep in front of it.

Corporal Lamson, Inf., tried to push into the front rank of ice-cream addicts. He collected (*a*) an unidentifiable elbow under the ribs, (*b*) a snarl from a sailor with a broken nose, and (*c*) a heavy foot on his toes. He decided to wait his turn, and in due course reached the counter.

The redheaded girl was too busy to look up. "What'll it be, soldier?" she asked.

"Just window-shopping," Larry said. "Can't decide."

"That's not fair. No loitering at the—" She raised her eyes and recognized him. "Why, Corporal Lamson! I thought you—"

"I thought so, too, but I was wrong. Listen: how about letting somebody else take the ice-cream fatigue?"

"I can't. It's my turn tonight and I—"

"Yes, but I've got to talk to you. It's important."

A BOSSY woman's voice stabbed him in the back: "Miss McKittrick!"

"Yes, Mrs. Forsom?" the redheaded girl said.

"Don't let yourself be swamped with the crowd. Do you need some one to help you?"

"No, thank you; I can manage. What's yours, sailor?"

"Two vanilla, please, miss, and one orange ice."

Her speed with the scoop was worthy of a magician.

Larry leaned closer. "Let's you and I get out of this," he suggested.

"Can't, thanks. Want some ice cream?"

"Do I have to take some?"

"No. Take some and go away, or just go away."

He went away. He studied the situation, and thought of Mrs. Forsom, who seemed to be in command. She was standing beside a desk at one end of the room, watching things grimly.

Larry said, "Excuse me. I wonder if you can do me a favor, ma'am. The fellow who's going to marry Miss McKittrick is in our outfit. He couldn't get here tonight and he sent me with a very special message for her. Pretty important. I was wondering if somebody else could take over the ice cream and—"

Mrs. Forsom's faith couldn't have moved an anthill. Her expression would have looked fine on a codfish. "I haven't heard anything about Miss McKittrick's being engaged."

"No, ma'am. Maybe I shouldn't have told you. Only—"

"What's the young man's name?"

It nearly floored him, but he recovered in time. He said, "Larry Lamson."

Mrs. Forsom looked at him long and coldly. "Go and wait in the cardroom," she snapped.

The cardroom was on the floor below, between rooms dedicated to billiards and ping-pong. It was empty. Which was good.

Miss McKittrick pulled up in the doorway. She folded her lips in on

"In black and white, we'll demonstrate
Why Happy Blending's simply great!"

We're loving mates, indeed, we two;
We've won our stripes at pitching woo.
On Happy Blending, if you please,
We're qualified *authorities!*

So if you'll step up closer, friend,
We'll tell why CALVERT's Happy Blend—
A blend of whiskey virtues rare—
Is super . . . tops . . . beyond compare!

Calvert
Special

You see, some whiskey traits are *scrappy*,
While others are congenial, *happy*.
So CALVERT chucks the traits that fight
And blends *just* friendly ones—*just* right.

That's why each mellow sip you savor
Is tops in smoothness, mildness, *flavor!*
No drink has got what CALVERT's got—
It's *Happy Blending.* Try a spot!

BE WISE!
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Clear Heads Choose
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Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

themselves and moved her head slowly up and down. “Uh-huh,” she said. “I thought so.”

“But you came anyway.”

“Curiosity. Anyhow, Mrs. Forsom seemed to think it was a matter of life and death. What have you been telling her?”

“Just that I had a message for you from Larry Lamson.”

“Yes?”

“Well, maybe I put in something or other to make her think it was important. Because it is.”

“Why?”

“Oh, come on! Don't stand there being Mrs. District Attorney. Come in and sit down and hear the message.”

Her eyes seemed darker in this light. She asked, “Do you always get your own way about things?”

“Initiative is a quality noncommissioned officers are trained to develop,” he told her, and demonstrated more of it by guiding her smoothly to the settee, which was screened from the door by a large lamp. She sat under the lamp, and he liked the lights in her hair. She was O. K.

“What would Miss Christine Swithin say to this?” she asked.

“Christie? She'd say she could have told you so, or blood will tell, or thank heaven she found out in time.”

“DO you mean she's not going to marry you?”

“That's it. And I'm not going to marry her. Neither of us is going to marry the other. While we're on the subject, I might add that I *am* going to marry you.”

“Really? You could knock me down with a left hook.”

“I mean it. What's your front name?”

“What's that got to do with it?”

“I'm old-fashioned. I like to know a girl's front name before I propose marriage to her.”

“How formal!”

“So what is your given or Christian name?”

“Katherine.”

“Very well.” He pulled his blouse straight and held his head high. “Wilt thou, Katherine, have this man Lawrence to be your lawful, wedded husband, for better or for worse, for richer or for not much poorer—because nobody could be much—”

“That's not very funny, corporal,” she said.

“Funny? I'm asking you to marry me. I'm offering you a good man's love.”

“I don't think it's very nice to fool about it.”

“Fool? I'm not fooling. I'm as serious as the Articles of War. Do you know your lips are like—like nothing else in the world—and your hair with that lamplight on it is like the northern lights and . . . Wilt thou, Katherine—”

“Oh, stop it!” she said. “Got a cigarette?”

He produced cigarettes and lighted one for her.

“I wish you'd get over the idea I'm making fun of you,” he said. “I'm talking about marriage. Love. Cottage in the country. Patter of tiny feet. Grow old gracefully together, unless—Look: you *could* learn to love me if you really put your mind to it and did your homework.”

She asked wearily, “Is there something else you could talk about for a while?”

“I'm sorry,” he apologized. He unbuttoned the pocket over his heart and fished out Sinkers Purdy's wired answer. He handed it to her. “If you don't think I mean it, read this.”

He should have known better. The telegram said:

CPL. LAWRENCE LAMSON THOMAS JEFFERSON HOTEL NEW YORK BETTER MARRY SOMEBODY COMMA BABY EXCLAMATION POINT SINKERS

Katherine McKittrick was on her feet all of a sudden, and she was very cold and indignant and desirable. She tossed the telegram on his knees and turned away. He only just caught her at the door.

He said: “Look! You've got it all wrong. I didn't think how you might take it. I— It isn't just that I've got to marry somebody. I don't have to. I can explain about that. The fact is, yesterday, when I was still engaged to Christie, I looked at you, and a voice inside me murmured—I thought it was indigestion at first, because I'm not used to voices inside me—it murmured: ‘My boy, aren't you making a grave mistake? Isn't *this* the girl of your dreams, after all?’ And I—”

“Please don't squeeze my wrist!”

“I'm not squeezing your wrist.”

“You are! If you weren't I'd be upstairs by this time.”

“Let me tell you about it. I got a seven-day pass—”

“I'm not interested. And the club is closing now and I'm going home.”

“Let me take you home and explain on the way.”

“I don't want to hear.”

“All right. Let me take you home and you can put cotton in your ears.”

His earnestness made her laugh and her anger slipped away from her, and she was lost.

HE took her home. He told her about his affair with Christie Swithin, and about his grandmother's recovery, and about Captain Carrick's position in regard to remarkable coincidences. He told her how he had spent most of the day thinking about her and how he had decided to ask her to marry him, not only because of what Old Granitepuss might dream up in the way of punishments—

“But what can he do to you?” she asked. “I mean, to compare with the punishment you may have to take if you marry somebody you hardly know?”

He shrugged. “Maybe it's technical desertion in wartime, or something. But that's not it. I want you to marry me because I love you. I know you don't know anything about me—”

“Don't I? Let's see. You come from Searsville, Indiana. Your father owned the village drugstore. Both your parents were killed in a train wreck when you were little, and your sister brought you up. Your big brother runs the drugstore and you own a quarter of it. You graduated from Indiana State—”

“Golly! Where did you learn all that?”

“You told me, in passing.”

“*I!*”

“But you don't know anything about me.”

“I know about your eyes and your hair and your complexion and— Maybe I shouldn't have been looking, but I saw one of your knees when you got into the taxi, and it was all right, too. You've got a nice voice and a sense of humor and— Are you going to marry me or not?”

“Of course not.”

“Why?”

“I never marry total strangers.”

“You could make an exception just this once.”

“And I've got obligations that make it impossible for me to marry anybody just now.”

He stared at her profile in the dim taxi. “Say! You're not married already?”

“No.”

“Then what—”

“Don't you think you're pretty nosy?”

“You mustn't keep secrets from the man you're going to marry.”

SHE made the nicest chuckly noise in her throat. She said: “All right. You win. My mother died when I was eight. My father remarried, and my sister and I never could get on with our stepmother. She didn't like Pinkie and me. Pinkie's my kid sister. So, two years ago, when I was making enough to support us both, we walked out. So I'm responsible for Pinkie. She's only eighteen and I have to keep an eye on her. She's got a good job now, so it's not the money; but she's too young to have good sense and she's cute enough to attract all the wolves and—” Katherine McKittrick shrugged.

“You're the Good Sense Department?”

“That's about it.”

“Tell you a sensible idea. Marry some nice corporal in the army. Find one who's got an electrical engineering degree and owns a quarter of a drugstore. You can't hang around all the rest of your life—”

“It's not for the rest of my life. I promised I wouldn't get married till she was twenty-one, unless she did. That may be two or three years, but—”

“Suppose the right man comes along?”

“If he's the right man, he'll wait.”

“Oh, he will, will he?”

“Naturally.”

“I see. Say, what becomes of Pinkie these evenings when you're U. S. O.-ing?”

“She's secretary to the head of a big defense plant. They work late three nights a week. He's a dear—like a father to her—so she's all right those nights, and I go to the U. S. O.”

"You're sure the right man'll wait, are you? Because—"

The taxi stopped at Number 28 Powell Street, which was a slightly cockeyed alley in Greenwich Village. They got out.

"How much?" Larry asked the driver.

"Better keep him," Katherine McKittrick said. "It's easy to get lost down here."

"You mean I won't be coming in?"

"I'm afraid you won't."

"But we haven't settled this business about getting married."

"Haven't we?"

"Of course not. We've only just started. Listen. How about dinner tomorrow night?"

"Pinkie—"

"Bring her along. We'll keep an eye on her together."

"Well, but—"

"What time, where?"

"S-s-s-seven o'clock," she said doubtfully.

"I'll be here."

He bent forward suddenly and kissed her mouth, and retreated into the cab before she could gather her wits. "Good night!" he called through the window.

A WEEK is a pretty short period of time, any way you look at it. Even if you don't squander nearly twenty-four hours of it on trains from and to camp, and another sixteen hours being engaged to the wrong girl, and twenty more before you get a chance to offer yourself to the right girl, it's a pretty small hunk of your life to accomplish anything important in. And if what you've got to accomplish is an entire courtship from the first careless rapture to holy wedlock, a week can slip through your fingers like seven watermelon seeds.

Larry's relief that he had escaped an entanglement with Christine Swithin (and all she implied) was second only in intensity to his conviction that Katherine McKittrick was the one woman in his life. He was perfectly willing to admit certain boyish fancies ever since Hilda Offenschultz, the baker's buxom daughter in Searsville, whom he had wooed at the age of eleven, but this was entirely different. This was the business.

He gave it his undivided attention.

And he started out with a stroke of luck the next evening, for Pinkie dined with Mr. Ricken, her employer, who was a dear and hence above suspicion.

Larry and Kitt had dinner together at a little place where you got steak for a dollar and a quarter. They went on to another little place where you could dance without being stuck with a cover charge. And from there—because it was Saturday night and Kitt could sleep late next morning, and because he still had most of the five hundred dollars from the sale of his car in Searsville for honeymoon expenses—they moved along to another place that had a cover charge but gave you a floor show for it.

It was a large, intimate, delightful evening. It ended in a date for Sunday lunch, and a kiss which was solemnized in the vestibule of 28 Powell Street because it was nobody's business but their own. Without the aid of a soothsayer, you could call it a happy sort of beginning.

AND the luck held on Sunday. To begin with, Pinkie had a nasty cold-id-d-doze, just bad enough to confine her to the apartment without making it necessary for Kitt to stay home with her. So Larry took Kitt to an impressively expensive lunch, and afterward on an almost interminable subway ride to the Bronx Zoo, which worked out nicely. They walked in the mild June afternoon and talked about themselves and the war and love and snakes and movies and Kitt's eyes and lion cubs and related topics.

They dined magnificently, at the McKittricks' apartment, on canned soup and dill pickles and scrambled eggs prepared by Kitt, and Larry dried the dishes she washed; and Pinkie felt much better and sat on the sofa while Kitt and Larry danced to the radio. It was exactly the sort of thing the Swithins couldn't have dreamed of. And suddenly it was half past eleven.

Kitt went with him out to the vestibule.

"Please, darling!" she said, after a while.

"Please, who?"

"Please, corporal!"

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"Hah! You would, eh?" She resisted, but halfheartedly.

"Honestly," she said, when he released her, "you've got to go."

"In a minute. Do you know we haven't said a word about marriage since the night before last?"

"I know. I thought you'd forgotten it."

"Forgotten!"

"You'd better. You see how things are. I can't think of it."

"You're right, you can't think of it. You haven't got the time. I'm due back at Fort Rogers for reveille Thursday morning, and here it is practically Monday. I've got to hop a train Wednesday night. So we'd better take steps. In the first place—"

"Larry, I can't. I've *told* you—"

"Ask for tomorrow afternoon off. We'll have lunch and go to the marriage license place—"

"No, Larry!"

"How do you mean, 'no'? Do you love me or don't you?"

Her voice was small: "I don't know. You're sweet, and I've never liked being with anybody so much, but—we've only known each other three days—"

"Three days or three years or three minutes! What's that got to do with it?"

"And—well, Pinkie—"

"I hate to hand you the radio stuff about Our Boys in the Fighting Services, but they are sending an awful lot of infantry in an awful lot of different directions. If you take too long to think it over, you may wake up some morning and—"

He had to hold her very tight to stop her trembling. When she was quiet, he said: "All right. Take it back. I'm probably on the list for O. C. S., and that'll mean—"

"It wasn't very nice to frighten me half to death."

"It was very nice of you to be frightened, though. And that settles it. Meet me for lunch tomorrow and—"

"No, darling! Honestly— Oh, damn! I don't *know!*"

SHE twisted out of his arms unexpectedly and managed to get herself into the hall with the door all but shut between them. Through the crack she said: "Take me to dinner tomorrow night before I go to the U. S. O. Seven o'clock here." And she closed the door before he got over his surprise.

He walked over to Fifth Avenue and found an open-topped bus that suited his mood. The night was warm and you could smell wood violets and hear small soft birds rustling in trees. If you tilted your head back and let your eyes get used to the light, you could see real stars far above the palisades the buildings made on both sides.

He rode to 135th Street and had to pay another dime to get downtown again.

And the next day she disappeared. Desperately killing time until he could call for her, he spent the afternoon at the movies and didn't get back to the hotel until after six. When he asked for his key, the man handed him the little stack of messages:

5.21. Miss McKittrick called.
5.32. Miss McKittrick called.
5.34. Miss McKittrick called.
5.51. Miss McKittrick will not be able to meet you tonight.

And that was that. There was no answer at the apartment on Powell Street, though he telephoned every half hour till midnight. The telephone operator at Van Ryck House U. S. O. said they had word that Miss McKittrick would not be able to get there that night. . . .

In the morning, the Diana Soap Corporation's voice said icily that Miss McKittrick would not be in today; it was sorry; it did not know where she could be reached. The Ricken Precision Machine Company (arrived at by a process of elimination with the telephone book) also said that Miss McKittrick was not expected today. So whatever had happened to Kitt seemed to have happened to Pinkie too. And even Mr. Ricken, that dear, was reported out of town.

MONDAY dragged by, and Tuesday was worse. Larry conferred with the hotel porter and found that there was a train at 9.36 Wednesday night that would get him to Fort Rogers for reveille Thursday. As for the prospect of an interview with Captain Carrick, he didn't even care.

Penn Station, dimmed out, had a somber look that was appropriate. People went about their business grimly. Soldiers and sailors and officers of all ranks and services were everywhere, and M. P.s to keep an eye on them. It was nearly half past nine when Larry paused before the gate of Track 11 and fumbled for his tickets.

"Larry!"

"Hah?" He didn't believe it. He turned, warily, not to make a fool of himself.

Kitt was there, right beside him, looking very formal and New Yorkish in black, with a perky little black hat tilted forward on her coppery curls. She took his arm in both of her small hands and squeezed until he could feel her fingernails.

"Darling!" she said. "I was so afraid I'd miss you!"

He swallowed hard and cleared his throat and stiffened his jaw. He said, "B-but—"

"I know, darling. It's a long story. I'll have to write it to you."

"What happened?" he managed to ask.

"No time to tell you now. Listen, Larry. Do you really love me—or did you find out, when I wasn't around, that it was all—"

He took her in his arms without shame, without even the slightest idea that other people might be watching, and kissed her mouth. "Do I really love you!"

"Then I can tell you. Remember I said I didn't know? I said I had to think? And—" She swallowed.

The public address system bellowed something about some train or other. Larry Lamson could hear it over the thumping of blood in his ears. He looked into Kitt's eyes, which were darker than he had ever seen them before. He said: "But—then—what about—when can we— It's going to be tough explaining to Captain Carrick, but I—"

Somebody touched his elbow. "All *aboard,* soldier!"

Kitt's arms were around his neck. She said, "Quick! They're closing it!"

He picked up his suitcase and let her push him toward the gates. "What about Pinkie?" he asked.

The man plucked him by the sleeve and he moved forward obediently. The folding grille closed between him and Kitt.

She stood close. "That's what I've got to write you. She eloped. That's why I— She ran off with Mr. Ricken and got married. Thought I wouldn't let her, so she sent a crazy note. I didn't find them till today."

"But then—"

Kitt's head bobbed up and down till the small hat jiggled.

"Run for it, soldier!" the gateman shouted in his ear, and Corporal Lamson ran for it.

THE man in greenish fatigue uniform shouldered the broom and shovel and carried the G. I. can in his left hand. He moved along jauntily to the next drain on West Parade. The armed M. P., following at the prescribed two paces, didn't like the prisoner's method of locomotion. There was nothing you could exactly put your finger on, but the so-and-so's attitude was all wrong. A man on post punishment has no right, under military law, to look as if he might be going to break into a dance. On the other hand, a military policeman is not empowered to correct anything so vague and indefinable as a sort of generally sassy look.

The prisoner put the can down and applied the broom vigorously, if somehow flippantly, to the little accumulation of leaves and twigs at the drain. The M. P. hooked his thumbs in his belt and looked on critically. A small sound emanated from the prisoner.

"Cut out that whistling!" the M. P. snarled.

"Sorry. Wasn't thinking."

"Think, then."

The prisoner scooped up his sweepings and dumped them into the can.

"Wipe that smile off!" the guard barked.

The smile came off.

"What you got to smile about?" the M. P. inquired from natural curiosity.

"I was just picturing Captain Carrick's face," Larry Lamson said, "when I ask him for a pass to get married."

"To get— Say, you *had* a pass to get married."

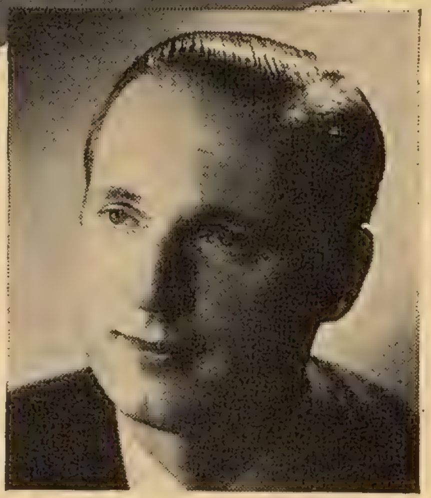
"I know. My error. Wrong girl. Got the right one this time."

"Wipe it off!" the M. P. bellowed, and the conversation languished.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

Henri de Chatillon's fashion salon in a charming old villa in Mexico City.



Henri de Chatillon, French designer.

Hall of the villa. The house was built for a mistress of Emperor Maximilian.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

OUT of our first World War and our depression period was born a new art of healing in which women have won special success. Called *occupational therapy*—the work cure—it helps hurt folk to get well by means of new skills for the hands, new interests for the mind. Women are said to be its best instructors because of their instinct for cultural pursuits and because of their tolerance for beginners' clumsiness. Men patients starting to learn a simple handicraft are less embarrassed by a woman teacher than by another man. . . . Talking with Meta Cobb, executive secretary of the American Occupational Therapy Association, and with Marjorie Fish, director of the subject at Columbia, I found out that there are more jobs open than can be filled. Training takes from two to three years; costs around a thousand dollars. Wounded service men will benefit widely by this form of treatment in the immediate future.

Crafts as advanced as cabinetmaking and photography are included among the courses, yet, strange to say, plain rope-knotting remains the most effective remedy for fingers stiffened by arm injuries. And here's a curious fact: The color of the rope or yarn makes a difference, patients being either soothed or stimulated according to the color of the material they work with. . . . A fascinating profession, I should think, for many a girl.

WAR can be hard in a very human way on mothers who don't *feel* much older than their marriageable daughters. I know a girl engaged to a young officer stationed near New Orleans. Her mother raised Cain when the girl announced she was going there alone to see her fiancé. "I won't allow it," the mother said. "You need a chaperon. I'm going with you." The daughter said, "No, you're not. I'm a sensible girl. I know how to behave myself. Don't you trust me?" Off guard for a moment, her mother replied, "Darling, of course I trust you—but I've been longing for years to take a trip to New Orleans!"

ALWAYS good news when a celebrated dress designer escapes from Nazi Paris to create fashions for *our* side. My chic friend, Henri de Chatillon, one of the sleekest French stylists, has established his salon at Mexico City in an exquisite villa built nearly a hundred years ago for a mistress of Emperor Maximilian. "I adore it here," Henri writes me. "The vivid colors and Aztec patterns are perfect for modern adapting." . . . Guess we're in for a Mexican vogue. His new things from down there are being shown already in smart New York shops. If you visit Mexico this winter, his place is a sight to see.

INDIRECTLY the following recipe comes from Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who lived for a time last summer, as you probably know, near Great Barrington, Massachusetts. A lady close to the queen gave it to a friend of mine in Great Barrington, who sent it to me. It's a *Dutch Pea-Soup Dinner,* hearty and inexpensive, fine for this time of year. . . . Soak 2 cups split peas overnight. Drain; cover with fresh water; bring to boil. Add 2 pig's feet, 3 chopped leeks, 1 chopped celery stalk, 1 bay leaf, pepper and salt. Simmer 4 hours. Take out the meat and cut in strips, discarding all bones. Serve the meat hot on toast alongside the soup. . . . Canned soups accompanied by sandwiches also make good, quick, nourishing wartime meals. Mix 1 can pea soup with 1 can tomato for *Purée Mongol.* Serve with open-faced sandwiches of ready-to-slice canned meats on rye or whole-wheat bread.

TWO worthy clubs I'm now in are the Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks About Brooklyn, and the Society for the Proper Preparation of Tea. Publicity man Sidney Ascher heads the defenders of Brooklyn's fair name, while Sheila Hibben, far-famed cooking authority, presides over our tea league. Our watchword is an old English slogan—Carry the teapot to the kettle. That means use *boiling* water straight from the fire. It's the *only* way to get full flavor and avoid waste. Important these days, with tea becoming scarce.

ANY one who likes wild little animals will enjoy Alan Devoe's new nature book, Lives Around Us. (Published by the Creative Age Press. $2.) . . . I loved reading it.

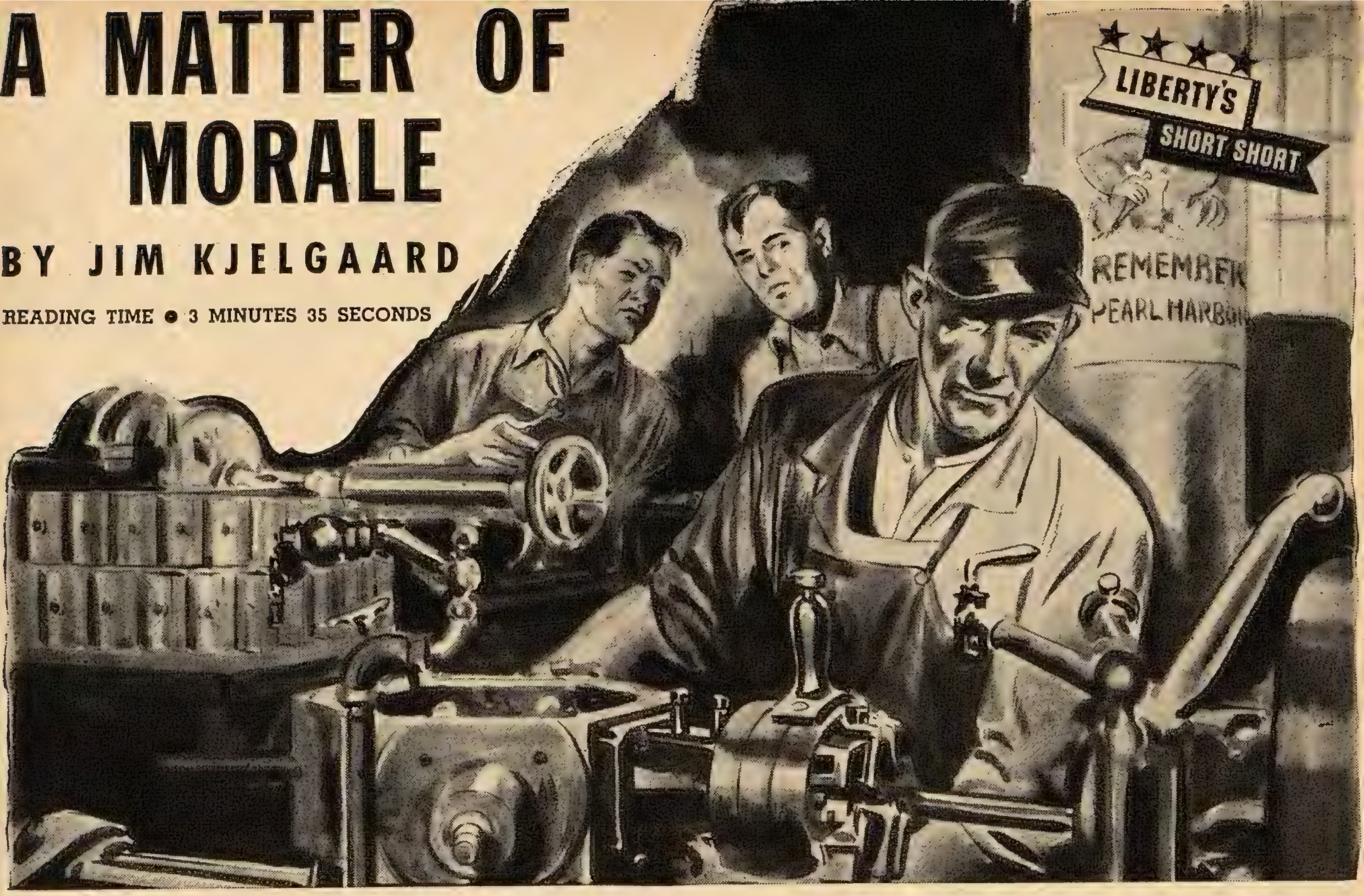
"SOME people keep the darnedest pets in a city apartment Next door to you there's a family with a tame rooster." An air-raid warden of my acquaintance chatted thus to a lady who lives alone. "What a relief!" the lady cried. "I was going to have myself examined by a psychiatrist because I hear that rooster crow every morning. I thought I imagined it. I thought I must be losing my mind."

A MATTER OF MORALE

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY JIM KJELGAARD

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



THERE were twenty on the second shift there in the screw-machine department at Saladay's. And nineteen of us hated the guts of Fred Cabey.

Everybody got the same base pay. But there was a piecework system by which we got paid more, according to how much we turned out. Most of the rates were good enough so that we could work about seven out of the ten hours and still turn in a hundred and fifteen per cent efficiency for all ten. That was tops; turn in any more than that and the rate was slashed—Saladay couldn't have us making too much.

But this Cabey was a hungry guy. He was at his machine with the starting whistle, and he worked himself into a lather until quitting time. A hundred and fifteen wasn't good enough for him, either; he had to have as much as he could get. So the rates were cut and all of us had to work as much as Cabey if we wanted any bonus at all. That's why we hated him.

I suppose that was the wrong way of looking at it. After all, there is a war on and Uncle Sam needs everything he can get. But we kind of got used to that idea as time went on. Maybe the seven-day schedule had something to do with it. We worked, went home and slept, got up and sat in the sun a couple of hours, and went back to Saladay's. Day in, day out, every day.

After awhile some of the big brains in the company got wise to the idea that a man isn't the same as a machine and started building up our morale. They plastered signs all over the place, "Remember Pearl Harbor," and "Saladay Workers Will Produce the Answer to Japanese Treachery."

It was the usual stuff, done in the usual unimaginative way, and nobody paid very much attention to it. Instead, we ganged up to make life miserable for Fred Cabey.

We never did anything criminal, not sabotage or anything like that. But Fred would be bending over his machine and an oil-soaked cloth would smack him in the back of the head. Or he would try to pick up his lunch bucket and it would be nailed to the bench. Just little tricks to make him see how we felt about his scabbing.

It was Joe Sanger who got the really big notion. We got a chain and two padlocks, and the idea was that somebody would go up and talk to Fred. Then Joe would crawl under the machines to Fred's, pass one end of the chain around his leg and lock it there, and lock the other end to the machine. Tie him to his job, like the slave he was! It would take old hungry Cabey a while to cut himself out of that one! I was the guy who was supposed to keep Fred's attention while Joe did the chaining.

I walked up beside Fred. He was bent over his machine, as usual, and it wasn't until I was right beside him that I saw he was crying. That's a fact. He was bawling like a baby and nobody could see it because he always kept his head bent. I gaped at him.

"What's the matter with you?"

He straightened up and wiped his eyes with the back of one oily hand. "Go to hell!" he sobbed. "Go to hell, all of you!" He whirled and ran down to the washroom.

Then, because all of us had hated Fred too much to go near him or his machine, I saw something that I had never seen before. It was a letter, pasted on a piece of fiber board and lacquered over so oil wouldn't spoil it. Fred must have brought it to work with him and set it up so he could read it every night all night. The date on it was three weeks before Fred came to work at Saladay's, and it read:

Dear Mr. Cabey:

I'm not going to try to make this pretty. It isn't. Your son, George Cabey, died this morning out here on Bataan. Armed only with a bayonet, he attacked a Jap machine-gun concentration and got three of the crew before they killed him.

All I can say is that I am proud to have been his commanding officer. And I faithfully promise you that as soon as America gets rolling and supplies us with the armaments we need, we will extract full payment for your son and all the others who have died and will die.

Sincerely,
John P. Crawford,
Captain in Command.

When Fred came back I heard a little sound, and knew that Joe Sanger was dropping the chain and padlock back into the box where they belonged. But you couldn't hear that very well because nineteen busy machines make a lot of noise.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

Completing a memorable series: In conclusion and rebuttal, a plain-spoken critic voices his views

BY GEORGE CREEL

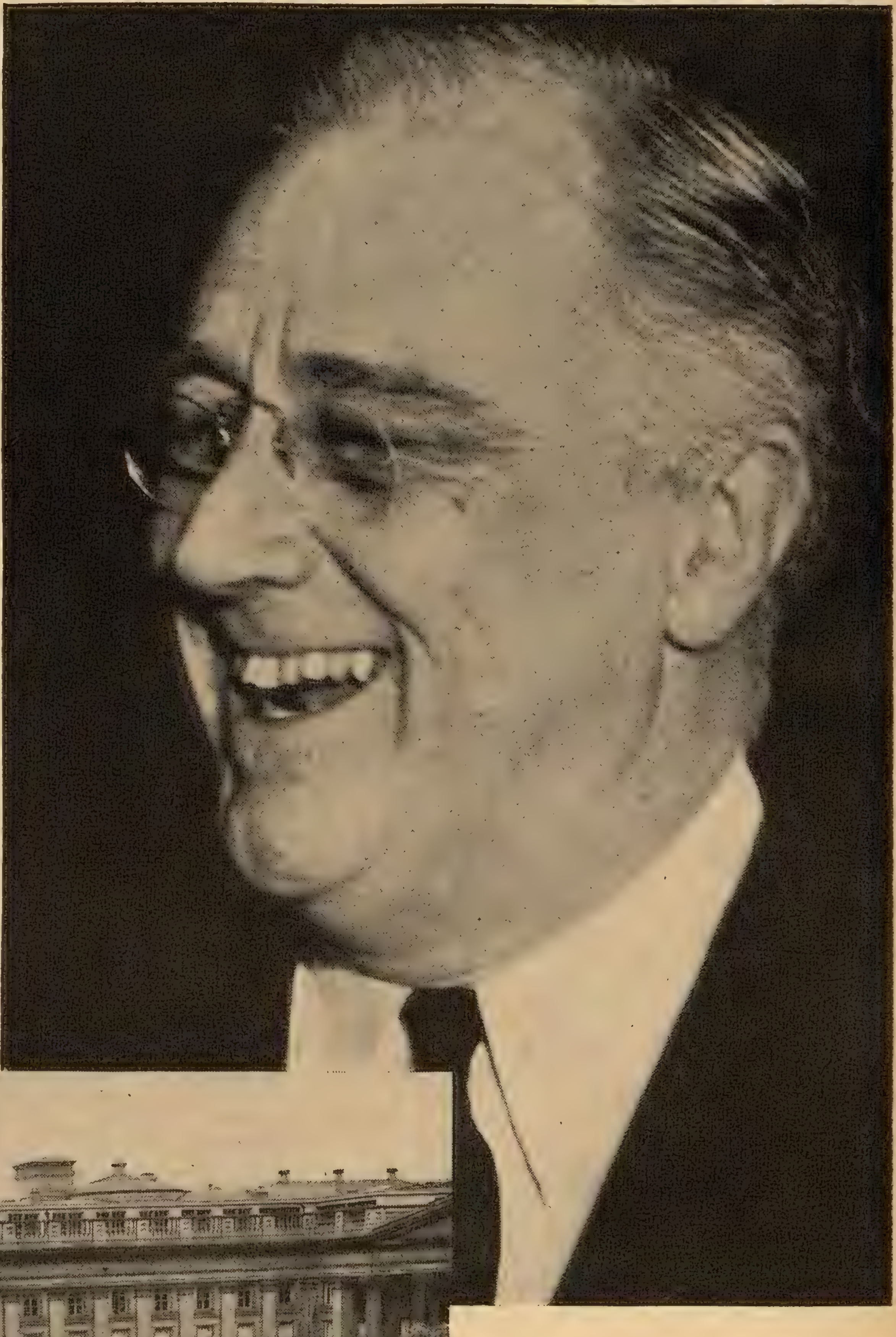
Chairman of the U. S. Committee on Public Information, 1917-1919

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Liberty's publication of Mr. Creel's opinions is not an endorsement of them. We reserve the right to reach our own conclusions. Some of them are presented on page 6 this week. But, as always, we believe in "giving both sides." And we think it a heartening thing for democracy that Mr. Churchill can still face his critics in London and that an article like this can still be published in the U. S. A.—THE EDITORS.

FOR the most part, only two kinds of articles have ever been written about Franklin D. Roosevelt. Those who know him well are charmed to the point where they cannot deal critically with him, and those who do not know him well carry dislike to a point where they cannot write any way except critically. As always, the truth lies in between. Looking back over an acquaintance that covers twenty-five years, it seems to me that the man's essential greatness is no less obvious than are his weaknesses.

As an inspirational leader, a dynamic and propulsive force, a clarion call to courage and high resolve, the President is in a class by himself. Not even Winston Churchill may be ranked with



Above: The President enjoying himself, in the high spirits that are characteristic of him. According to Mr. Creel, it is in "irrepressible youthfulness" that the answer to the "Roosevelt riddle" is to be found. Below: A glimpse of wartime Washington streets thronged with workers for what Mr. Creel calls that "litter of boards and commissions" in which the duplications and conflicting authorities "combine to hamper the war effort."

ALL PHOTOS © HARRIS & EWING

Donald Nelson, who, Mr. Creel says, can't move without stepping on a "sacred cow."

him. As an administrator, however—a workaday executive—he is almost incredibly inefficient.

No man ever dreamed more nobly or had less skill in making his dreams come true. Like Michelangelo, he can see the statue in the unhewn block, but all too often his impatiences make him turn aside before he has so much as chipped the marble. The very gifts that give the President his vision and daring, his fresh and eager mind, his flame of the spirit, unfit him for the sober and drudging tasks of execution. It is his tragedy—and the tragedy of America, for that matter—that he is either unwilling or unable to sit in cold judgment on his own temperament, recognizing his limitations.

THE late Louis McHenry Howe, asked about his relations with Mr. Roosevelt, is said to have made this remark: "Franklin has to have a new interest every day, and I supply it." Had the President's familiar gone on to the extent of volumes, he could not have been more revealing; for it is in a persistent, irrepressible youthfulness—in the amazing manner in which F. D. R. has carried over the enthusiasms of his teens into adult life—that one finds the answer to the Roosevelt riddle.

Youngness is at once his strength and his weakness. For example, it furnishes the bravery to blaze new trails, the gay disregard of outworn traditions, the never-failing optimism that refuses to admit either depression or defeat, and the idealism that has no immoderate reverence for obstacles. On the other hand, it precludes contemplation, reflection, and detachment, puts emphasis on daring and dash rather than on steadfastness, leads to a love of short cuts, and all too often confuses activity with action.

Looking back over the record of the last nine years, it will be seen that the President's concern has usually been with the *end* and seldom with the *means*. Always it is the idea itself that stirs his interest, and rarely the method of making it work. Ask any of his intimates, and they will confess that it irks him to burden his soaring enthusiasm with the details of execution, a temperamental flaw that explains his failure to make larger use of men like Baruch. Not only does he do his leaping before looking, but it is not often that he stops for a look after the leap. Why bother with the wreck of a plan when a brand-new one is at hand?

All of which might be stripped of hurtful consequences did he go in for the delegation of power, turning the idea or the plan over to plain, practical men skilled in the somewhat exact science of thinking things through and getting them done. Because it seems impossible for him to make any such delegations, his enemies argue selfishness, jealousy, and a vainglorious egotism. Here again, in my humble opinion, it is the essential *youngness* of the President that is to blame.

When Woodrow Wilson appointed a man, not only did the appointment carry authority but duties were explained down to the last minute detail. After that the appointee was on his own. If the job went badly you heard from him, but as long as things went well he did not want to hear from you. Nothing irritated him more or forfeited his confidence more quickly than to have an official popping back to the White House with his "problems."

Franklin Roosevelt is absolutely incapable of pursuing any such course of conduct—not out of pettiness or egotism, but purely out of a youthful eagerness to know everything that is going on and to have a finger in every pie, whether that "pie" is the Far Eastern conflict, a second front in Europe, or a plan for putting cafeterias and dormitories in public parks. Instead of being vexed by appointees returning for advice and consultation, he loves it. Huddles are the delight of his soul, and he is at pains to compel them. Examine his executive orders, and in almost every instance it will be found that nothing can be done without the approval of the President. Usually the sole function of a supposedly executive board or commission is to *advise* him. As a consequence, his desk is a bottleneck and high officials twiddle thumbs for days before they get a green light.

BY way of illustration, take the higgledy-piggledy manner in which America's war machine was put together—the headless, footless bodies that followed one another in an endless stream between May 28, 1940, when we set out to be "the great arsenal of democracy," and December 7, 1941, the date of Pearl Harbor. There was no excuse for blundering, for Woodrow Wilson had left behind a great volume of experience tested by trial and error. What more natural for one sailing the same course than to have hailed it as a master chart handed down by a master mariner? Yet no more attention was paid to it than would have been to a chart prepared by the Phoenicians or Leif the Unlucky. Why? Because any following of the Wilson chart entailed the delegation of authority, thus robbing the President of the excitements that come from having a large forefinger, and sometimes the whole hand, in every pie. The Office of Emergency Management, a catch-all containing more than a score of important agencies, was actually set up as part of the Executive Office under the President's personal direction.

No human being could possibly do well the thousand and one things that he has piled upon himself, and as a result there is none of that careful definition of function that marked the Wilson way. Excited by a suggestion, he makes appointments and creates new agencies without ever stopping to learn if the job has already been done or is being done. More often than not, a zealous soul rushes out of the White House, on fire with enthusiasm, to find that a half dozen others are in the field that he thought had been assigned to him. This, in some measure, explains Washington's litter of boards and commissions, the incessant fights over jurisdiction, and the duplication, conflict, and name-calling that combine to hamper the war effort.

One executive order, signed in the usual rush, actually took certain control over foreign policy from the State Department and transferred them to the Board of Economic Welfare. Of course, the order was called back and made over, but the blunder aroused ugly feelings that still persist.

THE President's capacity for sudden and unquestioning friendships also contributes to confusion. This is another manifestation of his *youngness*. Rarely indeed does he pick the best man for the job rather than the man that he likes best. Places are made for friends regardless of need or fitness. Having made a choice, he sticks in spite of hell and high water.

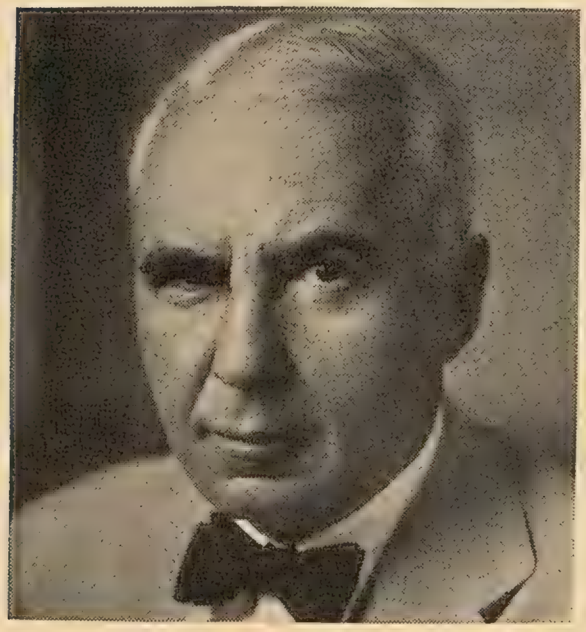
Let us, for a moment, consider the case of Donald Nelson. At the time of his appointment it was confidently assumed that the President had come to realize the necessity for one single and authoritative board in full control of everything pertaining to industrial mobilization, and that board with a full-powered boss. It soon developed, however, that while names had been changed and certain officials shuffled around, the old organizations were still on the the job, cluttering up the landscape to a point where poor Nelson could not put down a foot without stepping on some sacred cow. Instead of his having absolute authority, he found that the award of contracts was still the right of the Army, the Navy, and the Maritime Commission. Also other agencies, such as the Office of Price Administration, McNutt's Manpower Commission, and the Office of Defense Transportation, ringed him about, limiting his powers and jurisdiction.

A case even more in point is that of Elmer Davis. In the beginning, it may be remembered, Lowell Mellett, as head of the Office of Government Reports, was assumed to have charge of war information. Before he was warm in his chair, however, the Army and the Navy each set up its own Public Relations Bureau, as did the State

Department and the Office of Emergency Management. Then Nelson Rockefeller, out of a clear sky, was thrown into the propaganda field with all of Latin America as his territory.

Inevitably enough, this division of authority made for confusion and inefficiency, and suddenly Colonel William J. Donovan was catapulted into prominence as the Co-ordinator of Information. Soon realizing it was a hopeless job, the wily colonel announced that he would confine his activities to foreign propaganda; but as Mr. Rockefeller refused to hand over Latin America, the large and expanding Donovan organization found itself broadcasting mostly to Europe.

Next came the Office of Facts and Figures, headed by Archibald McLeish, Librarian of Congress and one of the President's closest friends. Unlike Colonel Donovan, Mr. McLeish did make a manful attempt at coordination; but, due to the lack of any real authority, he turned cheerfully to the making of speeches that were distinguished for their literary quality rather than their tact.



Elmer Davis too according to Mr. Creel finds himself press "boss" in name only.

Now came the turn of Elmer Davis as head of the brand-new Office of War Information. No better selection could have been made, and a loud cheer went up from the country as a whole. But when Mr. Davis, supposedly the generalissimo, reached Washington and took office, what did he find? First, that the press bureaus of the Army, the Navy, and the State Department were to retain their independent status, although these three constituted the principal source of all war information. Second, that Mr. Rockefeller was still the propaganda boss as far as the whole of Latin America was concerned.

As it stands today the "information racket" is a scandal. The cost has already mounted to something like $27,000,000 a year, and this does not include $20,000,000 spent on press bureaus by the various departments of government. Nor, due to the franking privilege, does it take in post-office expense or the hospitalization of mail carriers swaybacked and spavined under the daily load of pamphlets, clip sheets, and bales of mimeographed material. What Elmer Davis will do about it remains to be seen.

The chances are, however, that he will find himself in much the same position as unhappy, harassed Donald Nelson. Due to the President's habit of headlong appointments, and the hustle and bustle that precludes careful and accurate definition of powers and duties, it is well-nigh impossible to uproot a New Deal agency after it has "dug in." Almost overnight an organization grows from one office to a whole floor or even an apartment house, and from five or six employees up into the hundreds, thus presenting an impressive front by its very size.

THE Office of Civilian Defense furnishes an apt illustration of the practice. The Executive order creating OCD was so vaguely drawn that it gave room for almost everything, and full advantage was taken of the opening. Instead of concentrating on advice and assistance to the states and municipalities with respect to programs for the protection of life and property in emergencies, the office proceeded to go so far afield that its outposts could not be reached by radio.

First nine inspector generals, and then a Volunteer Participation Committee "for the utilization of human energy." Then a Know Your Government Division, with two hundred clerks and stenographers "to handle the inquiries generated by the radio programs." After that, a Press Division that even included men employed to go about the country digging up "human-interest" stories, to send them back to Washington to be handled by a Head Information Specialist and some Junior Analysts.

On top of all this, a Survey Section to "collect all available information relating to the social and economic life of the community, and collate such material so as to present an overall picture of problems associated with war activities which are arising; to note the steps being taken to meet them, and to appraise the social and economic gaps that such a picture presents in terms of norms established by the staff of the Civilian Participation Division in consultation with other interested government and private agencies."

After this came the creation of a Physical Fitness Section, justified on the ground that people could not possibly hope to escape bombs unless they had the spring of a roebuck. One activity of the section was the employment of a Director of Industrial Recreation to go about the country teaching workers to play, making talks in praise of deep breathing, and particularly urging picnics on Sunday so as to avoid the usual heavy noonday meal that makes for torpor, etc., etc.

Nutritional studies also came in for heavy emphasis; likewise a Racial Relations Division for study of the problems of the Negro, and a Group Activities Division that sponsored such activities as Grow Vegetables in Your

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(from a letter by K. J. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.)

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(from a letter by C.L.H., McPherson, Kansas)

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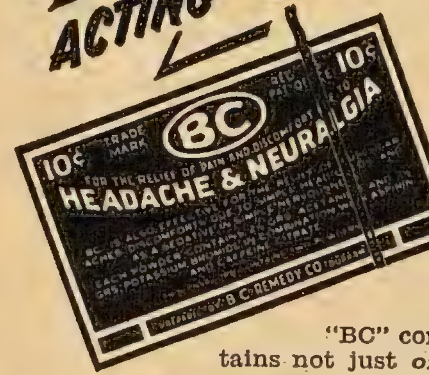
BEFORE MOVING I PACK MY GOOD CHINA AND GLASSES IN KLEENEX TO PREVENT CHIPPING! WHEN I UNPACK I SAVE THE KLEENEX FOR DUSTING AND POLISHING!
(from a letter by W.E.S., Glendale, Calif.)

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"



"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

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Flower Garden. Finally, and as a capsheaf to the crazy pyramid, teaching of eurhythmic dancing to children in air-raid shelters, and the appointment of co-ordinators for sixty-one sports that included archery, badminton, and horseshoe pitching.

That is what Mr. Nelson and Mr. Davis and a score of other "new brooms" are up against. There is so much to sweep out that they do not know where to begin, and, for another thing, care must be taken not to touch the President's personal appointments or personal interests. Oftentimes activities specifically forbidden by Congress are financed out of the President's purse. This was what happened when Congress refused to make an appropriation for Lowell Mellett's "information center," or, as the Senate called it, "Mellett's Madhouse."

An invincible optimism is another result of the President's *youngness.* He believes what he wants to believe and sees only what he wants to see. If the country is only "ankle-deep" in war, it is because the White House has minimized bad news and overemphasized the good. Out of a defeat he can pick the heroic exploit of a sailor or a soldier or an airman and turn it into victory. Who does not remember how we were going to lick hell out of the Japanese in a month or even a week? And how the capture of two important Aleutian islands was dismissed as being of "no importance" and a Jap "face-saving device"?

Another aspect of the President's youthfulness is a love of the dramatic and spectacular. Since these effects depend largely on the element of surprise, he inclines to secretiveness. As a consequence, pronouncements of policy or decisions of moment fall on ears that have not been prepared, and, in order not to spoil the bombshell value, are rarely accompanied by any painstaking presentation of facts on which the policy or decision is based.

Aside from *youngness,* from the way he has carried over the ardors, enthusiasms, and impatiences of adolescence into age, there is another thing —and a very delicate thing—to be discussed before Franklin D. Roosevelt can be made completely understandable. It is his own supreme belief in himself and his destiny. And why wouldn't he have it? Here is one who was struck down in the very prime of his life, seemingly doomed to invalidism for the rest of his days, yet who rose from his bed of pain to go on and become Governor of New York and President of the United States. Not merely for one term or two, but for a third term, overturning what had been regarded as an inviolable precedent. What more natural than for him to have faith in his own judgments and complete confidence in the wisdom of his actions?

What is the answer? There is no answer. Only a hope—the hope that Franklin D. Roosevelt, out of his very real greatness, will come to realization and correction of certain temperamental traits that are his weaknesses; weaknesses that make him unwilling to delegate power so that responsible officials can go ahead without constant reference of every triviality back to the White House, and can have the authority to fire without regard for sacred cows; weaknesses that make him shrink from unpleasant decisions; weaknesses that make him ask the people for halves instead of the whole, fearful that the extent of the whole may dismay or terrify; weaknesses that make him feel that optimism and cajoleries are proper substitutes for candor.

Franklin D. Roosevelt *is* a great man and a great President. He can, if he choses, become even greater.

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

1. The army is prepared to induct illiterates. Just what is an illiterate?

2. Who wrote the words to the popular lullaby that begins, "Sweet and low, sweet and low"?

3. Distinguish between file, phial, pilaster.

4. What does TNT stand for?

5. Approximately how many reputable words are there in the English language: 7,000, 700,000, or 70,000,000?

6. What baseball manager who has won seven major-league pennants in twelve years, never could make the big time as a player?

7. If pie, pi, and poi were offered to you on a platter, which would prove to be the least nourishing?

8. How much does a married man in England pay in direct income taxes on an income of $3,000?

9. Who has the higher rank, a captain in the army or one in the navy?

10. Recently Russian airplane spotters cheered lustily at the sight of V formations flying south over Moscow. They weren't Allied planes. What were they?

11. What are the state flowers of New York, Louisiana, Arkansas?

12. Can you name the five Great Lakes?

13. Say, girls, how about the boy friend in the infantry—does he have "trilbies"?

14. Which word is associated with a race track: mutual, mutuel, or multure?

15. What was the job recently assumed by William M. Jeffers?

16. If you wore G. I. shoes, would you be sandhog, baseball player, or soldier?

17. Match these towns with the proper names in parentheses:

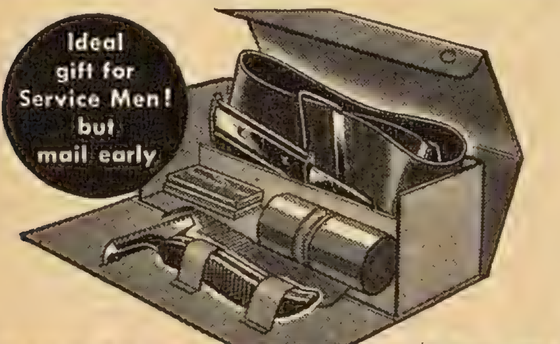
Buna (New Britain)
Diégo-Suarez (New Guinea)
Rabaul (Madagascar)

18. What important problem is considered in the Brown-Wagner Bill?

19. Many years ago he predicted parachute troops, dive bombers, and war with Japan, but was court-martialed for his pains. Who was he?

20. What is the internationally known exploit of Lieutenant Liudmila Pavlichenko?

(Answers will be found on page 57)



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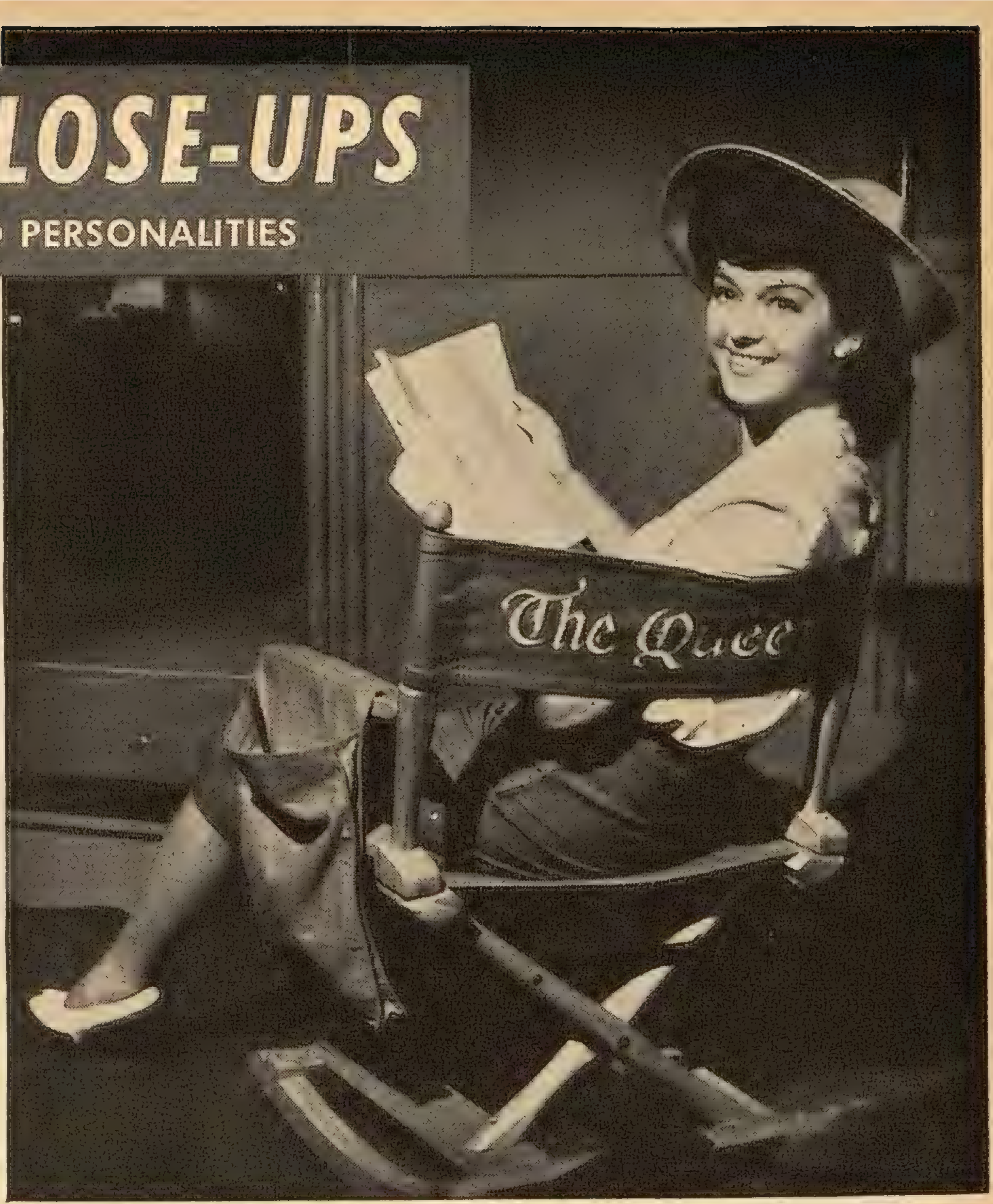


Rosalind Russell enjoys the rocking chair given her by a grateful studio crew.

Hilarious Comedy: MY SISTER EILEEN

THE movie of My Sister Eileen is even funnier than the play which has run so long on Broadway. Joseph Fields and Jerry Chodorov, who adapted Ruth McKenney's clever New Yorker sketches to the stage, are also happily responsible for the screen version, and they have not only displayed good sense in retaining the brightest lines of dialogue but have devised innumerable new gags and situations, so that the engaging story of the sisters from Columbia, Ohio, descending upon Manhattan to seek their fortune, emerges as warm, human, genuinely funny entertainment.

Where the play merely mentioned the girls' departure from their home town, Ruth's invasion of the publisher's office, Eileen's night in jail, the camera records the actual events. Amazingly enough, the moviemakers have resisted all temptation to turn the Greenwich Village basement abode of the sisters into a Park Avenue penthouse set. Further, they have not attempted to improve upon the inimitable McKenney characters who move, an endless procession, through the apartment—you must remember "the Wreck," jobless pro-football player who is willing to cook and iron but draws the line at washing because that's woman's work; the crafty landlord; the newspaper reporter and the drugstore clerk who are so smitten with Eileen's charms—all as funny, and as curiously convincing, as when they made their first appearance on any stage. The comedy climax, in which the sisters' "studio" is invaded by the amorous Brazilian (now Portuguese) Navy for a conga (now sambo) session, is still a classic of slapstick.

Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair in the gay comedy My Sister Eileen.

Fortunately, the actors have been chosen for high spirits as well as high box-office rating. Rosalind Russell, one of the few women on stage or screen who can be funny and attractive at the same time, is definitely right as big sister Ruth, who heroically pounds her typewriter while the Greenwich Village wolves are howling at the door for Eileen. Kittenish newcomer Janet Blair has everything in abundance that the Eileen role calls for—the youth, the breathless exuberance, the wide-eyed prettiness. Any critical estimate of her "acting," however, should be reserved until her next assignment. Brian Aherne as the magazine editor who is appreciative of Ruth's pieces and person, George Tobias as the temperamental landlord, Allyn Joslyn as the raffish reporter, and Gordon Jones as "the Wreck" are everything that even Ruth McKenney could hope for.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

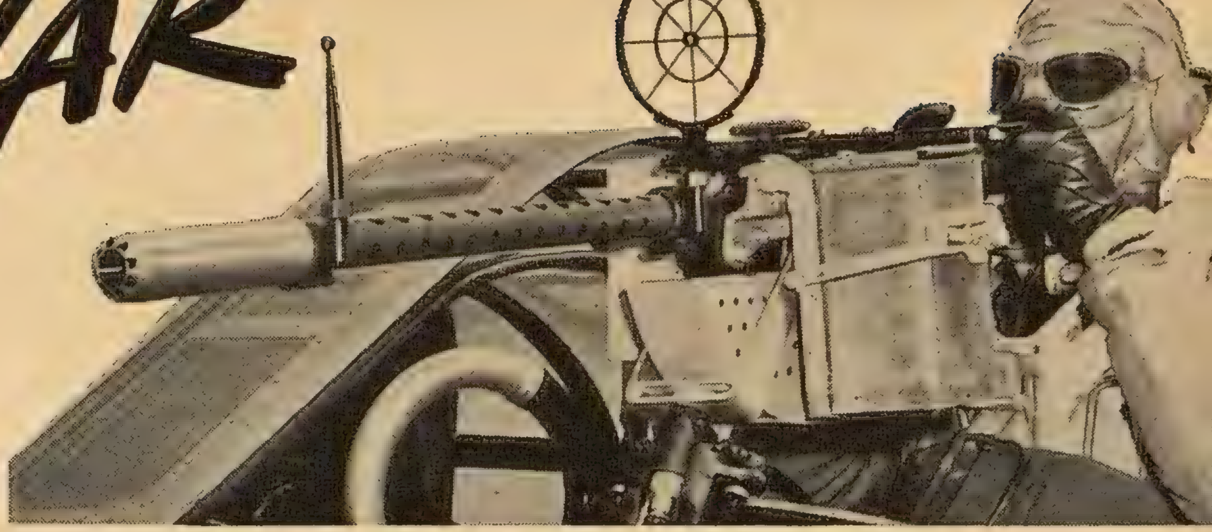
The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Pride of the Yankees, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron.

Personality of the Week: ROSALIND RUSSELL

COMEDIENNE RUSSELL conducts her career, with all the brisk efficiency of a successful executive, from a dressing room that resembles an office more than a movie star's boudoir. Because she is as charming as she is businesslike and by far the best "copy" in Hollywood, the "office" is usually filled to overflowing with friends and interviewers. There is always a story to tell about Russell. The latest concerns her new film, My Sister Eileen. As the bright particular star, she might have dealt with newcomer Janet Blair, who plays the title role, in one of three ways: with kindly condescension, icy indifference, or helpful friendliness. Miss Russell chose the last way. Her kindness earned Miss Blair's gratitude and that of the entire studio crew—who, much to the star's embarrassment, presented her with a specially built rocking chair for the set, with THE QUEEN printed in large letters on its back. She not only tutored Janet in her spare time, and "threw" more than one scene the youngster's way, but for the first time in her career permitted another woman to be co-starred with her in the billing.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WE understand that there's a question of man power for the Armed Forces. Well, we can tell you where to get 100,000 men who are willing to give their lives for this good country. They want to be in there doing their part, and you wouldn't have to ask them a second time. We refer to 90 per cent of the convicts in prisons all over the United States. A lot of them are ex-service men, like ourselves, who would give anything to have a chance to fight the Axis.

Almost every institution has a military training unit preparing men for life in the Army, and many of us are as well trained as or maybe better than those in the free world outside the walls. Would it not be better for us to receive a bullet than sons of the parents who may read this? A man does not need to serve all of his time to realize that what he did was wrong, nor to want to atone for it by doing the right thing when his country needs him. This is *our* war also, and we are counting the days until we can get back into the service where we belong —if they will have us.

Three Ex-Sailors,
Oklahoma State Reformatory.

I haven't the necessary knowledge of penal problems even to guess at the right answer. But I'd welcome authoritative opinions.

* * *

While in Richmond, Virginia, I passed a woman on the street. She was dressed in some sort of uniform, and as I passed her she called me back and asked me why I hadn't saluted her; in fact, she demanded that I do so, and claimed that she was a lieutenant in the Navy. Now, I've been a Navy man for nine years, I believe in being military, and I can come to as snappy a salute as any one in uniform. But I can't see *saluting* a woman, in uniform or out. I believe that women in uniform should be treated with every respect, but men should salute men, and women salute women. Yes, I know you don't salute the person, you salute the uniform; but to have rugged males saluting females would be like a girl sending a box of roses to a boy and asking him to a dance. It's just not done.

Coxswain T. A. H., Norfolk, Va.

You're right it's not done—and present regulations support you. Until other provisions are made, women of the Armed Forces will not be entitled to salutes under any circumstances. Members of the Army Nurse Corps and Navy Nurse Corps know this, as do the WAACs and the WAVES. The person who stopped you must have been an officer of some uniformed civilian organization who never heard of an Army or Navy regulation.

* * *

Perhaps you do not realize the number of men who are in the same fix as my husband: although thirty-four years old, he can neither read nor write. Will his lack of education keep him out of the Army? As a first-class lineman there will be a job for him somewhere when he returns, so it's just a question of keeping things together while he's away. But "will he or won't he?" Can you help?

Mrs. C. L. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

Last summer the War Department announced that literacy standards had been reduced to permit acceptance of men who can understand simple orders in English and have the ability to absorb military training rapidly. Induction stations, rather than draft boards, determine the acceptability of such registrants. So I'd say your husband is "in."

* * *

I have been selected for Officers Candidate School (Engineers) and I'd like to know whether noncom ratings are given while attending the school and what the rate of pay will be.

L. H., Independence, Kan.

Students at O. C. S. have a rating equal to a fifth-grade soldier, either corporal or technician; the base pay is sixty-six dollars a month.

* * *

I have been in the Merchant Marine practically all my life, but was inducted in the Army through an error of my local draft board. I am in the M. P.s here. Can I transfer to the Navy or Merchant Marine, where I could be of more service?

Cpl. J. L. V., Camp Rucker, Ala.

There is no way you can transfer from the Army to another service, but it looks to me as though you'd be a good man for the Amphibian Engineers at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. Why not apply for transfer and ask your top kick to have the papers prepared in proper form?

I understand that a soldier must sign papers before the government will deduct money from his pay and make an allotment to his wife. My husband has refused to do this. What can I do to get the money I should have?

Mrs. R. W., Lansing, Mich.

Under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942, a soldier's wife may apply for an allotment if he refuses to do so. As I understand it, the allotment is compulsory for Class A dependents (wife and/or children), as is the government's contribution, provided the application is approved. Further information may be obtained from the Allowance and Allotment Branch, Building Y, 20th and B Streets, N. E., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Like all Supply Sergeants, I have a great deal of work and responsibility. I think that we should all have third-grade ratings just like Mess Sergeants, because we have more to be responsible for than they do. Do you think our Secretary of War will ever see fit to give us poor Supply Sergeants our just rewards?

Sgt. F. F. T., Camp Stewart, Ga.

That just wrings this granite heart and brings the tears to these old eyes, Sarge. My, my! If a thousand Mess Sergeants don't challenge your comparison, then this new Army is slipping. Anyway, your prayer must have been heard: effective September 1, Supply Sergeants of companies, batteries, or troops, technical Supply Sergeants of corresponding units in the Air Force, and Assistant Supply Sergeants of separate battalions were all upped to the third pay grade. (I'll take a 39 long, Sarge, and have it fitted myself.)

* * *

A swell letter just came in from a bunch of noncoms "somewhere in the Pacific." It contains the prize crack of the week. The boys say that it takes so long for mail to reach them and they're so far behind the news, they'd like to know if there's any truth in this rumor that McKinley has been shot.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

CARIBBEAN PATROL

Continued from Page 15

diers, who are always unbelievably alert contrary to the general belief about Mexican soldiers, lined the water front and stood guard at the entrance to the refineries. Johnny walked into the decrepit boatyard and made his way through the litter of junk and broken gear that lay strewn about. There was a watchman at the gate, but he made no effort to stop his progress. Johnny looked at the watchman. Despite his dirty clothing and indolent air, the man had a familiar look. As his eyes met Johnny's, the man stiffened a bit and then carefully relaxed and looked away. Johnny grinned. They could dress a United States sailor any way they wanted to; he would still find it difficult not to snap to attention at sight of an officer, even though the officer was also in civilian dress.

Johnny went along the quay to where the John B. Lassiter was moored. The John B. Lassiter was a decrepit rusting undersized tanker that had obviously been out of service for years. On the forepeak a welder was repairing a deck plate and from the engine room came the clatter of machinery. Johnny nodded. This made sense. With the current savage lack of tanker space, every old tanker was being brought back to service.

He went up the gangplank, scowling at the mangy sides of the Lassiter. There was a deck watchman at the top of the gangplank. He was seated on the deck out of sight of the wharf.

The watchman's body stiffened a bit but he did not rise. His voice was salty and showed he had served many a hitch.

"We've been waiting for you, sir," he said. "Commander Barton's down below."

JOHNNY went below, and all was different. From the outside the John B. Lassiter was a rusty derelict, a tramp, a bum; below she was navy. The crew of sixty-five had been hand-picked from navy personnel. They had been brought to Tampico one by one, under cover, and once aboard the Lassiter they had never been ashore, and had only been above decks in small groups in working clothes.

The Lassiter put to sea on the midnight tide and by daybreak was alone in a vast stretch of the Caribbean. They searched the horizon for signs of shipping and found none; they searched the sky for aircraft and found none. Commander Barton called for battle practice. He ordered a packing case thrown over the side.

To the outside eye the John B. Lassiter was a slowgoing, outmoded tanker slogging roughly along at six knots, making hard going even in the calm seaway. A few deck hands moped about her obviously warped decks.

Then the battle whistle shrilled!

Johnny jumped away from where he was masquerading as a deck hand. Three steps brought him to the bridge telegraph and full-speed bells rang in the engine room. The sleek powerful Diesels awoke and the rusty outward hulk of the Lassiter pulsed.

Elevator engines whined and large port and starboard sections of the tanker's side fell away. Six-inch gun turrets rose and the grim muzzles trained. In the small plotting room an ensign pressed a button, and both six-inchers spoke. And spoke again. The packing crate they had picked as a target suddenly disappeared beneath the waves. The Lassiter wheeled in its own length and charged down upon the place where the packing crate had been, doing a good twenty knots. As the ship slid over the debris the masked section in the stern opened, and in rapid sequence six depth charges rolled out and sank. The Lassiter ran smoothly away as muffled detonations were heard and water fountained behind her.

THE crew was happy. Here was a weapon that would help answer the steadily mounting submarine campaign. Of course disguised armament was not particularly new. The mystery boats of the last war—the Q-boats—had sunk many a sub. But those ill-disguised armed merchantmen were as a child's back-yard theater to a Broadway production. Here was real masquerade, a masterpiece of camouflage. Here, too, must be a fine balance of psychology. The prey must look so helpless as to be unworthy of one of the sub's few torpedoes but so valuable as to demand sinking. The Lassiter was perfect. To the eye she was completely defenseless, but she was a tanker and must be sunk. The Lassiter, too, was dealing with a different brand of prey. The U-boat of 1917 was slow and unwieldy and must almost surface to get its torpedoes away. Its deck armament had consisted at most of a single three-incher. Today they could aim and fire their torpedoes from deep in the bowels of the sea; when surfaced, they were a hard-striking, heavy-gunned weapon, mounting two and sometimes three five-inchers, to say nothing of machine guns. In these days they were much more difficult to lure from their ambush undersea; and once lured, they were infinitely harder to kill.

Johnny thrilled. It was in for a savage fight, the sub that picked the Lassiter for cold meat, for a wallowing harmless old tub. He looked over to where Walt Barton stood on the bridge, and made a gesture, forming a circle with his fingers and giving the O. K.

Walt Barton's smile was almost pleasant as he nodded back at Johnny. Then he signaled the boatswain to blow recall.

The smooth engines stopped and the old slogging surge of the antiquated ones could be heard. The gun turrets sank noiselessly and the false sidings came up to mask the place where the guns had been. The depth-charge ports closed up, and in the short space of a quarter of an hour the John B. Lassiter was again a moldy tramp

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tanker plowing south across the Caribbean in ballast.

Johnny said, "This is my dish. We should get a full bag on the trip north. No sub commander will waste a torpedo on this bum. He'll come up to shell us, and then it's happy days."

Barton nodded. "Bosun! Battle stations again."

The whistle shrilled and the John B. Lassiter began its Jekyll-and-Hyde switch of character.

They practiced every hour they could be sure they were not observed, and by the time they came into Aruba both crew and ship were well shaken down. Off Aruba they met a naval supply ship in a dawn rendezvous and transhipped munitions and supplies. It would not do to buy supplies for seventy men in Aruba—not for a tub like the Lassiter, which had a crew listing of eleven.

Then they slogged their slow way into the shallow harbor and moored at the Gargoyle oil-loading docks.

JOHNNY sat in El Café Grande in Aruba and morosely watched a bad Spanish dancer make noises with her heels. El Café Grande catered exclusively to the oil workers and tanker seamen who made up the major—though floating—population of Aruba. El Café Grande was noisy, dirty, and smelly; the whisky was so obviously ungenuine that the labels on the bottles were mostly misspelled.

Johnny was one of only three who had been given twelve-hour leave. The rest of the crew were perspiring secretively beneath the decks of the John B. Lassiter while that innocuous-looking but deadly vessel pretended to load oil at the Gargoyle docks.

Walt Barton's way of granting him leave had been typical. "Standish," he said, "I think you're intelligent enough to appreciate how important secrecy is. And you've stood more than your share of watches. You may have twelve hours' leave. You will go ashore in seaman's clothes and will, of course, maintain your appearance as a merchant seaman. Be back aboard at midnight."

Johnny sadly inspected the bottle of whisky on his table. The label had apparently been stamped with a rubber stamp and whatever faker had concocted the contents of the bottle thought Scotch was spelled Scotje. A Venezuelan dancer with a pimply face and a slight cast in her left eye came over to Johnny's table and suggested that the señor might care to dance.

In fluent Spanish Johnny told her that dancing was out. His head was spinning, he said, and he thought he might have contracted typhus, having just come from the Lazaran Islands, where there was an epidemic. The dancer left his table in haste.

Johnny drank another bad Scotch and rose, shouldered his way through the throng of oil roughnecks and sailors, and left El Café Grande. He went to El Patio. El Patio was different from El Café Grande. The dirty tablecloths were red-and-white-checked instead of black-and-white-checked. Like El Café Grande, El Patio was jammed. This small but prolific oil town was enjoying a boom. The oil from Aruba fields assayed a very high octane rating, and with thirty million embattled men scattered about the world there was great demand for high-octane oil.

He pushed into El Patio and sat down. He ordered a bottle of whisky, and while looking over the ladies of the evening, who were no handsomer than those in El Café Grande, which is to say horrible, he saw Walt Barton at a table near by. Barton's eyes went across him without a glimmer of recognition.

"Got just the face for a secret mission," Johnny muttered. "Just as much expression as a haddock."

Suddenly the boredom fell away from Johnny Standish. A girl had entered El Patio. A striking blonde. Her hair was a vast piled and coiled mass of many shades of gleaming yellow and gold. The mountainous mass of rich hair made her classic face look small and fragile, though she herself was neither small nor fragile; she had the racy lines of a thoroughbred filly.

Johnny tried to catch her eye, but failed. She stood just inside the door and looked around. Then she strolled through the room, looking from right to left. Johnny again tried to catch her eye, but she came to where Barton sat and slowed down. She said something to Barton, who seemed surprised but rose politely.

"The Annapolis manner," Johnny growled inaudibly. "Hell of a way for a mug merchant mariner to act. Bow to the lady, you jerk! Click your heels."

He watched while Barton politely bought the girl a drink. Their conversation seemed stilted. Barton seemed to be politely refusing some request.

"Say no," Johnny muttered bitterly. "Say no to her, you pluperfect gentleman by act of Congress. The only decent-looking number in this God-forsaken filth-ridden port, and you disagree with her about something!"

WHATEVER they were discussing, Barton was still shaking his head in polite refusal or disagreement. Johnny caught the blonde's eye over Barton's shoulder. He lifted his glass and raised his eyebrows at the same time. The girl's face was expressionless, but Johnny thought her clear hazel eyes held a brighter gleam.

Johnny grabbed a passing waiter and ordered another glass and set-up. Then he poured a second drink and set it on the table. He gestured to the blonde, indicating the drink.

She rose abruptly and left Barton. She came across to Johnny's table and dropped into the vacant chair opposite him. Barton turned to watch her but showed no particular interest.

The girl said, "You've got come-hither ways, sailor."

Her voice was throaty and low. Johnny leaned out from the table and admired her from small trim feet and ankles to classic blonde head.

"Huh?" he asked. "I wasn't listening; I was looking."

The girl laughed. He liked her laugh. She said, "I just remarked that you have come-hither ways."

Johnny jerked his head toward his commanding officer. "Just getting you away from a dead one," he said. "The guy looked as if he needed a transfusion. Now, me, I'm healthy and alive."

Barton got up and left the El Patio. As he went out his eye caught Johnny's and he casually looked at his watch. "Curfew!" Johnny said to himself. "Teacher is reminding me of curfew time. And maybe he's peeved because I copped the only decent number in the joint."

To the girl he said, "What do I call you, Honey?"

She said, "Honey."

"A wit," he said in obvious delight, real or no. "A wit. Honey, I love you for your mind. Nothing physical about my feelings toward you, but your mind is so interesting. Let's talk about something real highbrow."

The girl laughed again. She said, "You are a live one. I'm glad I left the other gentleman. He was drinking coffee and didn't seem happy."

"Me, I'm happy," Johnny said. "You make me happy, Honey. Do you mind if I taste your hair?" He leaned across and put his arm over her shoulders and bent over her head. "It doesn't!" he cried in surprise. "I'd have sworn it would have."

The girl pulled loose without rebuffing him and laughed again. "Would what, you lunatic?"

"Taste like taffy," Johnny informed her. "I was crazy about taffy when I was a kid. The shiny kind of taffy that's all golden and silvery and coppery at one and the same time. Like your hair."

Her laugh rolled again. She said, "I was bored. I'm not now. I shouldn't have come in here, you know." She looked around. "It's not exactly the proper sort of place. But I'm glad I did."

Johnny said brightly, "I'll bet you shouldn't be in a place like this! I'll bet your family wouldn't like it."

"They wouldn't," she said. "Maybe we ought to walk up to my house and have a drink there."

Johnny beamed at her. "*I'm* supposed to say that," he told her cheerfully. "But you saved time. Let's go."

THEY went out and along the dark wharf. Johnny held her arm, which was smooth and firm and rounded and promising, and he felt very gay and cheerful. They walked until they came to a huge pile of packing cases. An elderly man who possessed only one leg of flesh and blood was concealed in the darkened angle of the packing cases. Customarily he wore a mechanical leg attached to the stump, but this mechanical gadget was now in his hand. He held the mechanical leg by the ankle. As the couple rounded the corner of the packing cases the girl neatly maneuvered Johnny onto the spot, and the elderly man swung the leg. Johnny went down like a poled steer.

The elderly man and the girl dragged him to the edge of the wharf and dropped him into a whaleboat moored below. A burly thickset man in a pea jacket was in the boat. He caught Johnny's falling two hundred pounds as if catching a straw, and lowered the unconscious young man into the bottom of the boat.

"Tide's making," he growled. "We'd better get under way. Drop your leg, Cap'n Jonas."

He caught the leg and then caught Captain Jonas. As the girl dropped into the whaleboat the burly man caught her and said, "Good work, Taffy."

"Taffy," she chuckled, and then laughed aloud.

"What's funny?" queried the burly one, bending to his oars. "Did I say something funny?"

"Taffy," the girl said, still laughing. "You said Taffy."

"That's your name," Cap'n Jonas growled factually.

"Yes," she said. "It just happened to strike me funny."

The whaleboat moved out into the harbor with the swish and splash of oars punctuating her muted laughter.

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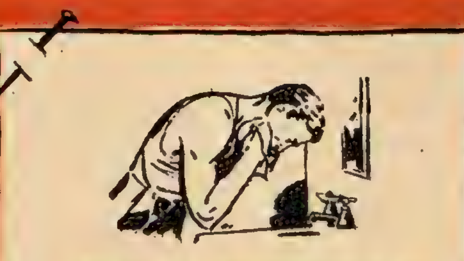
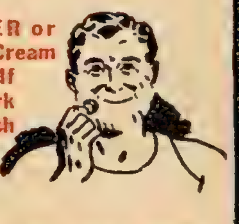
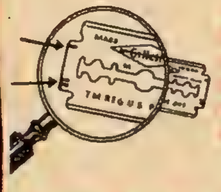


1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges



2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, work it in well with brush or fingers



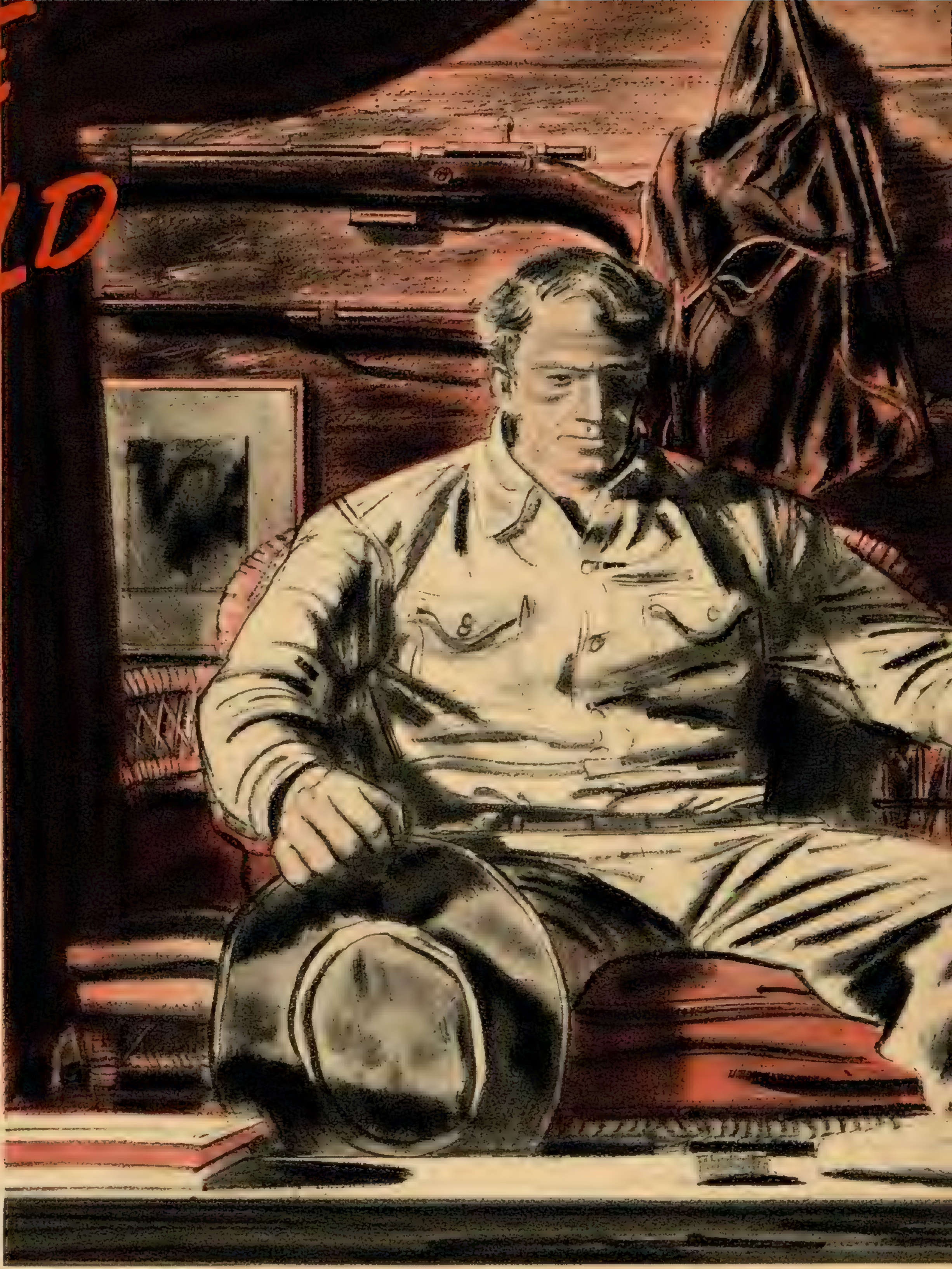
3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

JUNGLE GOLD

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Sue gives an ultimatum, Vicky tells a lie—and a lover, free at last, finds happiness in his heart



READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

JOHN, eating lunch on his porch, discovered that the *caboclos,* oddly enough, did not regret having Alfredo Colon removed from the fazenda. He learned it from Matia while the fat brown woman waddled back and forth, serving him fish and *farinha.*

"We did not like him, senhor," she declared. "He did too many things that were not good."

"What kind of things, Matia?"

"Ora, there was the way he acted with the rubber gatherers who came here when the Senhor Ackerson was away. You know what he did? *Per Deus,* he almost fought with some of them!"

"So I heard," he said slowly.

"He was evil, senhor. A bad man, that one. The way he acted with the senhora, too—" Matia abruptly checked herself. She threw John a quick sidelong look, as though hoping he had not heard the last unconsidered words.

But John heard them clearly. "What do you mean, Matia? *How* did he act with the senhora?"

"Pardon, senhor." The woman was distressed. "I did not wish to speak of such things. I beg you will not be angry." She tried to back out of the door.

"Wait, Matia." John put down his fork and eyed her narrowly. In all the years during which she had served him he had never seen her as uneasy and abashed as she was now. "I think you'd better tell me. What is all this?"

"They—they are things we have seen, we *caboclos,*" she said unhappily. "It is best to forget them now, senhor."

A chill prickled over John's skin. He sat tense, leaning across the table.

"Please go on, Matia. I want to hear."

"No, senhor, no—"

"Matia, I want to hear them!" His voice was firm, demanding.

She said in torment, "You know the Senhor Ackerson has been away many days. First to Manaos, then to find you."

"Well?"

"It—it has happened many times, senhor. But I beg you will not speak of it to the Senhor Ackerson now. He is a good man, a man of God, and our friend, and it is not right that he should be hurt. When he was away, the Senhor Colon would go to the senhora, at her house, late at night when he thought we were asleep. And in the morning, just before the dawn, he would leave her and go back—"

"Matia!"

"It is true, senhor. I swear it before God and heaven. I myself have seen it, night after night."

John Bartell stared dazedly at the anguished brown face. Knowing what he did about Alfredo Colon, he had no reason to be surprised by the Brazilian's part in this. Colon would always try to make the most of a woman who smiled at him.

But Sue . . .

He was staggered. Yet, paradoxically, he was not incredulous. This was like being wounded by a weapon he had long feared. As he tried to shake off the sense of shock, it struck him that he had always been a little afraid of Sue's hunger for romance. He had been acutely afraid of it in the first days of Colon's arrival at the *fazenda,* when she had turned all her loveliness on him.

For Hugo he had a sudden new and deep compassion. He knew how well Hugo understood his wife. But for himself he felt no pain at all. Instead, he had an absurd feeling of release. . . .

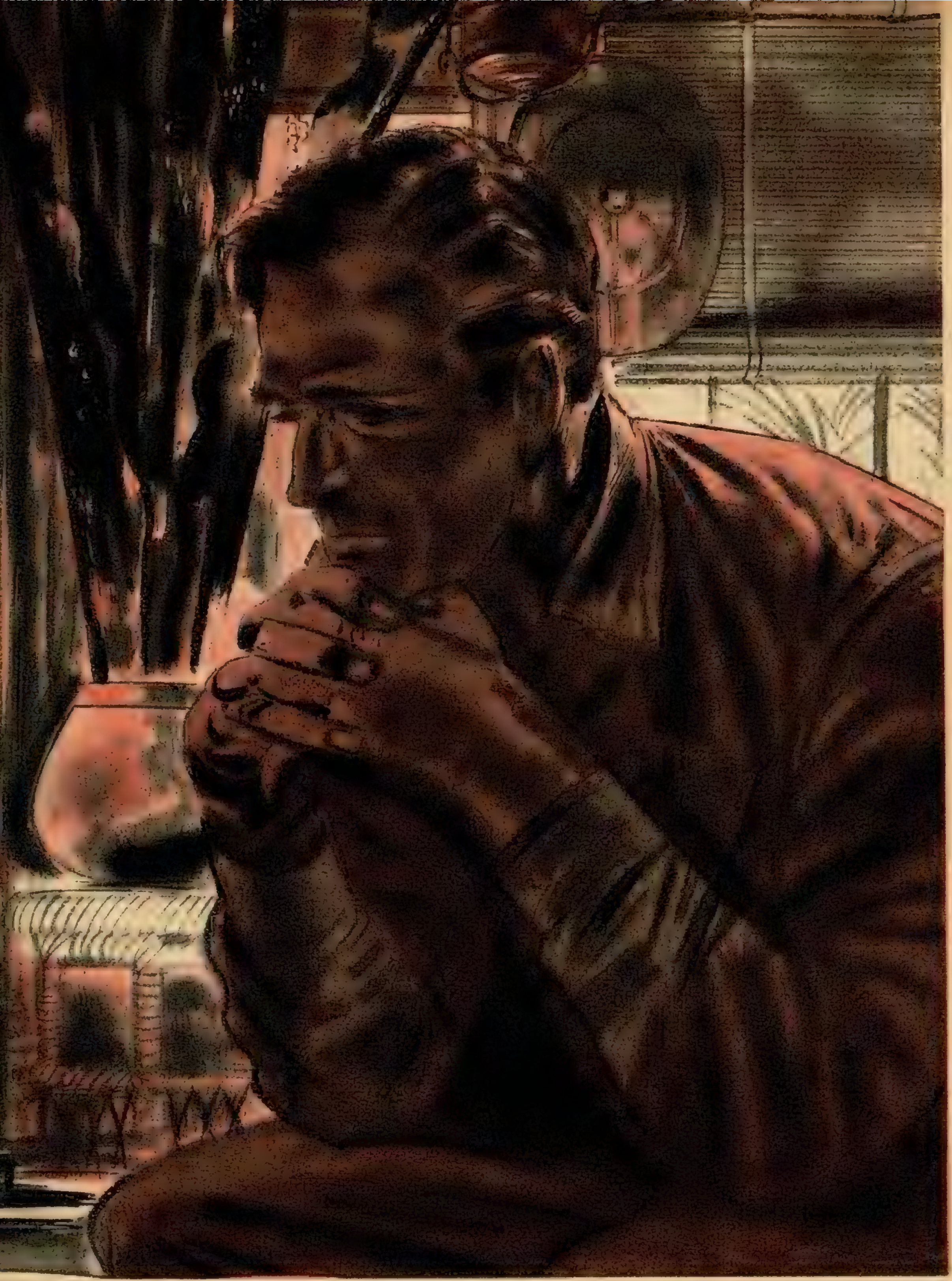
It left him shaken. After this, how *could* he feel any obligation to Sue? The knowledge went to his brain like slow intoxication, then became fire.

Matia pleaded, "You will not speak of it to the Senhor Ackerson, senhor?"

"No," he answered quickly. "You are right. It would be useless to hurt him now."

Matia left him gratefully.

When he was alone he rose and paced the floor. What remained of his lunch lay forgotten. He saw Sue as he had never seen her before, a



"Hugo"—his voice was low—"I've got to talk to you straight from the shoulder."

woman forever seeking love—almost any man's love—and he was stunned by this new evaluation of her. He was still trying to reconcile himself to it when the porch door clicked shut. He turned with a start—and his nerves became taut as wires.

Sue was on the porch.

"John," she said, "I've been waiting so for a chance to talk to you, to be with you alone."

"Yes?"

His tense voice must have startled her; and the tightness of his face, too. But she chose to ignore them. She smiled as she came into the room. It was a weary smile, as though everything which had happened during the morning had exhausted her. Her hands rose a little. He felt she was expecting him to take her into his arms and kiss her. But he didn't stir.

"Sue," he said in a low voice, "I've been waiting to talk to you, too. To tell you I'm not going away."

Her smile died. She looked at John in utter bafflement, finding his words inconceivable.

He thought, I need only mention Colon. Yet he didn't. He had no desire to present his decision as a matter of vengeance. It wasn't that at all. It was Vicky. And another thing. . . .

"I'm a rubber man, Sue," he said. "I know where there's rubber that the States need desperately. So I'm going to guide the expedition up the Juruá and save them weeks, maybe months, of searching."

She began an incredulous "John, you're not—" Then there was a hush during which her breath came more rapidly. She looked confused. "What—what about *me?* What about everything we—we'd planned? If you think I'm going to wait another two months—"

"No. I'm not asking you to wait—because I'm going to stay down here, Sue. At my job."

"Are you trying to tell me it's—*off?* All off?"

"It's got to be."

She was stupefied. He saw anger begin to rise in her eyes, and outrage. It came with a rush, and suddenly Sue Ackerson wasn't beautiful at all. She was hard and unrelenting, and her eyes blazed.

Yet she must have recognized the finality in his attitude, the uselessness of pleading. She came forward to grip a chair. She had one means of persuasion she hadn't wanted to use. But she felt desperate now.

She said, "You're terribly fond of Hugo, aren't you? You wouldn't want to—*wound* him."

"What do you mean, wound him? How?"

"You can't drop me like this, John! I'm going to tell Hugo that you've loved me, that you and I have had nights—"

"Sue!"

"I will! I give you my word I'll tell him today—unless you talk to him in your own way—tell him we're going."

John's face became drawn. This was something he hadn't considered—Sue's threatening him, coercing him, by holding a knife over Hugo's heart. . . . She was already backing toward the door, her eyes bright with resolution; with triumph, too, at the sight of his shock.

"I'll tell Hugo you want to speak to him," she said.

Then she turned and ran out. John looked after her with a feeling close to horror. He hadn't believed her capable of such complete ruthlessness. It was, in its way, another revelation. He saw her go to Hugo on the promontory. He watched her go back to her own cottage. And then Hugo, with a pipe between his lips, was coming. . . .

SUE'S abnormal tension was unmistakable when she entered the cottage. Vicky, seeing it, asked quickly, "What's the matter?"

Sue retorted, "John and I are leaving!"

Something in Vicky collapsed. She felt too appalled to find a reply. Though she had anticipated this, dreaded it, now that it came it beat her down.

"I've waited long enough," Sue declared, walking the room's length and back again. "And don't think I don't know why you followed John into the jungle. I knew it from the start. But it won't work."

Vicky held her breath. She had done everything possible to prevent this. Her resources were exhausted and she had failed. The fact that she loved John made defeat all the more harassing, but it couldn't change it.

And yet her mind groped wildly for some last hope, some last weapon. She had been vaguely aware of one in her possession, but it had been so dishonest that until now she had refused to consider it. At this moment, however, the ruthless fire in Sue's eyes made any weapon acceptable.

Vicky said in a repressed voice, "There's one thing you ought to know, Sue. About John and me."

Sue stopped walking and frowned.

"The way we lived together in the jungle. . . . I'm not blaming John. He couldn't help it any more than I could."

If she expected her sister to be dumfounded, to show some sign of yielding to a claim more pressing than her own, Vicky was disillusioned.

"I don't believe it," Sue said flatly, almost with scorn. "Not John. I know John too well. You're saying this to stop me, and it's no use."

"You don't imagine I'd invent—"

"Wouldn't you?" Sue's expression became challenging; faintly malicious, too. "Well, we'll ask John about it."

"No!"

"You're afraid, because you know *he'll* tell the truth." Sue couldn't hide her contempt.

The hot stillness in which they faced each other had a stifling quality. Vicky dreaded what John would say, what he'd do, if Sue repeated her lie. He would think it the worst kind of trickery, utterly contemptible; and he'd be right.

She sent a panicky glance through the window toward John's bungalow. Hugo was just entering it. . . .

JOHN looked at Hugo Ackerson with burning intensity. The gaunt man had sat down. He stretched long legs out comfortably and held his pipe in his lap.

"Yes, John?"

There was silence. Twice John began to speak, and each time he stopped. He couldn't say the things Sue wanted him to say. He simply couldn't tell Hugo that he loved her, wanted to go away with her.

"Hugo"—his voice was low—"I've got to talk to you straight from the shoulder."

A bleak smile tugged at Hugo Ackerson's lips. "We always do, don't we?"

"It's about Sue."

Hugo nodded. "I could guess that."

"I—I used to think I loved her, Hugo."

There was no great change in the expression on the homely face. Hugo's brows arched a little, cryptically, and he looked down at his pipe, but he seemed in no way surprised.

"I've known that, too," he said quietly. "I couldn't help knowing it, John, watching her and watching you."

"We even talked of going away together."

To that Hugo said nothing.

"But you know I wouldn't have done anything like that without talking to you first," John drove on tightly.

"Yes, I know," Hugo answered. "I never worried about that, John. We're pretty much alike, you and I. . . . Do you still want to go away with her?"

"No."

Hugo looked up, eyes widening. "Don't you—love her?"

"No. I've already told her I'm not going. I wanted you to know exactly how things stand."

Hugo considered all this in silence. Finally his mouth hardened. He rose, put his pipe into a pocket, and looked thoughtfully into the shadows of a corner.

"John," he said, "I'm glad you decided not to go. Men like you and me are no good for a woman like Sue. It's taken me quite a long time to find that out. By her standards we're dull and drab, because we feel we belong down here, at tough jobs. She needs somebody like—yes, like Colon. Somebody footloose, devil-may-care. God knows I've done my best to make her happy, but it's no good. I've failed. I saw it in the way she turned to Colon. Though I don't think she'd have done it if she suspected what he was—I'll say that for her." He lifted his gaze. "John, I'm going to send her back to the States. I'll give her whatever money she needs. I guess that's the least I can do to pay for the years I took from her down here."

And then Hugo Ackerson went slowly to the door. He looked old, a little bent. With his hand on the knob he turned to say, "Thanks for telling me, John. And—don't worry about Sue."

Then he went out.

John Bartell had a strangely choked sensation. He felt closer to Hugo than he had ever been before. He felt humbled and grateful. And glad that he had at last been candid with Hugo. . . .

WHEN he entered the Ackerson cottage a few moments later, he found Vicky and Sue looking at him with contrasting expressions. Vicky, slim and boyish in her tan slacks, struggled to hide anguish, but she couldn't quite succeed. Sue still had the brightness of defiance in her eyes, and of triumph.

John said to her in a quiet voice, "I've explained things to Hugo." He was glad Vicky was here, too. He wanted Vicky to know all this, to share in it.

Sue's smile, he saw, was one of infinite wisdom. She had won. She had known exactly how to manage this situation. And then, remembering something at which she could afford to be amused now, she tossed a nod toward her sister.

"Vicky's been doing her best to stop us from going, John. She even says you two lived in the jungle as man and wife. . . ." She made it sound naïve, almost laughable. "That isn't true, is it?"

At that, John turned to Vicky. He was confused—until he saw the despair in her eyes, the plea for understanding. He couldn't help recognizing the motive for what she had done, and it brought him a wave of happiness. Of pride in her courage, too. It would have been so easy to deny her words. Yet he saw in them the means of an inspired and complete break with Sue. More than that, he saw this as a chance to support Vicky as he hoped always to support her, before everyone, in the face of everything. . . .

"Well?" Sue pressed.

"Why—why, yes," he said. "It *is* true." He went to Vicky slowly. When he took her hands, she was more dazed than he had been. "It's impossible, Sue, for me to go with you. You must see that. Vicky and I are planning to be married in Manaos."

An odd little sound came from Sue. Color began to rush into her cheeks. It came faster and faster, until her face was burning and her eyes were afire.

"I've just explained it to Hugo," he added—"that we're not going away together."

Sue leaned on the table, trembling. When she spoke, her voice quivered and became hoarse.

"All right. Take her to Manaos. Go get your rubber, too. I'm through. I've had my fill. This time nobody's going to stop me. *I'm going back to the States!*"

She spun around. She strode out of the room, her head high, her eyes flaming. When the door of her bedroom slammed shut, Vicky started after her. But John caught her shoulders, held her back.

"Let her," he said quietly. "She's never been happy here."

Vicky looked up at him in bewilderment. He could see anguished tears in her eyes.

"WHAT I said about Manaos," John went on, "is—well, I've never meant anything more seriously in my life. . . . Will you, Vicky? We can go and be back before the expedition leaves."

She had no need to give him any answer, because she was in his arms and her lips were against his. He felt none of the uncertainty Sue used to rouse in him. It wasn't like that at all. This was something deeper and finer and more enduring. It was something that gave him a sense of strength and pride, not of guilt and apprehension.

Presently he said, "Afterward, Vicky, you'll have to wait a few months till I come back with the expedition."

"No, John. I'm going with you." She stopped his protest with another kiss. "I'll love it. A honeymoon devoted to—well, to winning the war."

He smiled. He didn't argue, because at heart he had hoped she would come.

"It'll mean going back to the mosquito tent," he warned.

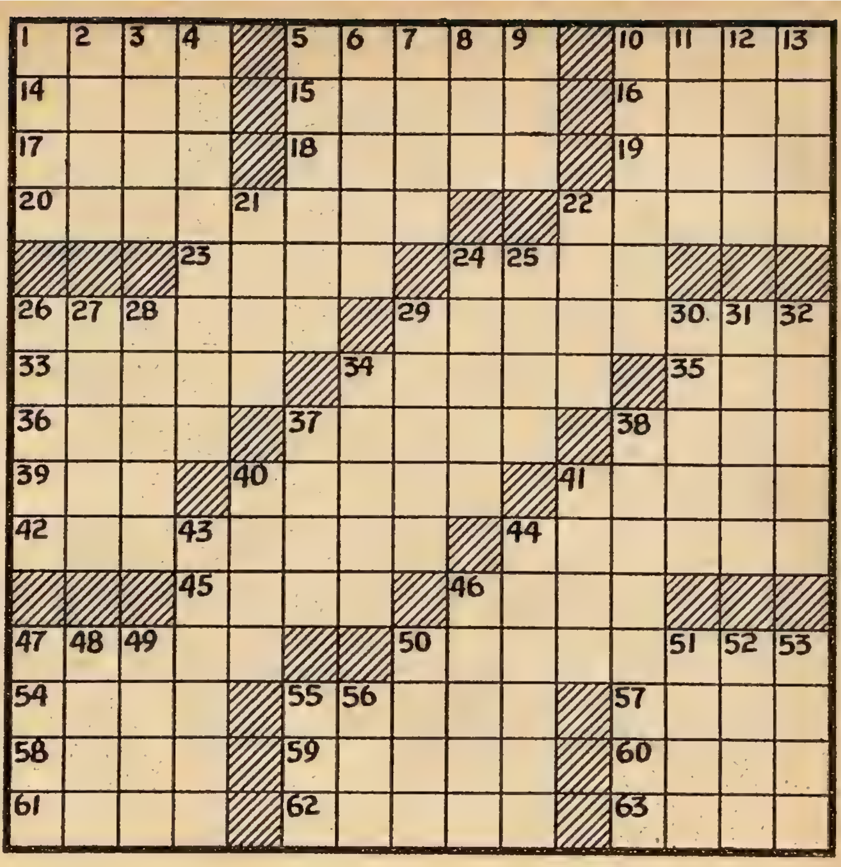
"I can't think of anything nicer!"

THE END

HAIRCUTS
CALLED FOR
AND
DELIVERED

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Give forth
5 Army title
10 Portent
14 Broad
15 Without companions
16 Domestic animal
17 Kind of collar
18 Clinch
19 Otherwise
20 Kinsman
22 Change
23 Fruit of the fir
24 Possess
26 Pillage
29 Head-shaped
33 Angry
34 Satisfied to repletion
35 Alcoholic drink
36 Contradict
37 Noted
38 African tree
39 Compass point
40 Bundled
41 Proofreader's mark
42 Gallinaceous
44 Ostentatious display
45 Leopard
46 Prefix: half
47 Crippled
50 Fond
54 Wing-shaped
55 Famous make of violin
57 Famous opera
58 High tableland
59 Is concerned with
60 Spreads for drying
61 Caresses
62 Rubbish
63 Formerly

VERTICAL

1 Pitcher
2 Minute insect
3 Image
4 Adhesiveness
5 Naval
6 Vivacious
7 Roman god
8 Number
9 Steep
10 Egg dish
11 Fermented grain
12 Pertaining to the Celts
13 Not at any time (abbr.)
21 Timbre
22 Extremely eager
24 Despised
25 Mimicked
26 Addition to legislative bill
27 Amphitheater
28 Square of glass (pl.)
29 Beast of burden
30 Ancient Roman market place
31 Walled with glazed slabs of clay
32 Growing out
34 A green vegetable
37 Impartial
38 Shaped like the keel of a ship
40 Kind of nail
41 Arrived
43 Musical drama (pl.)
44 Die
46 Fruit (pl.)
47 Lighting device
48 On the sheltered side
49 Food for hogs
50 Seaport in Brazil
51 Row
52 Sums up
53 Final
55 Deed
56 Deface

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

J	A	P	■	S	A	G	■	R	A	N	G	E	R	S
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■	■	O	R	E	■	S	L	O	E	■	H	A	L	O
O	A	S	T	■	L	I	E	N	■	P	A	N	■	L
I	R	E	■	S	A	D	E	■	H	O	T	D	O	G
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U	■	W	O	W	■	F	A	N	S	■	T	A	L	L
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S	T	A	R	L	E	T	■	O	S	S	■	E	S	S

Last week's answer

REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. *But—in addition—*PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

"Voice of the People"

YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN THAT, DO YOU?

PARIS, TEX.—It is evident that Ted Shane has not a brain cell working.—*Frank B. Parker, T/Sgt., U. S. Army.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Ted Shane, ugh!—*Tom Dick and Harry.*

VERY SOON, WE HOPE

DALLAS, TEX.—When are we going to realize that our defeat will be from the inside, not from lack of courage of our fighting forces?

Come on, America, let's wake up!—*Mrs. Lisbeth Watts.*

PAW'S SENDIN' HIS PHOTYGRAFF TO HOLLYWOOD REG'LAR SINCE HE DISCOVERED
6NX
XXX
PAUL OATMAN

STAR
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE

VASTLY KEENER, 6NX Process Star Double Edge Blades are the result of special steel, new sharpening methods. They make your double edge razor perform miracles!

SAVE STEEL by making your blades last longer. Handle carefully, dry thoroughly, protect the edges!

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y.

REGULAR 10¢ PACK

ECONOMY 25¢ PACK

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

JUDGE ALL BY FEW? READ NEXT LETTER

CAMP RUCKER, ALA.—Why don't they take these erupting defense workers, make them trade places with us for a few months, and find out how it feels to get fifty dollars a month instead of fifty dollars a week? I believe a few months in the service would wake them up. Most of these fellows that strike are just weak-minded dopes with a yellow streak.—*Pfc. H. T. O'Shea, D. M. D. Sta. Hosp.*

LET'S CONTINUE TO DISCUSS THIS

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I read Dr. George Gallup's article, Challenge to Labor! one night last week. (September 12 Liberty.) I read it again today, when I should have been working. This morning when it was time to begin work it was cloudy and raining a little. The majority of the men and the construction company officials wished to do the day's work, but the business agent of a local union said, "The boys must not get wet." Over 100,000 man-hours of labor lost that can never be called back. Are the union business agents or the Army Ordnance Department running these projects?

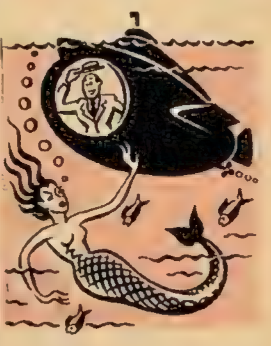
Being an ex-leatherneck, I wonder if my buddies at Wake, Midway, Bataan, and the Solomons had rainy days off.

Yes, we union men would like to know what happens to *our* money when paid into union coffers. More than $40,000 monthly on this project alone.—*R. P.*

P.S. The sun shone brightly less than an hour after we went home.

SUB MAKES NO DIFF; SEE ILLUSTRATION

HAMTRAMCK, MICH. — Private Yonke (August 22 Vox Pop), if you had any sense you would be married long ago and not be a traveling salesman. Front-cover girls are always pretty; that is why they appear on magazine covers. You're in love with the picture, not the girl! If you haven't seen any sweet, fresh, captivating girls in your twenty-five years of wandering, I wonder how you traveled. Was it by submarine?—*A. M.*



HOPE IT'S A LARGE FAMILY

ROGERS, OHIO—We have been getting Liberty for about a year, and since I read the first copy I haven't missed a single one. In fact, the whole family reads it together, as each one finds something that appeals to him particularly and reads it aloud to the others.—*Ruth G. Houser.*

MADISON, WIS.—Private Yonke is just plain silly. I wouldn't trade my freckled-face, knock-kneed, banjo-eyed honey for all the cover girls in the world.—*Handsome.*

CHORINES' PINS GIVE RUSS A PAIN

San Francisco, Calif.—In August 23 Liberty the muscular legs of the masculine chorines have a striking resemblance to those of the local vaudeville chorus. What is vaudeville coming to, anyway? —*Russell Cone, Jr.*

VOX POP'S FAMILY ALBUM

Somerville, Mass.—It would make a more interesting page to publish Vox Poppers' pictures in Liberty.

I'm sending mine and I hope others will also.—*Grace D. Gasdia.*

Gee whiz, Grace, where did you get that nice smile? If the rest of our Vox Poppers would only realize what it means to a careworn old editor to see what all his swell correspondents look like, you can bet they'd send in those pictures—but quick! —Vox Pop Editor.

THIS LOTTERY QUESTION IS GETTING HOT

Evansville, Ind.—I agree with Dr. H. B. Smith of Waverly, Kansas, when he says (September 19 Vox Pop), "By all means, let's have a legalized lottery."

I doubt seriously if there is a wage-earner in the United States that doesn't spend at least a dollar, if not much more, each payday foolishly; and being Americans we are by instinct gamblers, willing to take a chance on most anything. It most certainly would be a means of aiding the war financially. And fun besides. —*Kay Heathcote.*

Saginaw, Mich.—Why not have a national lottery? Brother, you can have a buck of mine once a month for a shot at five Gs. I would only lose it in some poker game anyway.—*E. J. W.*

Peoria, Ill.—Yes, we want a national lottery for revenue-raising purposes.—*H. Bowlby.*

Mena, Ark.—Liberty, justice, freedom, all are at stake—but let's not cast lots for them.—*Nina E. Watkins.*

Agnew, Calif.—Liberty for September 19 contained only letters favoring a legalized national lottery. What's the matter, didn't any one write in opposing it? Well, I'm against it, very strongly! Good grief, what next?—*Mrs. Charles K. Carr.*

GIVE OUR REGARDS TO THE FIRING SQUAD, SARAH

Wewahitchka, Fla.—Please advise Mr. George Harbison of Elizabeth City, North Carolina (September 12 Vox Pop) that he need shiver no more when he thinks of what we in Florida said when we read that Mr. Elston's Nazi escaped through the Sunshine State in an overcoat.

Mr. Elston did not state the time of year his Nazi swam ashore, but if it was supposed to be any time between November 1 and March 1 he certainly used good judgment; in fact, in the latitude of Jacksonville he would have been so cold after his swim that a sweater under that overcoat would have felt good.

We don't operate a hotel but merely live here, so we can be truthful.

Yours for more and better overcoats! —*Sarah G. Morgan.*

ASTIGMATISM IN THE HOUSE OF REPS

Lawtey, Fla.—Here's hoping that the people will be wise enough to send *no* isolationist back to Congress this year.

No doubt some of the isolationists are loyal Americans and *lovable* in their private lives, but the truth is they are folks of short-range vision.—*E. M. Overstreet.*

DUNNO, WE NEVER GOT PAST REFORM SCHOOL

Worcester, Mass.—

Why, oh why, pray tell me,
Does Hollywood insist
A university professor
Can't double up his fist,
Or in a moonlight tryst
By a pretty girl be kissed?
Why? *L. Brown.*

TO THE MAN ON THE FENCE

New York, N. Y.—

"My dear Congressman:

"I solemnly pledge myself to vote against you, regardless of who is on the ticket, unless you stir yourself and take heed of this country's emergency needs *now*. The income tax is one issue. The farm-bloc and wage-control problem is another. The possibility of prohibition is still another. Make yourself plain on those points—and do it *immediately*. Or else my vote will go for your opponent.

"I mean business, Mr. Congressman!"

Try that letter—or a reasonable facsimile—on the Man on the Fence in Washington.—*Larry Sherman.*

LET'S HAVE A CURTSY AND A "THANKEE," BILL

Portland, Ore.—Why don't they label the "Best Sports Story of 1942"? The year isn't over yet, but for this distinction I nominate Bill Cunningham's article, Ducky and the Duster, in September 12 Liberty.—*F. C. McGowan, ex-Sporting Editor.*

Seattle, Wash.—Bill Cunningham's all right. Give him a raise.—*Pete Green.*

HEAD COLD Got You Down?

Specialized Medication Works Where Trouble Is...

The *instant* you put a few drops of fast-acting Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, you can *feel it go to work* to relieve the sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds! *Immediately* Va-tro-nol spreads over the troubled area where most colds start. It shrinks swollen membranes, relieves the clogging congestion — helps make breathing easier! *What's more*—used at the first sniffle or sneeze, Va-tro-nol helps *prevent* many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm. **VICKS VAPORUB**

LANE Christmas Special $29.75 Slightly higher in West and Canada

Hold her **WITH A LANE!**

A million maidens yearn for this gift that starts the home. Insist on Lane, the only tested aroma-tight cedar hope chest in the world. See latest models at your Lane dealer's.

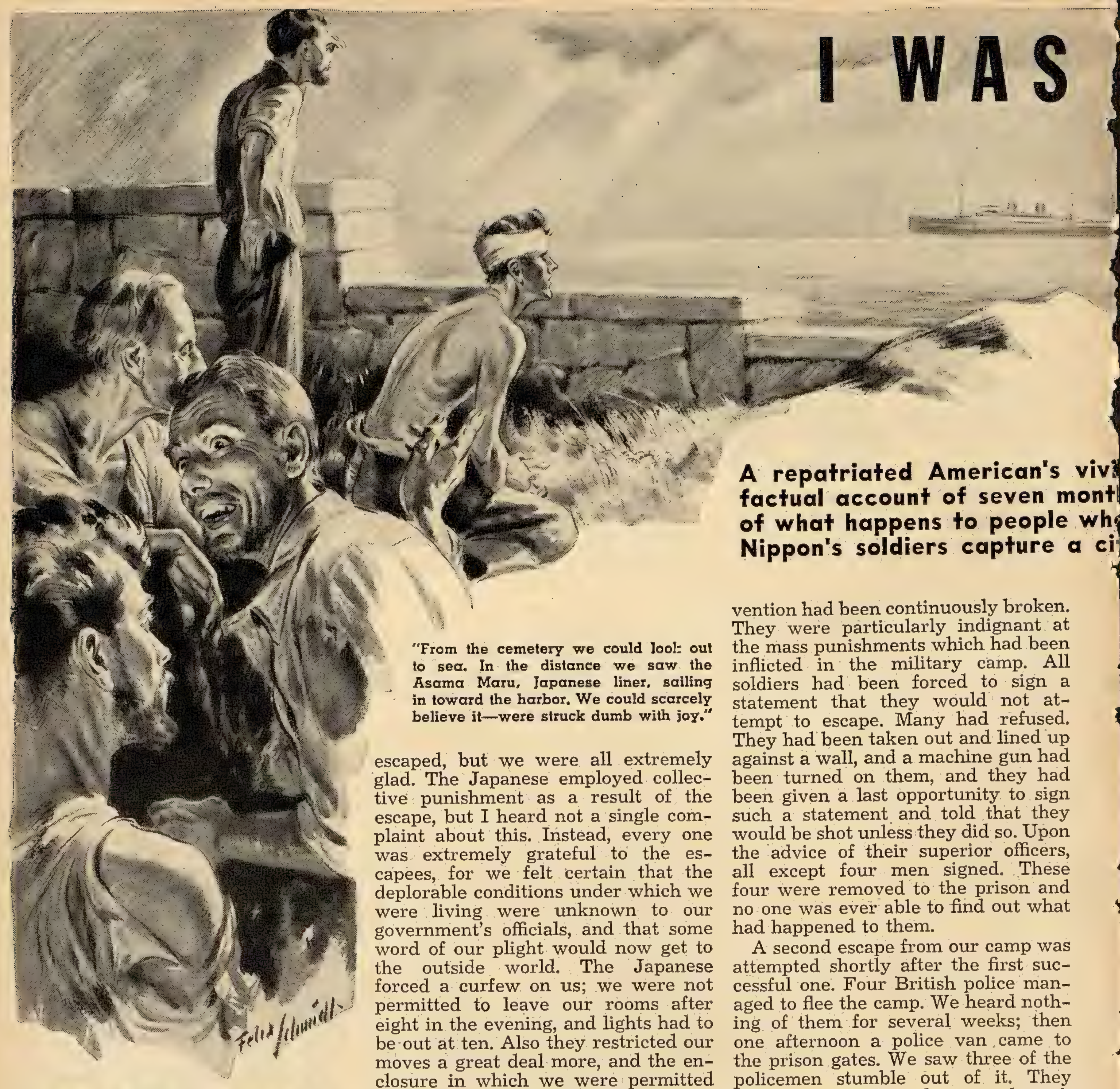
GUARANTEED MOTH PROTECTION

LANE *Cedar* **HOPE CHEST**

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

I WAS

A repatriated American's vivi factual account of seven mont of what happens to people wh Nippon's soldiers capture a ci



"From the cemetery we could look out to sea. In the distance we saw the Asama Maru, Japanese liner, sailing in toward the harbor. We could scarcely believe it—were struck dumb with joy."

BY WENZELL BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY FELIX SCHMIDT

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AMERICANS to the number of 350 were among those interned after Hong Kong fell, last Christmas Day. Mr. Brown was one of them, and this is his account of the experience. Last week he told of cruelties and hardships in Stanley Prison, into which the Japanese had crowded them, and of some of the murderous atrocities outside it.

ONE of the greatest pieces of news that reached us in the camp was that of the escape of some of our number. The young American newspaperman named J. Epstein was among this group, and so were two other Americans named Van Ness and O'Brien. No one knew how they had escaped, but we were all extremely glad. The Japanese employed collective punishment as a result of the escape, but I heard not a single complaint about this. Instead, every one was extremely grateful to the escapees, for we felt certain that the deplorable conditions under which we were living were unknown to our government's officials, and that some word of our plight would now get to the outside world. The Japanese forced a curfew on us; we were not permitted to leave our rooms after eight in the evening, and lights had to be out at ten. Also they restricted our moves a great deal more, and the enclosure in which we were permitted to move about was greatly reduced.

One of the cruelest things they did was to refuse to let the prisoners within our camp communicate with the prisoners in the military camp in Sham Sui Po, where almost every one of us had a son or a father or a brother, or at least many friends. This seemed absolutely futile cruelty. I knew several women who had heard rumors of the deaths in action of their husbands, and there was no way of ascertaining the truth or falseness of such rumors. We had repeatedly asked for permission to send a list of internees in our own camp to the Sham Sui Po camp, and to get a list from there. This was always refused.

The only word that we got from the military camp was through some doctors who were transferred from it. They told us that the conditions in it were much the same as in our camp, and that the rules of the Geneva convention had been continuously broken. They were particularly indignant at the mass punishments which had been inflicted in the military camp. All soldiers had been forced to sign a statement that they would not attempt to escape. Many had refused. They had been taken out and lined up against a wall, and a machine gun had been turned on them, and they had been given a last opportunity to sign such a statement and told that they would be shot unless they did so. Upon the advice of their superior officers, all except four men signed. These four were removed to the prison and no one was ever able to find out what had happened to them.

A second escape from our camp was attempted shortly after the first successful one. Four British police managed to flee the camp. We heard nothing of them for several weeks; then one afternoon a police van came to the prison gates. We saw three of the policemen stumble out of it. They were emaciated and covered with filth. They reached inside the van and brought the fourth man out. He could not walk and they had to carry him. A great wound on his leg and thigh was crusted with blood. He lay deathly still. Stumblingly, haltingly they carried him into the prison. The gates closed. All our pleas for information of their fate went unanswered. A prison guard told us they were beheaded. I can only pray that it is not true.

English guards described an execution that had taken place within the prison when the Japanese first took over. A Chinese criminal had tried to escape. He was caught. A noose was placed about his ankle and he was suspended, head downward. Then he was left for hours screaming in pain. Finally a Japanese slit his throat with a bayonet; his body was left dangling in the hot sun.

The problems of sickness became more and more acute as time went on, and the Tweed Bay Hospital was utterly inadequate to cope with them. Our rice diet gave us none of the essential vitamins. Dr. Dean Smith compiled a statement on the medical conditions in the camp. An examination made in April indicated that there was an average loss of 19.7 pounds among healthy individuals. Among those who had reported for medical care, there was an average loss of 34.6 pounds. This included men, women, and even a large number of small children. Dr. Smith was also seriously alarmed by the rapid drop in blood pressure, for there had been a 20-percent drop.

The lack of protein in the food resulted in a serious illness. The first indication of this was that the ankles became greatly swollen, and when pressed with the finger they bruised easily and often the indentation made by the pressure did not disappear for three quarters of an hour. Almost every one in the camp suffered from weakness of the eyes and eyestrain. But the adolescents had the worst time, as there was no food which supplied the necessities for muscular development. This showed in lack of muscular co-ordination, particularly in adolescents, though also in many adults. There were three severe cases of curvature of the spine in the adolescent group, and there was every indication that there would be a definite crippling of these adolescents unless some change was made.

The vitamin-A deficiency resulted in night blindness, and many of us found that in the dusk we could see at all clearly only a few feet ahead. Beriberi racked the camp, for there was no vitamin B in our food whatsoever. Toward the end of April, 31 per cent of the internees had beriberi, and 215 cases were so severe that they required hospital treatment. There was a limited amount of thymol B in the hospital, and it was found that this was not adequate without dietary aid. Each week brought a larger number of beriberi cases to the hospital. Fortunately no deaths from beriberi, which affects the heart, occurred within our camp, but there had been three in the military camp where Dr. Hargreaves was in charge.

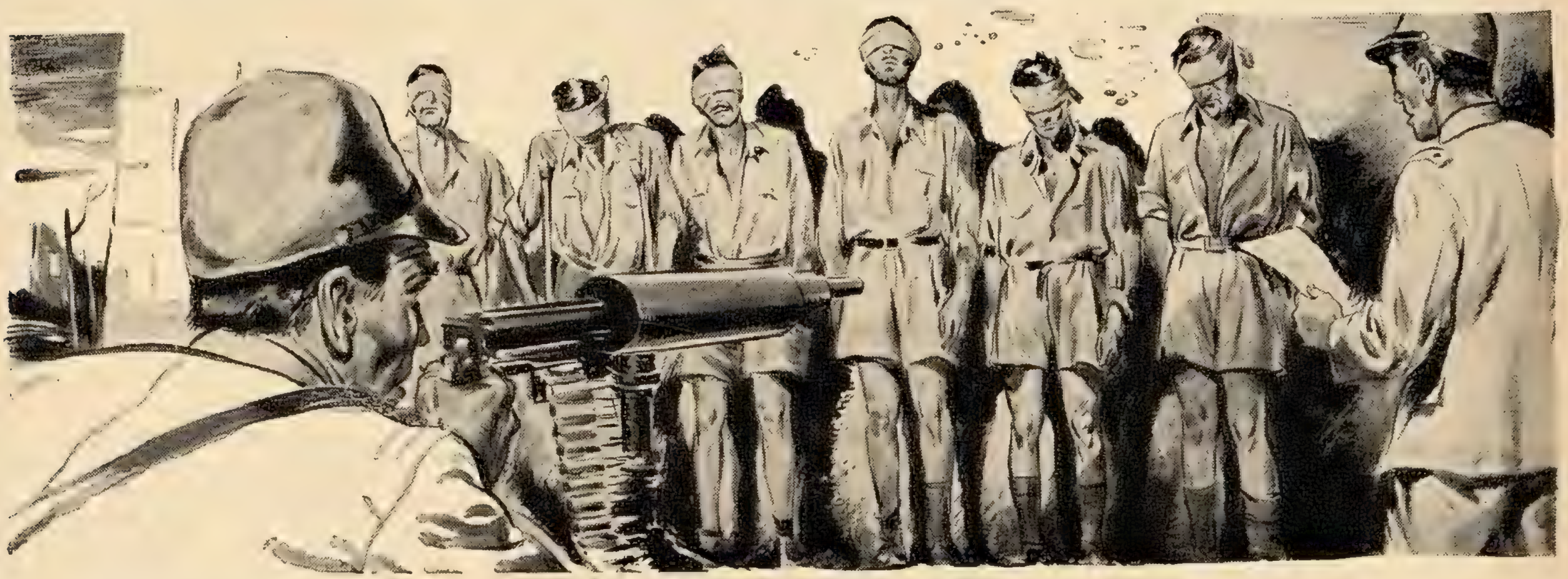
There were a large number of cases of ulcer of the mouth caused by the deficiency of vitamin B-2. Twenty-nine cases had been treated in the hospital, and many more were developing. One case of fully developed pellagra occurred in the camp. Scurvy had been very common during the first few months, but it was found that we could combat this by the use of pine needles, and we were fortunate enough to have quite a few pine trees in the camp's compound. Most of us spent part of our time collecting the needles and brewing them into a tea which was very rich in vitamin C, and in this way we kept down the scourge of scurvy. Dysentery caused an average of one death a week in the military camp. In our camp it came in a milder form.

The lack of salt in our diet resulted in cramps, the lack of calcium in dental decay. Our teeth seemed to turn to chalk and large pieces of them would break off. The dentists in the camp were unable to get supplies out from the city. There was one dental technician in the camp who did a great deal of valuable work, but it was impossible to get an appointment with him less than two months in advance because he was tied up with patients in serious condition.

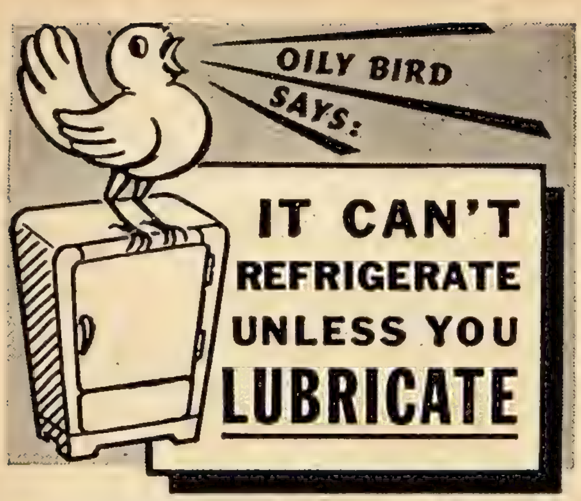
Each morning we woke to the sheer despair of a blank day. The days formed a pyramid of hideous monotony. Hunger stretched each day into an endless period of gnawing pain. We became indifferent concerning our appearance. Men were unshaven and dressed only in shorts and broken shoes. Shirts had long since been torn with washing; socks were a rarity. Those who had clothes or money or food pretended not to have for fear of having to share their few possessions. Men fought over a piece of rubber to repair their shoes. Dull hatred stalked the camp. Unable to avenge ourselves on our Japanese tormentors, we quarreled among ourselves. We sat on the floor, on boxes, or on stones we had dragged to our rooms, for we had no chairs. We brooded over petty injustices. Normally gracious and charming women scolded like fishwives. Big business executives fought over a bowl of rice. Roommates did not speak to each other. Malicious gossip filled the camp.

The normal channels of communication were closed to us. Once postcards were distributed to us with the promise that they would be sent. We later learned they had never left Hong Kong. The Red Cross officials were interned with us. We had no rights, no privileges, no status. Were we prisoners of war? we inquired of the Japanese, for if so we were entitled to certain considerations. No; we were in protective custody, it was explained. Protective custody—with every man, woman, and child among the Americans, British, and Dutch behind barbed wire fences! Protective custody—with armed guards ready to shoot if we passed a foot across the boundaries! With guards slapping the faces of the internees and sometimes knocking them down and kicking them for the infringement of some unknown rule! When we asked for privileges as civilians we were told we were prisoners; when we asked as prisoners, we were civilians. The British Colonial Secretary, Mr. F. C. Gimson, asked repeatedly for a definition of our status. The Japanese reply was to clap him into jail.

I had a long talk with Mr. Gimson



"Many had refused to sign. They had been taken out and lined up against a wall, and a machine gun had been turned on them."



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before I left the camp. It was those factors which led to mental instability among the internees which troubled him most—the terrific crowding and the consequent lack of privacy; the dependence on unfounded rumors; the unwillingness of the Japanese to permit communications with relatives even though they were in nearby camps; most of all, perhaps, the undefined status of the community and the unknown rules and regulations which governed it. Gimson, a slender, handsome, stalwart man, stood by the camp as a tower of strength for it. He gave no concessions and asked for none.

Our Chinese warders had filched from us at every opportunity. They were the scum of Hong Kong, minor clerks in banks and business houses. They sold room space to the most unscrupulous of our group. They permitted dishonesties in our small supplies of food. In April the Chinese head warder was removed and a Japanese who had been a barber in the Hong Kong Hotel took his place. This Japanese did improve conditions somewhat, and a small increase in the rice ration was secured and a flour ration as well. And what a difference that flour ration made! The rapid loss of weight was checked and we all felt a thousand times better. Much of this flour was not supposed to be edible, only to be used for the sizing of cloth and paper, yet never had anything tasted more delicious. I had lost sixty-seven pounds, but now I put back a little of my lost weight.

However, I greatly fear that the British have not been able to get the flour or the enlarged rice ration since the departure of the Americans. On the day of our scheduled departure, the Japanese cut down both rice and flour rations 10 per cent. A few days later an additional cut of 4 per cent was made. Food was getting scarcer and scarcer in Hong Kong as the godowns were being stripped of goods which were being sent to Japan.

WHEN all hope seemed gone, we received the wonderful news that repatriation was possible. Most of us could not believe it, but the rumors became more and more insistent, and eventually an official notice was given to us that repatriation for the Americans *was* in order. This gave us a new lease on life, and the 350 of us in the camp were beside ourselves with joy. We now had something to think about and talk about and hope for, and it was amazing to see the effect on people who had been so deeply dejected that they could hardly walk. But all this threw the British into an even deeper gloom, for they felt that there would be no opportunity for them.

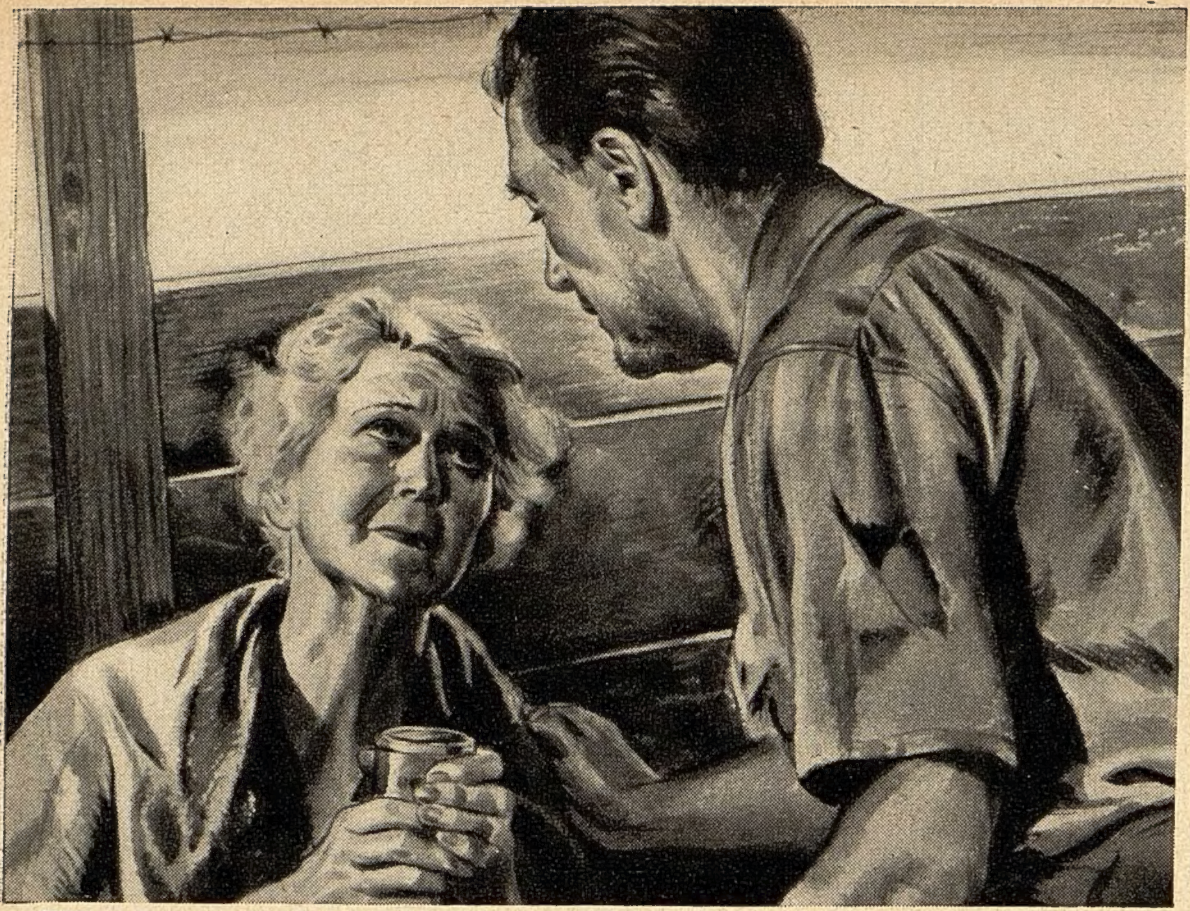
Finally a definite date was set for our departure, and with the setting of this date came a change in our treatment. More food was supplied to us. We were given supplementary rations, and Chinese and Russian friends on the outside were permitted to send us five cans of food each week. We were also permitted to make an order for seventy-five Hong Kong dollars' worth of food from the city, and we spent interminable hours making out the lists of foods we wanted. Most of us had a great craving for sweets which had been denied us for so many months, and jam was the commodity most desired.

The date for our sailing had been originally announced as June 15, and as the time drew near we had not yet gotten in our order of food. Then, just a few days before the 15th, an announcement came to the camp of a postponement to the 23d. Most of us believed then that we were not going at all, that this was another trick of the Japanese, for so often they had made us promises that had never been fulfilled.

OUR parcels of food came in on the 17th and 18th. These big bags of food seemed almost incredible. I had secured seventeen tins of jam and was determined that I would use only a few of them for myself and would distribute the rest among my British friends who had not received such packages and who would have to remain in the camp. I took the first tin over to an elderly lady who had often acted as my hostess in her beautiful estate on the Peak. When I offered her this tiny tin of jam she refused for a long time to take it from me, because she felt it was so valuable, and when I finally did persuade her to take it, it was with tears in her eyes that she thanked me. Another tin went to a university professor and his wife. Again I had the same experience—the acceptance of a ten-cent tin of jam with tears of gratitude.

Later on I was able to leave a few other things with these friends who had come into the camp without clothing or food or money, who were living in quarters meant for the servants of the warders of the prison but were crowded in as no Chinese coolies would ever be crowded. Many of my British friends came to me in these last few days of our imprisonment, asking me to memorize messages for friends in England or America. It was necessary for us to memorize such messages, for the Japanese had told us we would not be permitted to take out anything written or typewritten. Above all things, these British people pleaded with us to let the world know how they were being treated. They felt that nothing could be worse than the condition in which they were being left, ridden by disease, slowly starving to death. They knew that unless help reached them fairly soon there would be no chance for them to escape in reasonable health or even alive.

The day before I left I went to visit Mr. James Norman, who had been assistant commissioner of prisons and whose interest in the problems of Chinese juvenile delinquents had led to many reforms in Hong Kong. I found him housed with his wife in a tiny room formerly occupied by a single servant of a Chinese prison



"When I persuaded her to take it, it was with tears in her eyes that she thanked me."

clerk. The building had been badly shelled and a bomb had taken off a large section of the roof. There was water an inch deep on the corridor's concrete floor. We sat on a thin straw matting on the floor of their room, for there was neither a bed nor a chair in it. Water trickled along the cracked stucco wall. They told me how fortunate they were to find a place where they could be alone.

THAT evening it was sultry hot, and I had gone with some of my friends to the cemetery, where we could look out to sea. In the distance we saw the Asama Maru, Japanese luxury liner, sailing in toward the harbor. We could scarcely believe what we saw. We were struck numb with joy. The Asama swung into the harbor lazily, and was cut off from our view behind the prison walls.

We returned to our quarters, to find that already the barriers had been put up separating the Americans from the British camp. Hastily we gathered together the few things we had and took most of them to the British camp for distribution, fighting the guards in order to do so. We were told that we would get on board at noon the next day. Most of us were too excited to sleep that night. Occasionally English friends slipped through the guards to bid us good-by and wish us Godspeed, and to bring us gifts from their own small supplies.

At noon the next day we started our trek to the wharf to board the Asama. Although the walk was not long, it was extremely difficult, for the road down was stony and our shoes were worn out. On the wharf we were checked off, each name being called, and we were identified by members of our consular staffs and representatives of the camp. Then we were taken by ferry out to the Asama. Here again we waited for several hours during another check-off and identification. Finally, half fainting from the heat and from hunger, we managed to get on board and to find our quarters.

With Wenzell Brown's account of the long and, in its earlier stages, grueling voyage home, his story of his experience as a prisoner of the Japs will be concluded next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 42

1. A person ten years of age or older who cannot write in any language.

2. Tennyson. It's from The Princess.

3. File, a tool or storage place; phial, a small container for liquids; pilaster, a pillar-like shape.

4. Trinitrotoluene, a high explosive.

5. 700,000.

6. Joe McCarthy of the New York Yankees.

7. Pi; it's a mathematical ratio, also a printer's term for jumbled type.

8. $955.

9. Navy captain. His rank is equivalent to that of an army colonel.

10. Migrating birds—indicating that another Russian winter was at hand.

11. New York, rose; Louisiana, magnolia; Arkansas, apple blossom.

12. Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario.

13. Gosh, no! "Trilbies" are beautiful feet. George du Maurier's heroine, Trilby, was noted for her gorgeous dogs.

14. Mutuel, the name of the betting machine.

15. Rubber Administrator.

16. Soldier—G. I. stands for Government Issue.

17. Buna, New Guinea; Rabaul, New Britain; Diégo-Suarez, Madagascar.

18. Inflation.

19. Brigadier General Billy Mitchell.

20. Killing 309 Nazis. The lieutenant is Russia's famous woman guerrilla.

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TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

NATIONAL SERVICE BILL EXCLUSIVELY REPORTED HERE WEEKS AGO IS STILL KEY TOPIC OF DISCUSSION. HOWEVER, CONGRESS BALKS AT PASSING LAW FOR TOTAL MOBILIZATION OF ALL MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN FOR TIME BEING. YOU WILL FEEL EFFECTS OF NEW ATTITUDE BEFORE SNOW PILES VERY HIGH. IF YOUR HEALTH CAN STAND IT, YOU WILL EITHER BE DOING SOMETHING TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT BY NEXT SPRING, OR THE GOVERNMENT WILL KNOW THE REASON WHY.

INSIDERS AT AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT SAY THEY HAVE NO FEAR OF FAMINE NEXT YEAR AS HYSTERICALLY PREDICTED SOME QUARTERS. TOTAL AGRICULTURE OUTPUT ROSE MORE THAN 17 PER CENT OVER LAST YEAR AS RESULT OF SPLENDID FARMER CO-OPERATION WITH GOVERNMENT FOOD PROGRAM. UNUSUALLY FINE WEATHER CONDITIONS WERE BIG HELP IN GETTING FARM OUTPUT UP TO QUOTAS.

AGRICULTURE LEADERS NOW MAKING BIG DRIVE TO ASSURE ADEQUATE FARM MACHINERY AND SUFFICIENT FARM LABOR SUPPLY. DONALD NELSON HAS AGREED TO PERMIT MORE TRACTORS, TOOLS FOR FARM USE. GOVERNMENT PLANS TO ASK FOR RAISING OF EXTRA 600,000,000 POUNDS OF CHICKEN THIS YEAR TO OFFSET MEAT SHORTAGES.

TREND TOWARD SIMPLIFICATION OF PRODUCTS YOU NORMALLY USE CONTINUES. NUMBER OF TYPES AND SIZES OF SAWS, AXES, HATCHETS, CONTAINERS, ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND LAMPS WILL BE LIMITED DRASTICALLY TO FREE MACHINERY FOR WAR PRODUCTION AND SAVE TIME AND MATERIALS.

CO-OPERATION OF PUBLISHERS AND INDUSTRY IN SCRAP COLLECTION DRIVE HAS RELIEVED FEARS OF IMMINENT SCRAP SHORTAGE FOR STEEL MILLS. HOWEVER, SCRAP COLLECTION DRIVE WILL BE KEPT UP FOR DURATION. STEEL NEEDS WILL INCREASE RATHER THAN DECREASE. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TALKING ABOUT REQUISITIONING BUMPERS FROM YOUR CARS, REPLACING THEM WITH NONESSENTIAL WOODEN TWO BY FOURS. BELIEF NOW EXPRESSED THAT BETTER TO SAVE CAR BUMPERS AS POSSIBLE LAST DITCH MEASURE.

SURVEYS NOW BEING MADE BY GOVERNMENT WILL DETERMINE WHAT SORT OF NEW DEFENSE HOUSING PLANS SHOULD BE MADE. STUDIES WILL ATTEMPT LEARN WHAT PERCENTAGE OF WAR HOUSING SHIFTS WILL BE PERMANENT IN POSTWAR ERA. NEW HOUSING PLANS TO BE MADE ON BASIS OF SURVEY.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FROM TIME TO TIME WE HAVE HAD THINGS TO SAY on this page about the tradition that authors can't sell their stories if they haven't reputations, or don't know some editors. As further evidence that it isn't so, we present the case of Barbara Barnes Blodget. She is the wife of a vice-president of the National City Bank in New York. Fate Was Bigger than Katrina, which begins on page 20 this week, is the first story she has sold. If she doesn't mind our saying so, we never heard of her until her manuscript came in. We liked it and bought it, and that was that.

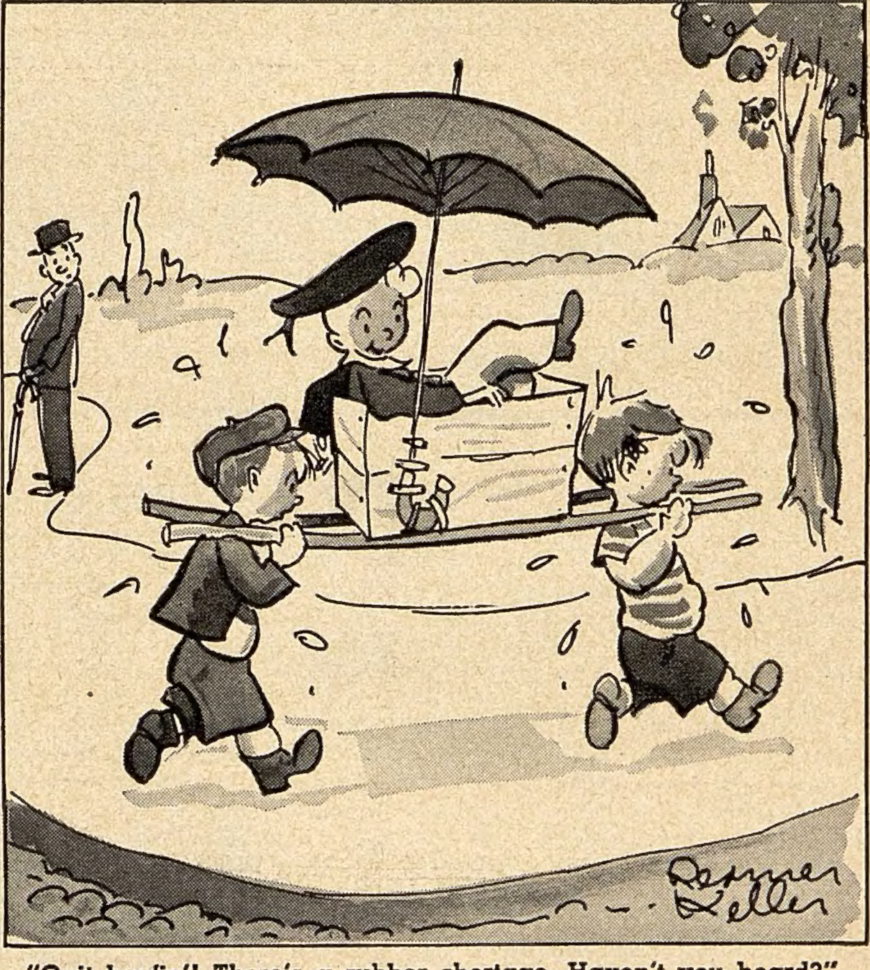
Barbara Barnes Blodget.

"Shorthand and typewriting," she tells us, "were my Open Sesame to the business world, but I never got further than the threshold. Matrimony nipped my career in the bud, and I spent the next string of years being a housewife and bringing up four children—two of each. Writing I sandwich in between planning the meals, pushing carts around markets, sewing on buttons, calming down roughhouses, and wishing I had worked harder at arithmetic so I wouldn't have so much trouble with my checkbook. In 1917 and '18 I lived practically next door to an army camp, so I don't know when I haven't been interested in men going to war. Especially now it's the ones with wives and children whom they adore—but who still want to go. That is why I wrote this story."

P.S.—On the day she heard her story was sold she wouldn't believe it. Just to make this true tale perfect, that day was her birthday.

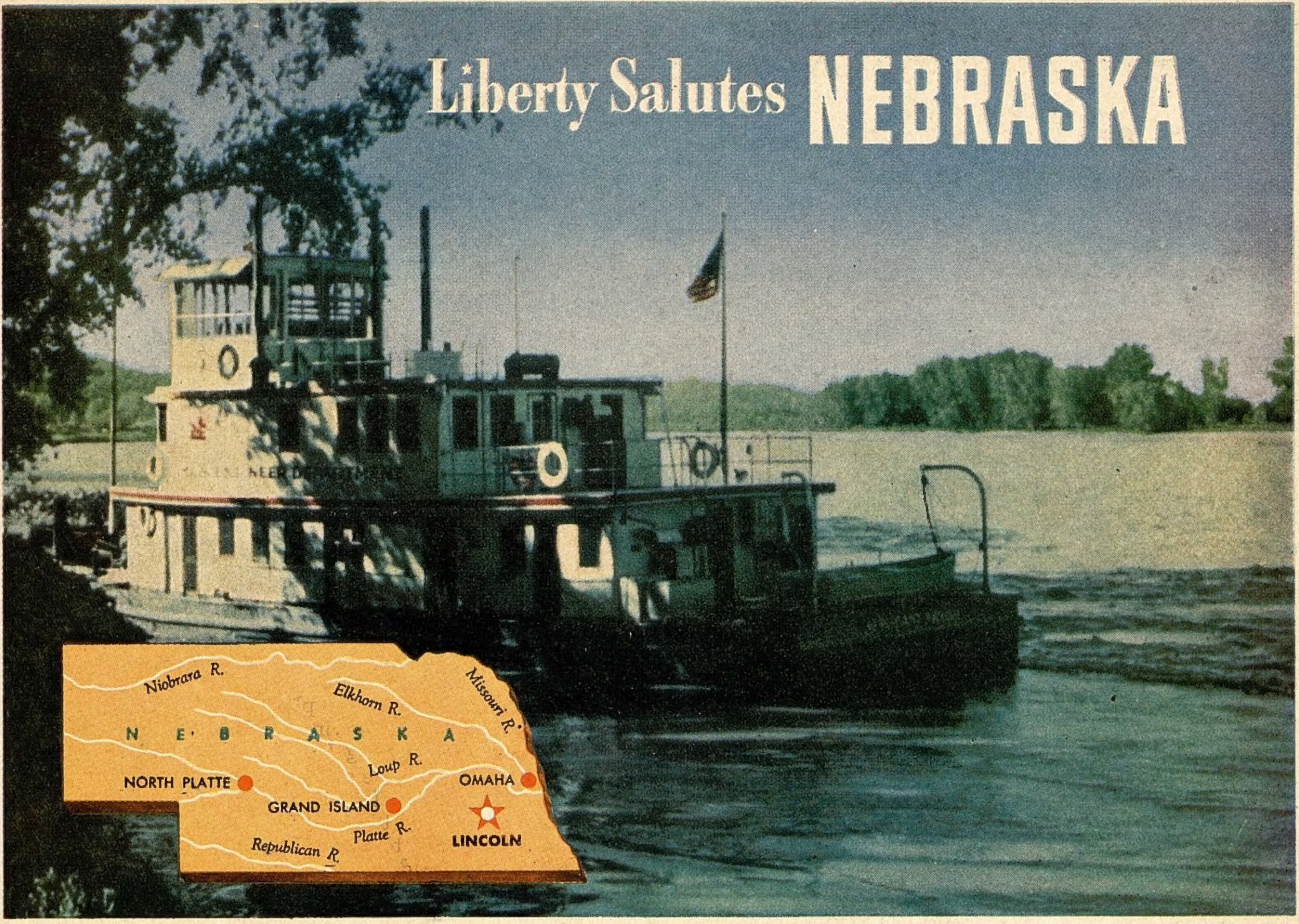
The Editors

"HARDTACK"

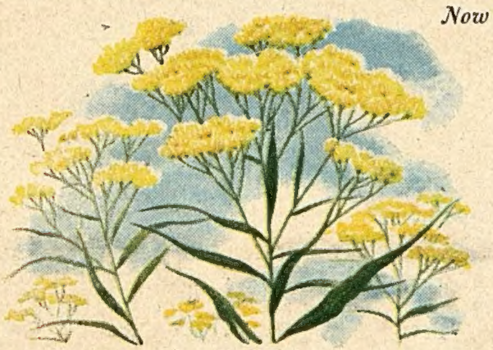


"Quit beefin'! There's a rubber shortage. Haven't you heard?"

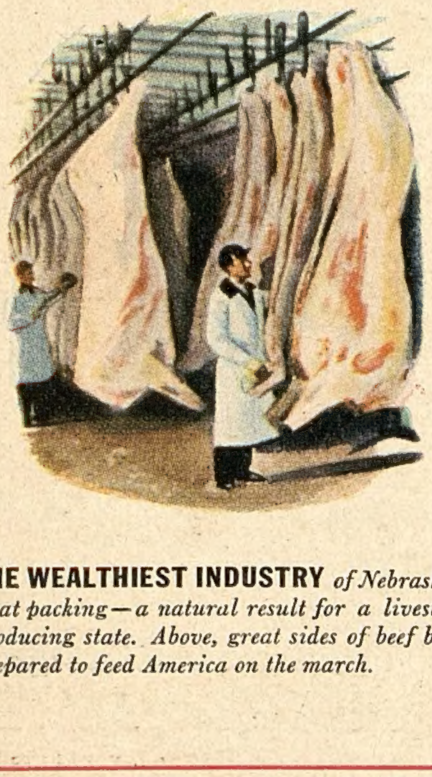
Liberty Salutes NEBRASKA



Now being made even more navigable, the lovely Missouri River in Nebraska



THE STATE FLOWER *for Nebraska is the goldenrod. Its golden flower is typical of the healthy sunshine of this state. It grows in feathery clusters on long swaying stems.*



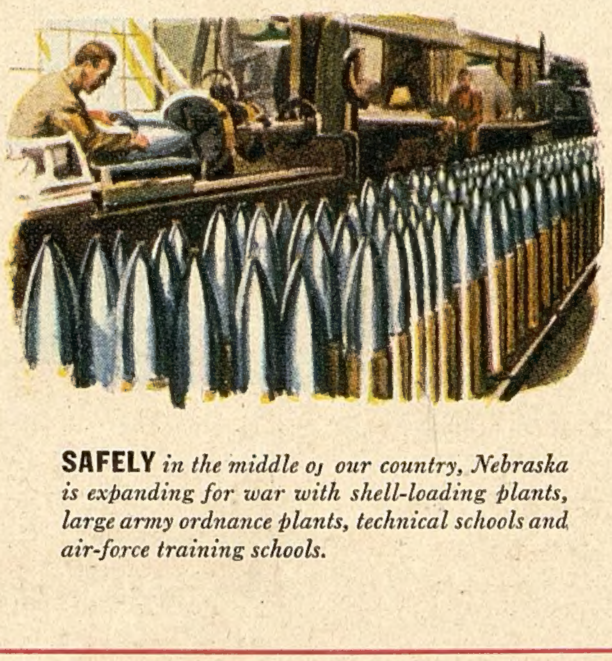
THE WEALTHIEST INDUSTRY *of Nebraska is meat packing—a natural result for a livestock-producing state. Above, great sides of beef being prepared to feed America on the march.*

NEBRASKA might well be called the Explorers' State. It has been the happy hunting ground of the adventurer and frontiersman.

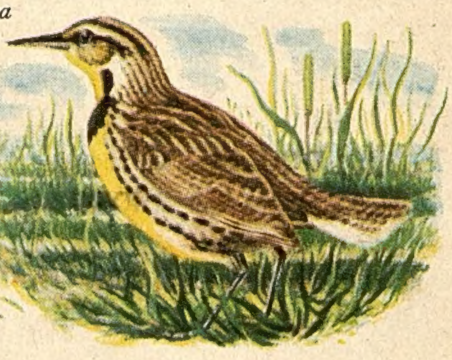
The first white men were led by Francisco Coronado, a Spaniard. French fur traders were next to come. Lewis and Clark were the first Americans to "visit" the state. And eventually the wave came from the East to turn Nebraska into an agricultural community.

Nebraska recently began political pioneering. In 1934 it changed its legislature to a single body of 43 members without party labels—and cut its cost in half.

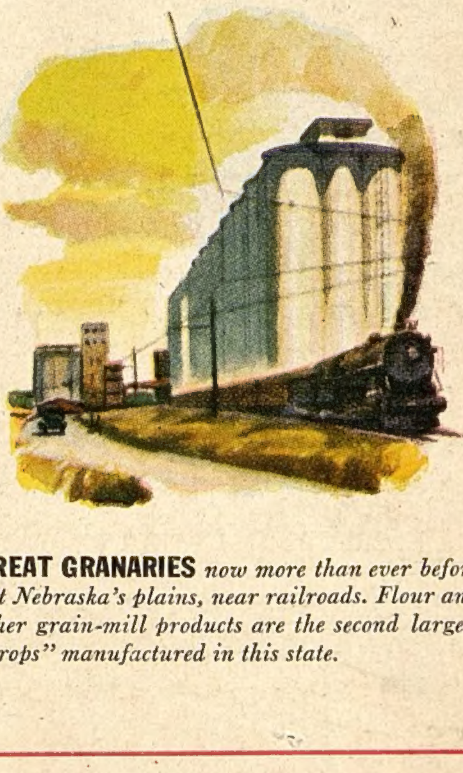
Its climate is exceptionally healthy, with much sunshine and dry pure air. Its soil is fertile though dry. The state leads the nation in production of wild hay.



SAFELY *in the middle of our country, Nebraska is expanding for war with shell-loading plants, large army ordnance plants, technical schools and air-force training schools.*



A BLACK V *on its yellow breast (how timely), the Western meadow lark is noisy, friendly, and very easily seen in flight. It has a thin ringing whistle and a clattering chatter.*



GREAT GRANARIES *now more than ever before dot Nebraska's plains, near railroads. Flour and other grain-mill products are the second largest "crops" manufactured in this state.*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)
☆ You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture "PALM BEACH STORY" ☆

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